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A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read 'J. W.' or similar.

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THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE
AND
MUSEUM

OF THE BELLES LETTRES, FINE ARTS, MUSIC, DRAMA, FASHIONS, &c.

IMPROVED SERIES, ENLARGED.

JANUARY, 1834.



TO A FRIEND, ON NEW YEAR'S DAY.

Alas! we both are sadly changed, since first
My youthful muse essayed, in mirthful vein,
To celebrate this day—then, joyful, burst
Spontaneous from the heart the happy strain;
And I remember, even to this time,
The smile which kindly praised my first attempt at rhyme

We both were children, then—gay things—nor knew
That this fair world could ~~trava~~ of aught save flow'rs;
We had been told by ~~our~~ ^{their} heads, 'tis true,
That thorns were strowed on every path; but ours
Had never yet known aught like sorrow's stung,
Nor dreamed we then of woe that future years might bring.

Yet the time came when I, too, felt and proved . . .
That man is made to mourn whilst here below;
But the first hour of deepest grief, beloved,
Was soothed by thee; 'twas thy voice bade me bow
In humble resignation to that Power
Who only can support in such a fearful hour.

Since then we both have deeply drained the draught
Of sorrow to the dregs—the bitter cup
Has often overflowed—but we have quaffed
It still together, and have both looked up,
Encouraged by each other, to that land
Where love eternal reigns and mercy guides the hand.

Friends whom we deemed sincere have proved untrue,
And those we think do love us still are far
To distant scenes removed—whilst some we knew
Are gone for ever where no sorrows are;
But thou remainest, tho' the rest be changed,
The same midst fortune's frown, and faithless friends estranged!

Look up, then, dearest one, look up and cheer,
My harp again with one bright smile—once more
Let us look forward to the dawning year,
And hope it yet may beam like those of yore;
Oh, may each joy of other days be thine,
And heaven's benignant ray o'er all thy pathways shine!

M H. J

NEW YEAR'S DAY IN PARIS.*

BY AN OLD BACHELOR DOMESTICATED AT PARIS.

Animus est qui beatus dat pretium.—Seneca.

As erudition seems the prevailing epidemic, though some seventy winters have shed their hoary influence over my once "raven locks," I venture, for the first time, to indulge a passion which has been daily creeping upon me, gaining strength even in proportion as my own strength decreases. The passion I speak of is that of seeing myself *once*, at least, in print. Alas! although I cannot boast that mine is "the pen of a ready writer," I feel, nevertheless, a desire to burst from my obscurity. If for fame's sake, "Il vaut mieux tard que jamais;" but if from dotage, it would have been well for me that my Mentor had never quitted me. I have long sought for a subject worthy of dissertation, but, as each presented itself to my mind, I rejected it, as a pretty woman casts aside dress after dress on the night when her whole heart is wrapped up in anticipations of making the "conquest" of one of us poor helpless mortals. Had not my heart been rendered impervious to female loveliness by the peridy of a certain fascinating damsel, who eloped with an officer on the morning of the day appointed for the signing of our marriage contract, I might now, instead of being a member of that worthy but most inenviable fraternity, cyclept "old bachelors," have been preparing an "étrenne" on new year's gift for some smiling urchin of a grandchild, come to wish grandpapa the compliments of the "nouvelle année."

Ah! th. "nouvelle année" and the day *par excellence*—the busy, mustling, étrenne-giving "jour de l'an," so joyously hailed by children, and blushing maidens, godsons and daughters, nephews, nieces, and, I may add, postmen, newsmen, porters, servants, and all belonging to that worthy caste. On New Year's Day the schoolboy rises with the lark, nor murmurs that the matin bell rouses him too soon from his sound and dreamless slumbers. On that day the lusing babe rises from its sleepless pillow—for at such a period even infancy has its pre-occupations: the night has been passed in rehearsing its little compliment for grandpapa—its fable for grandmamma—in thinking of bonbons, and horses, and dolls, and carts, of which the following day is to make it the happy possessor. It rises with the earliest dawn, and, like the harbinger of joy, is the first to bestow the kiss of affection on the cheek of its youthful mother.

Can I, who have been so long seeking for a subject on which to employ my leisure moments, find a better than the one this day affords? I never, indeed, see the return of

"New Year's Day," without recalling to mind the pleasures that day has afforded me at different epochs of my life; epochs, marked, I may say, by the giving or receiving of étrennes. Bonbons recal my earliest years, when, like the children of the present period, I had to con my new year's compliment and fable. Toys recal those years of happy childhood, during which the brow was unclouded—the heart free from care; while almanacs and books marked the years of schoolboy date. Then came the time, when, instead of receiving, I began to give étrennes; the happy time when all was bright before me, when I considered it a duty incumbent upon me to hasten from house to house, during the first fifteen days of the month of January, to distribute in profusion numberless trifles purchased at the dearest rate, offered with pretension, and received for the most part with—indifference. Still, there was one exception—there was one out of the multitude who prized my gifts—one who, during a series of years, when I presented my offering, rewarded me with one of those soul beaming smiles, sweeter a thousand times to me than the refreshing waters of the cool fountain to the parched lips of the wanderer of the Arabian desert.

The origin of "étrennes" dates as far back as Tatius, King of the Cures, among the Sabines, and who, if I remember my schoolboy days, was murdered at Lanuvium, B.C. 742. On the first day of the year (we are not accurately informed of the date) an offering was made to Tatius of some branches of a tree, consecrated to the goddess *Strenua*, who was supposed to have the power of conferring vigour and energy on the weak and indolent. In consequence of that year turning out particularly prosperous, he hailed the augury as propitious, and instituted the giving of presents on the first day of the new year, calling those presents by the name of *Strena*, the evident etymology of the French word *étrenne*. Had I an inclination to display the prodigious depths of my profound erudition, I could tell of the festivals held by the Romans on the first day of the new year, and of the presents, consisting of dates and honey, given and received on those occasions: I could tell of the *étrennes* given to Augustus by the Romans, the produce of which was expended in erecting statues to the gods forgotten in the Pantheon. But modesty has ever been one of my ruling maxims; besides, I recollect that I am endeavouring to describe a Parisian—not a Roman—*jour de l'an*. One word more, however: I am inclined to think

* The extraordinary peculiarities of New Year's Day in the North (Scotland), appeared as an article in the *Lady's Magazine* for 1831.

New Year's Day in Paris.

that this custom dates with us from the festivals held by the ancient Gauls, who, on the first day of the year, were in the habit of presenting to each other branches of the misletoe, previously blessed by the Druids, while canticles and hymns were sung, each verse ending with the words, "Au gui l'an neuf!"—"The misletoe for the new year!" This at once explains the presents and songs on "New Year's Day."

For fifteen days before the commencement of the new year, business of every kind, foreign to that of *étrennes*, is totally neglected in Paris. Shops, in the style of booths at fairs, are erected along the Boulevards, on the Pont-Neuf, and on the Place du Châtelet. Nothing can equal the bustle, the movement, that reigns in the streets. Every face wears a business-like aspect. The shopkeepers, not content with displaying their novelties within doors, encumber the foot-paths outside their shops with glittering regiments of cavalry and infantry, drums, hobby-horses, ships, boats, dolls in every attire, from the duchess to the *cauchoise* with her high Normandy cap: huge tables groan under the weight of volumes of exquisitely bound "fairy tales," "moral tales," and all the long catalogue of "tales" written for the edification of youth. The *bonbon* shops present at this season a spectacle most gratifying to the *taste*, but most perplexing to the choice of the beholder.

At length the wished-for day arrives. The inhabitants of Paris are awakened from their slumbers at the first peep of dawn by the roll of the drum, and bands of military music passing under their windows,—the drummers and musicians of the several regiments proceeding to pay their "devoirs" to their officers, and receive in exchange the usual "*pour boire*." You have scarcely time to draw aside your curtains and slip on a robe de chambre, when a gentle tap is heard at your door: you may depend upon its being that self-important, Argus-eyed, aye, and Argus-eared personage—that dealer in gossip and tittle-tattle—Madame la Concierge, the portress of the house. She comes with a countenance decked in smiles, to bring you your journal, and wish you the compliments of the "*nouvelle année*." Of course, so much politeness cannot be suffered to depart empty-handed. The door is scarcely closed upon her when another tap announces the postman, come to present his "Almanac" and his "*civilités tiès humble*." Then comes a succession of those polite persons, the carriers of newspapers, the watermen, the garçons of the butcher, baker, grocer, &c. &c. And woe to him who on this day bestows with a sparing hand: in such a case he may be certain that throughout the year his letters and messages will be neglected, his journal will have fallen into the mud, or be forgotten alto-

gether, and he will get from the grocer an extra allowance of heavy paper weighed with his sugar, and from the butcher twice as much *rejouissance** as falls to his lot.

On "New Year's Day," the Parisian dons his holiday apparel, his countenance is radiant in smiles, the rich man becomes more generous, the poor man more grateful, those belonging to the serving classes more zealous. Each sallies forth to *get* or to *give*. The student, who has lived for the last couple of months on little better than bread and "potage," has expended his savings in "chocolat à la vanille," "pralines," "diabolus," "maisons glacées," which he presents in gilt bags, satin concheilles, or boxes of painted glass. The author, to ensure himself a good reception, presents, bound in Russia or Morocco, gilt edged, lettered, &c. &c., the quintessence of his prodigious learning. The husband, who would fain have his cara sposa forget either his neglect or his ill-humour, or perhaps both, has provided himself with a *parure*, an India cachemire, or a desert service of Sevres or Dresden china; while the wife herself, ever attentive to the comforts of her "lord and master," presents him with a delicious, warm, comfortable, well-lined and wadded robe de chambre, which she has taken "upon credit,"† but which at such a moment ensures her a free pardon for every act of extravagance she has been guilty of during the past year.

The first visits of the new year, those paid on "New Year's Day," are devoted to the various members of the visitant's own family, to those to whom he is under obligations, and to true friends, if he has the happiness to possess any such in this cold world of ours. Everybody knows Voltaire's definition of his three classes of friends: "I have," said the wit, "three descriptions of friends: the friends that love me, the friends to whom I am indifferent, and the friends that hate me." Who but himself could have expressed in so few words the *true* character of his countrymen? The first visits, then, are devoted to friendship, the next to indifference, the latest to those that love us not: for, however they may appear rejoiced to see us—however they may fondle and caress us, still there is invariably a something that betrays the real feelings of the heart. At this period no one must be neglected: every visit, every card, must be conscientiously returned; in short, to adopt a contrary conduct with respect to acquaintances in Paris, is considered a crime little inferior to that of *lèse majesté*.

* The heavy bones which the butchers in Paris weigh with the meat, over and above what belongs to the joint, are called *rejouissances*.

† What would the talented author of "On Credit," say to the kind-hearted use made of such a means of acquiring a new year's gift, aye, and that too at the cost of the receiver?

During the ten years that preceded the old French revolution, the fashionable *étrennes* amongst the higher classes of society consisted of various articles of the *Sèvres* porcelain. My readers may judge to what an extent this *étrenne* system was carried, when they hear that during the first fortnight of the month of January the small apartments of the Palace of Versailles were transformed into porcelain shops, the king not disdaining to take upon himself the office of "salesman," *à prix fixe*, on the occasion*.

One of the most agreeable methods of distributing *étrennes* in a large family, is by lottery,—a plan also much adopted in my young days. I was last year invited to the house of one of my oldest friends, and witnessed one of these lotteries. A large table in the saloon was covered with presents for all ages: every thing was numbered, and tickets corresponding to the numbers were thrown into a bag and well shaken; each person was then called by the youngest child of the family to draw a ticket. One may conceive the *apropos* of the prizes drawn by each—and the laughter occasioned by a large doll falling to the lot of the grandpapa—a drum to grandmamma, a pair of pistols to a young lady, a polichinelle to the governess, a go cart to the tutor, a fowling-piece and a case of mathematical instruments to two children in leading strings, and a pair of gold-rimmed spectacles to an infant in the cradle!

In terminating my "New Year's Day in Paris," I shall, conformably to ancient custom, and in default of more "substantial *étrennes*," conclude by offering to my various readers the economical but sincere tribute of *good wishes*. To papas and mammas then, to grand-papas and grand-mammas, uncles, aunts, &c., *I wish* health, as the first of blessings, and length of years to receive the hisping "new year's compliment" of their fourth generation.

To my young and lovely countrywomen (for, readers, although a resident on the Continent for nearly the whole of my life, I am by birth an Englishman,) *I wish* success in all their *speculations*: and as I hope many of them will change their state before the close of the year, I wish they may each and all draw prizes in the matrimonial lottery.

To my young friends of the nursery and school room, *I wish* that the *sweets of life* may be showered upon them in abundance.

To the members of my own fraternity, *I wish* every enjoyment their desolate condition can afford, but I also wish their numbers may be greatly diminished during the present year.

Lastly, to my "Publisher," should I find one willing to print the paper of a dotard, *I wish* prosperity in all his literary undertakings, and an increase of "subscribers"

P. P. P.

ZION'S PILGRIM.

BY THE AUTHOR OF A "MOTHER'S PRAYER."

"Arise—depart, for this is not"

Thy "rest," who bear'st a Pilgrim's name—
What find'st thou on this barren spot

Thy love—thy wishes, still to claim,
And tempt thy faltering steps to stray,
That thus they linger on the way?

Is it that thou art journeying on,
With one from whom thou would'st not part;
And thus affection's ties are drawn,
Perhaps too closely, round thine heart?
Still hasten on, for thou shalt be
Companions through eternity.

Perchance thy doubting heart is griev'd,
To leave, in this unshelter'd wild,
A gift, in sorrow's hour received,
That, when a dying mother smil'd.
Yet trust in Him, thy lips confess—
The Father of the fatherless

Or dread'st thou death?—O thus to fear
A vanquished foe, must ill become
The Christian soldier—Hark! we hear,
Untenanted 's the Saviour's tomb—
Haste, then, the joyful sight to see,
Nor doubt that thus thine own will be.

* Historical.

RECORDS OF THE GRAVE.

BY MRS. COCKLE.

Upon the lamented death of the Princess Amelia, her afflicted father, George the Third, ordered the present Mausoleum to be constructed; that Mausoleum which was to contain not the remains of the venerable monarch only, but those of his family who, preceding him, were destined first to repose there—offering to the reflecting mind the melancholy consideration of youth and loveliness—a nation's prayers and a nation's tears—proving no barrier to its awful entrance.

In making this mausoleum, the workmen discovered in Wolsey's Chapel three coffins which circumstances induced them to open in order to discover what bodies they contained, as it was supposed, from such a resting-place being allotted to them, that they were those of no ordinary persons. One presented to the astonished beholders a body which appeared to have been preserved with great care—but it was a decapitated one. The features wore almost the appearance of life—sufficiently so to recognise in them those of the unfortunate monarch Charles the First. Sir Henry Halford, who was at Windsor at the time of this discovery, immediately perceived it was the head of that royal martyr, which looked as if still in existence. The veins had been injected with red wax, which, upon being exposed to the air, immediately liquefied; and a few starting drops of it falling on Sir Henry's hands, strengthened the delusion.

The other coffins being opened, presented also the remains of unfortunate royalty, in the bodies of the children of Edward the Fourth and of his queen, the unhappy mother of the princes who were murdered in the Tower at the instigation of the usurper Gloucester. One was that of the Princess Mary, their fifth daughter; she was promised in marriage to the King of Denmark, but died at Greenwich before a marriage could be solemnised. She was, according to the historians of that day, buried at Windsor, in Wolsey's Chapel, in 1480. Her long silken tresses (of that golden colour which the poets of her time so frequently celebrated, but which seems lost to our own), appeared to have defied the power of the grave,* and even to have preserved their bright glossy hue and softness of touch, with as much unimpaired beauty as when they were entwined with princely gems. She, too, had known the terrors of the Tower, the horror of its imprisoning walls, for she was with her mother when she took sanctuary there. She died in the reign of Henry the Seventh. The same grave contained the body of her brother, Prince George, who, when a child, was created Duke of Bedford, but died in infancy. His hair was evidently that of a baby, presenting also its distinctive characteristic. These interesting relics were in the possession of his present Majesty, and probably still are. They suggested, upon seeing them, the following

STANZAS.

Hark! what Angel symphonies!—
Cherub voices seem to rise,
'Midst celestial music given,
That tells us not of *Earth*—but *Heav'n*—

“Call us not to earth again—”
“Doom'd no more to wear her chain—”
“Earthly crowns!—what idle toys—”
“Sceptres!—life's fantastic joys—”
“Tho' her white rose whiter shone”
“O'er the regal mantle thrown,”
“Yet how sharp its thorn, which press'd”
“On a mother's bleeding breast—”
“England's richest rose-buds fade,
“Beneath the murderer's midnight shade!—”
“Tho' no sculptur'd flowrets tell,
“Where their opening blossoms fell,
“Tho' no monumental grace,
“Told their dark—dark resting-place,
“Tho' they own no trophied tomb,
“Wear they not a brighter bloom!

* The writer has some of the hair in her possession. The account was received by her from Sir H. Halford, at the period of the interesting discovery.

Tales of the English Chronicles, No. 1.

"Angel glories round them shed,
"O'er each royal martyr's head.
"Then call us not to earth again—"
"Rudely sever'd was her chain—"
"Still unnoted let us lie—"
"Heirs of royal misery—"
"Sister spirits slumbering near—"
"England's daughter—England's heir—"
"Breathing from their honor'd dust,"
"Hopes of high and heavenly trust,"
"Trust in Him, who, pitying, gave"—
"*Faith*, the key-stone of the grave"—
And triumphant bade us own,
In blest exchange, a heavenly crown—
A crown that, purchased with his blood,
Awaits the *guiltless* and the *good*.

TALES OF THE ENGLISH CHRONICLES.

BY AGNES STRICKLAND.

No. I.—HUBERT DE BURGH.

I'll win this Lady Margaret. For whom?
Why, for my King.—
Margaret shall now be Queen, and rule the King;
But I will rule both h the King, and realm — *Shakspeare*.

Hubert De Burgh, the favourite of King Henry the Third, was the most renowned captain, the ablest statesman, and, although past the meridian of life, accounted still the handsomest man of the age in which he lived. The services he had performed for his country during the stormy period of the French invasion, especially his memorable defence of Dover, had won for him that meed of popularity which the English nation seldom fails of bestowing on her successful commanders, while, at least, the memory of their achievements is still fresh; and his distinguished talents, joined with the captivation of brilliant wit and winning manners, acquired for him the most unbounded influence over the mind of the youthful monarch. As Grand Justiciary of England, a now forgotten office, but in the early days of the Plantagenet dynasty a post equal, if not superior, in importance and dignity to that of Constable of France, Hubert De Burgh had attained to that perilous height of grandeur and power, beyond which it would be a difficult matter for a subject to advance. It was his mighty hand that supported, nay more, that swayed the sceptre in the puny grasp of his imbecile master. It was his decisive voice that pronounced the veto in the national council, from which neither bishop nor peer dared utter an appeal. This assumption of despotic power, together

with his unbroken sunshine of prosperity, had long been viewed with invidious eyes by the ancient nobility of England, ever jealous of their senatorial rights; and at length their dissatisfaction began to shew itself—not openly, indeed, but in a variety of ways tending to diminish his credit with the nation at large. More than once the ever-discontented citizens of London were excited to present to the Sovereign protestations against the overweening influence of the haughty favourite, which, being disregarded, were followed by open tumults at various times, and on divers pretences; but the master-mind of the Justiciary was not only equal to the task of coping with such feeble opposition, but was sure to gather from each attempt of his enemies pretexts for further extension of the royal prerogative. The most insidious of the adverse party now thought proper to change their plan, and, relying on the well-known fickleness of the King's disposition, took every opportunity of representing to him his great need of a royal consort, in the persuasion that Henry would, in all probability, transfer to his wife the excess of regard which he at present lavished on his favourite; and, with still greater probability, they calculated that no Queen would tolerate the unbounded influence of the Grand Justiciary either in her husband's councils or affections.

"A wife!" muttered the discontented favourite, when Henry first made known to him his ardent desire of possessing a helpmate for him—"a wife! aye, he shall have one, but it shall be one of my own choosing:—it is not to every consort that the leading-strings of the royal baby may be safely confided. The Princess Margaret, sister to the King of Scots, is, if I mistake not, the woman for my purpose; but I must be fain to woo her for him myself, that I may ascertain how far she may be wrought upon to unite with me against the plots of priests and burghers, rabble and nobility, for, if firmly allied with her, I may defy them all."

Such were the projects with which Hubert De Burgh sought the court of Alexander the Second of Scotland—projects which his enemies were not slow in penetrating, nor slack in their endeavours to counteract at home, by instilling into the weak mind of Henry a thousand disadvantageous impressions of the bride which Hubert had selected for him. Hubert, meantime, was received at the Scottish court with a more distinguished welcome than if the Sovereign had come in person to the wooing; for the weakness and frivolity of Henry's character, together with the meanness of his personal appearance, could not have failed of producing sensations allied to contempt in every breast, and would have effectually operated to deprive him of the flattering demonstrations of respect and admiration which were spontaneously offered to his majestic representative. At the chase, in the tourney, and in the halls of state, where the beauty and chivalry of Scotland were assembled in the presence of the King and the Queen-mother, Hubert De Burgh distinguished himself by the ease, grace, and gallantry with which he performed every exercise of manly daring and courtly elegance; and it was universally agreed by the fairest dames of the Scottish court, and confirmed by the voice of the Queen herself, that the Grand Justiciary of England was the best rider, tilter, and dancer that had ever tried his prowess in their presence. The Princess Margaret alone was silent; but it was observed that her eye followed the stately figure of the ambassador of her future lord, as he crossed the tennis court below the open gallery in which she was seated by the side of her royal mother to witness the contest of skill between Prince David, the brother

of the King of Scotland, and the accomplished ambassador of England. It was decided in favour of the Justiciary, who came, as usual, to receive the prize for which they had played, a chain of gold enriched with jewels, from the hand of the Lady Margaret. A deep blush overspread her fair cheek as the noble antagonist of her defeated brother, flushed with exercise, and the excitation of the hard-fought game, knelt at her feet to claim the guerdon, which he did in those tones of insinuating softness so pleasing to woman's ear. Margaret was somewhat embarrassed in opening the jewelled clasp of the rich chain. Her eyes encountered the ardent glance of Hubert, and the chain fell from her hand. He raised it from the ground, and, not unseen by her, pressed the unconscious toy, which had so recently been honoured by her touch, to his lips, as with a profound obeisance he returned it to her, and, with a courtly grace which many a youthful gallant vainly strove in the privacy of his own chamber to imitate, bowed his lofty head to receive the investiture from her hand.

The Queen-mother sighed, and wished the office had been deputed to her, secretly resolving, at the same time, to take a very early opportunity of visiting her daughter at the court of England.

That evening the presence of the Princess Margaret was required in the council chamber, and the Archbishop of Glasgow, in a long and florid harangue, informed her of the purport of the mission from the English court, which Hubert de Burgh had officially declared to the King, her brother, in the morning.

Though Margaret had more than once received intimations from the Queen, her mother, how nearly the matter touched herself, yet, as she listened, the colour forsook her cheek, her bosom was agitated by a visible tremor, and she sedulously employed herself in stripping, one by one, the feathers from the elegantly wrought mount of her jewelled fan, while the Archbishop set forth in pompous terms the advantages of the splendid destiny that awaited her. "Many English Princesses," he said, "had wedded Kings of Scotland; but Scotland had never yet had the honour of giving a Queen to England," and he hinted at the possibility of the two crowns being, at some future time, united in the person of a descendant of this singularly desirable marriage.

Hubert de Burgh, who, as the representative of his sovereign, was seated in a chair of state at the right hand of King Alexander, kept his dark piercing eyes fixed on the varying countenance of the Lady Margaret, during the oration of the Archbishop, and when the almost interminable harangue at length was brought to the desired conclusion, he rose from his seat, crossed the hall, and, bending one knee before the Princess, unrolled a sheet of vellum, on which was portrayed what was called, in the language of the times, the complete effigies of King Henry. It was a whole length miniature, in body colour, painted on a barbarous gilded background, which the arbiters of taste of that day, the Greeks of Constantinople, had rendered fashionable in the West. As to the picture, it was nearly similar, in style and effect, to the portraits which we still see on painted glass in old cathedrals, on enamelled tombs, and in illuminated manuscripts.

The artists of the thirteenth century had not acquired, or even dreamed of acquiring, the flattering skill of enhancing beauties and concealing defects: the likenesses they produced were faithful transcripts of the features of the original, executed with a disregard to light, and shade, and perspective, that rendered even a faithful likeness a grotesque caricature of the person depicted. Henry the Third of England, though the son of the handsomest couple in Christendom, King John and the beautiful Isabella of Angouleme, was remarkable for the meanness of his personal appearance: his hair, eyebrows, and eyelashes were nearly white, and a singular weakness in his left eyelid caused it to hang down over the orb, so as partially to overshadow the pupil, unless when painfully supported by a forcible contraction of the nerves, which gave a sort of knavish shrewdness to features which otherwise would have been remarkable only for the simplicity of their expression and the insignificance of their outline. The limner had, indeed, added a brilliancy and softness to the complexion of the portrait of which the original could by no means boast; but, at the same time, he had copied the royal defects with a liveliness and fidelity that rendered the likeness to the monarch ridiculously striking to those who had once seen him. The effect which it produced on the mind of the young and haughty female to whom it

was presented as the representative of the future partner of her destiny, in a marriage from which there was for her no appeal, no retreat, but the dreary one of a convent, was allied to horror. She glanced from the portrait of the royal puppet, in whose features knavery and folly appeared to strive for mastery, to the noble and energetic countenance and stately form of his kneeling representative, and, clasping her hands together with a look indicative of the anguish she dared not utter, she either by accident or design permitted the vellum to slide from her lap on the brazier full of hot coals, near which she was seated. There she had the satisfaction to see the hated portrait shrivel, crackle, and become utterly obliterated, before it could be rescued from its fiery situation.

"An omen, an evil omen!" exclaimed Prince David, the younger brother of the Lady Margaret; "the marriage will be fatal to one of the parties."

"Tush!" exclaimed the King of Scotland, bending his brows significantly upon his brother; "the evil omen is to him who would dare to prevent a marriage so dear to the hearts of all who love their country or honour the sister of their Sovereign."

That most unhappy sister had mean time availed herself of the general confusion which her accident had created to retreat from the council chamber to the solitude of her own apartment, where flinging herself into the arms of her favourite, Lady Alice De Ville, the daughter of an exiled English baron, she gave way to a passion of tears.

From the indulgence of this natural relief to her agonised feelings she was roused by the entrance of the Queen-mother, the King, and the Archbishop of Glasgow, who addressed her by turns on the impropriety of her conduct in the council chamber, in terms of the greatest reprehension. Margaret had been weeping before they entered, and she now redoubled her tears, till at length she sobbed audibly.

"I am at no loss to understand the meaning of this perversity," exclaimed the King. "The features of our royal kinsman, Henry of England, are of too simple a character to please your dainty fancy, which has been rendered stark wode by reading the absurd romaunts of the Provençal poets. I take the blame to myself for suffering yon English slip of melancholic treason to harbour in your bower,

my lady sister," continued the angry King, darting a menacing look at Alice De Ville, who was tenderly supporting her weeping mistress.

"Nay, there you wrong my poor Alice," replied the Princess; "for her heart cleaveth so to the memory of her native land that she hath ever importuned me to give a favourable answer to the Ambassador of the King of England, whom she hath glosingly represented to me as a very amiable Prince."

"And so he is, daughter Margaret," replied the Queen; "for thus Hubert De Burgh doth likewise witness. He confidently assures me withal that King Henry is of so easy a temper, that thou mayest chain him to thy girdle with a silken thread, and twine and wind him according to thine own pleasure."

"Oh, never wed me to a Sovereign whose sceptre I may be tempted to twirl as I would my distaff!" responded the Princess. "I would choose me one whose frown might occasionally possess some terrors for me."

"Then learn, my Lady Margaret, to hold in some degree of awe that of your liege lord and elder brother," said the King, bending his brows upon her; "and know that, if you obey not my commands to wed the royal spouse who proffers to you a share of his throne and heart, perpetual imprisonment within the walls of a convent will be your doom."

"I would prefer a life of religious seclusion a thousand times before exchanging my nuptial troth with a man whom I can never love," returned Margaret, beginning to count her beads.

"How do you know you cannot love a man whom you have never seen, daughter?" asked the Archbishop.

"I only know," replied Margaret, weeping afresh, "that my jackanapes Ralph is a better favoured creature than this Henry of England, to whom you are so desirous of wedding me."

"How dare you speak in so sacrilegious a manner of a Christian King, as to liken him to a vile beast of the forest, Lady Margaret!" exclaimed the Archbishop.

"So far from intending Henry of England any wrong by that comparison," replied the Princess, "I protest unto you, my Lord Archbishop, that I will give my consent to wed him before I leave this presence, if his Grand Justiciary, Hubert De Burgh, will swear that his master is

possessed of half the agreeable qualities of my Ralph, who is a most incomparable jackanapes."

"Go to, Madam," replied the Archbishop; "you have already done much towards embroiling two kindred nations in deadly debate and bloody warfare; and if your present unmaidenly license of speech were to be reported, it would scarcely be in your own power to repair the mischief it would work against your own people and your own house."

Margaret wept afresh, and the King told her, in very stern language, that if at the end of three days she signified not her consent to marry the King of England she should be consigned to a desolate convent in the Orkneys for life. With this threat he left the apartment, followed by the Archbishop. The Queen-mother remained, and by turns upbraiding and soothing the refractory damsel, set forth to her the charms of liberty, of royalty, and unlimited power, as the wife of so weak, and yet so magnificent a Prince as Henry of England.

"And, oh dearest lady mine, only to think of the princely halls and pleasant groves of merry England, its green fields and sparkling streams," said Alice eagerly. "It is a land fairer than the Palestina of Holy Writ, a land flowing with milk and honey, abounding with brave men and fair women. Its very name hath joy in its sound—to see it once again would be to me a happiness so great that Paradise itself could scarcely offer any thing better; but to go as the Queen of the land! Oh, my sweet lady, bethink thee once again ere you reject such a destiny."

Margaret, however, was sad and passionate, and continued resolute in her refusal to take the idiot boy of England for her husband. On the evening of the third day the Archbishop waited upon her for her final decision; which, he assured her, if unfavourable, would be followed by the instant departure of the English ambassador and his train, immediate incarceration of herself, as her brother had threatened, and, in all probability, her insulting rejection of his flattering proposal of marriage would be revenged on her unhappy country with fire and sword by King Henry.

"Then," replied Margaret, "to avert so great a calamity from my country, and also to save myself from the dreadful alternative of a convent, I declare myself

ready to accompany Hubert De Burgh to the English court."

The Archbishop applauded the wisdom of her decision, and hastened to communicate her unexpected assent to the King her brother.

A very few days sufficed to complete the preparations for her departure. Her bridal dresses, her jewels, her retinue, were provided with great expedition, and all her arrangements conducted with a despatch hitherto unprecedented; for there remained till the very last moment an undefined sort of dread on the minds of those about her that she would retract her consent.

Hubert De Burgh, meantime demanded and obtained frequent interviews with the bride-elect of his Sovereign, and appeared well satisfied with the progress he had made in her favour. "It was, in fact, his eloquence and representations of the amiable qualities of his royal master that had reconciled the Lady Margaret to her English marriage," said Alice De Ville, and King Alexander treated him with additional confidence in consequence.

The Queen-mother, and every one who knew how spoiled and self-willed a creature the Lady Margaret had been from her infancy, expected her to evince the most violent manifestations of reluctance when the moment for bidding adieu to her friends and country arrived. They were mistaken: the Lady Margaret was not only composed but cheerful on this trying occasion, received the blessing of her royal mother and the Archbishop with great meekness, and suffered the Grand Justiciary to place her on her magnificently-caparisoned palfrey without uttering a dissentient word. A tear, indeed, was observed to start, and she enveloped her face in her long veil, to conceal her emotion; when Hubert, having vaulted on his charger, took his station by her side, and reining the mettled steed back, partly to display his fine figure and gallant horsemanship, and partly to evince his courtly breeding, waved a parting salute to the Queen-mother and her ladies, gave the word to move forward.

The Lady Margaret, who had been unaccustomed to travelling, pleaded great bodily fatigue as an excuse for prolonging the journey as much as possible; and, when they had crossed the Tweed, the Grand Justiciary appeared even readier to find ex-

It is a common observation that the stander-by sees the most of the game; but, in the present instance, only a part of it was seen by the youthful nobles of whom the retinue of Hubert De Burgh was composed: this was the growing passion of the Grand Justiciary for the betrothed bride of his royal master, none of them suspecting that a royal beauty of eighteen could possibly bestow any portion of her regard on a warlike veteran, on the luxuriance of whose dark locks, time and toil had begun to sprinkle a scattering of grey, and whose thoughtful brow was marked with the furrows of forty-two summers. The Princess's ladies could have told them that the valiant De Burgh possessed attractions of mind, of manner, and even of person, sufficient to eclipse the ruddy glow of youth, and to win the palm from all the beardless gallants, who, in contempt of his mature years, called him old Hubert.

De Burgh himself, intent only on obtaining that influence with his future queen which should secure him from the danger of her allying herself with his enemies, was very far from suspecting the state of his own feelings towards the young and lovely creature to whom he had devoted so large a portion of his attention. The passage of the Tweed was rough and stormy, and Margaret, affecting more terror than she actually felt, called on him for aid, shrieked at the swell of every billow, and finally clung to his arm for protection, when the little vessel was tossed by the rude winds on the vexed waters of a stream which she called a perilous sea. It required all the eloquence, nay more, all the tenderness of word and look, of which Hubert was master, to soothe and reassure his fair charge, who, while supported by his encircling arm, allowed herself to be persuaded there was no danger; but when, on the approach of those who might have placed injurious constructions on such familiarity, it was cautiously withdrawn, her terrors returned with redoubled violence, and he was passionately entreated by her frightened ladies to assist in supporting their royal mistress; and when, at length, the labouring vessel made the English strand, Hubert found himself compelled to the sweet duty of bearing his fair charge to the shore in his arms. She turned a mournfully expressive glance upon him, when, on placing her safety on

terra firma, he offered her the homage of his knee, and, in a strain of courtly gallantry, congratulated himself on being the first of her royal husband's subjects to bid his future queen welcome to English land. "Talk not to me of royal husbands," she whispered, in reply, "my only ambition is to be the wife of a brave man."

"The valour of mine honoured sovereign is as yet unproved," replied Hubert, "but, doubtless, when the weal of his country requires him to shew knightly prowess in the battle field, he will convince the world that he is a true Plantagenet."

"Meantime, the world regards him as an idiot boy, the puny offspring of the most craven prince in Christendom," returned Margaret disdainfully.

"For the honour of my royal master forbear, Madam!" exclaimed the Justiciary, in a tone whose sternness awed the imprudent Margaret into silence, for they were now surrounded by the lords and ladies of whom her attendant cortège was composed.

Hubert De Burgh now becoming, for the first time, aware of his peril, avoided all opportunity of exchanging more than the cold formal intercourse which the etiquettes of their respective situations demanded, with his royal charge. Margaret, intoxicated with the delirium of a first love, felt the change acutely. While she supposed the avoidance was accidental, she wept with the passionate perversity of a child, who is deprived of its favourite toy; but no sooner did her penetration teach her to discover that this avoidance was the effect of resolute design, than a feeling of female pride induced her to retaliate upon the object of her affections a portion of the pain which he had made her suffer; and, whenever he did approach her, she treated him with a degree of scornful repulsion, that filled him at first with astonishment, and soon after with disquiet. He had fancied himself so secure of her love, that he had begun to experience some alarm lest it should prove too great a temptation for his integrity, and now he fancied he had suffered his own vanity to deceive him, he became the most miserable of men. In short,

wary politician was ensnared in his toils; and, while he was striving to ingratiate himself so far with his future Queen, as to secure himself from any

danger of her exerting a counter-influence with the King against his projects, he had, for the first time in his life, been guilty of the imprudence of falling in love—and with whom? With a King's sister, whom he had obtained from her royal brother as a bride for his sovereign.

Hubert De Burgh had experienced a certain uneasy sensation in the region of his neck, and a confused idea of blocks and axes had risen before his mental vision, the day he had landed with the Lady Margaret on the English strand, on account of the undisguised partiality she had evinced for him during the voyage, which he dreaded might be reported to King Henry; but now all manifestations of tender regard on the part of the offended beauty had been discontinued, he felt ready to forfeit castles and manors, life and limb, only to recal a single smile once more.

He was discontented with himself, angry with her, and ready to offer battle to the whole world when they reached Carlisle, where they were to sleep. He waited on the princess with an air of haughty restraint at supper; chid his noble attendants, and even made very disobliging replies to the ladies themselves, when they ventured to speak to him. None knew what to think of such an unaccountable change in the courtly Justiciary, and they raised a chorus of lamentations at the fast descending rain which threatened to detain them at Carlisle during the following day. The succeeding morning dawned in a watery sky, and the ladies had no better entertainment than that of attending low mass in the chapel of the castle where they were lodged. The Grand Justiciary was grave and melancholy, and the princess cold and haughty; books there was never a one in the castle; and, if there had been, the power of reading them was confined to Hubert de Burgh, his secretary and chaplain, on the part of the English, and the Lady Margaret and her almoner on that of the Scotch. The young English lords had for the most part learned to write their own names, but as for reading them when written, that was another matter, and the clerly skill of few of them extended so far. The noble retinue was therefore dull as dull could be, till the jester of the governor of Carlisle proposed their joining in a game of "hood-man blind, the same play that we call

blindman's buff, in the great hall of the castle, a proposition which was eagerly acceded to by the leisure-weary companions and attendants of the Lady Margaret and the Grand Justiciary.

It suited neither the rank nor humour of these elevated personages to join in such sports and pastimes, so they remained, for the first time since they had crossed the Tweed, to the enjoyment of a *tête-à-tête*. Once how rapturously would such precious moments have been embraced by them both, as affording the much desired opportunity of unrestrained converse; now, sad and silent, they appeared only anxious to assume towards each other a semblance of indifference. For the first half hour, as it appeared to both, but in reality for the space of about ten minutes, the Lady Margaret most piously occupied herself in the perusal of her breviary book, while the Grand Justiciary was no less busily employed in tracing characters on the leaves of his ivory tablets; at length he closed its gold clasps abruptly, and, approaching the princess, asked how he had been so unfortunate as to offend her?

"By your unkindness of word and look," she replied, "by your coldness, your indifference, and neglect."

Hubert de Burgh stood confounded at a reply so unexpectedly direct. He had never been guilty of the imprudence of actually making love to the Lady Margaret, though every thing he had said and done had implied the passion he forebore from breathing, a degree of caution much in practice among the lovers, if lovers they may be called, of the present day; and had Margaret been his inferior in rank, or even his equal, she would have felt precluded from calling him to account for his present alteration of manner towards her; as it was, she availed herself of the privilege of her superior rank, and demanded his reason for such conduct.

"What words are these?" he replied, "and from whom is it that I hear the accusations of coldness, of indifference, and neglect? Is it not from one who has already deprived me of my peace, and whose fatal charms go nigh to hurry me into the madness of avowing myself guilty of the crime of loving the betrothed of my sovereign?"

"If you have not courage to avow your love, it were certainly best to conceal it," observed the Lady Margaret; "but if it

be of me you speak as the betrothed of your sovereign, I charge you to call me so no more, for I know of no act of betrothment that has passed between Henry of England and myself."

"That act is included, fair Margaret, in your consent to become his wife."

"His wife! aye, *when* I consented to become so; but *that*, my Lord Justiciary, I have never yet done, nor shall any power on earth make me do so."

"The saints preserve us!" exclaimed the Justiciary, forgetting once more the lover in the statesman: "what on earth, then, my lady princess, induced you to accompany me to England?"

"Ungrateful and insensible!" replied Margaret, bursting into a passion of tears, "and can you ask that?"

"Oh, heavens," cried De Burgh, essaying to clasp her to his bosom, "what is it that I hear—how could I dare to imagine such a thing?"

"Go, go!" she cried, pushing him from her with some degree of violence, "you are not worthy of the love of a king's daughter,—you who weigh the peril of making her your wife."

"How shall I dare to appropriate to myself the gem which is destined to enrich the regal diadem of my sovereign?" said De Burgh.

"If you loved as I love, how little would you reckon of the danger of a monarch's wrath," returned the princess.

"Oh, if you could read my heart," said De Burgh, looking wistfully upon the lovely prize that courted his acceptance.

"I do! I do!" she replied, turning scornfully away, "and I see that a convent must be my refuge from the detested nuptials, from which you dare not snatch me."

"Ah! Margaret, Margaret, consider my honour and my duty: how shall I venture to violate them both?"

"You thought little of either, false and self-deceiving man, when you first laboured to kindle passion in my virgin heart."

"Nay, Margaret, nay; I never presumed to enact the wooer to one so far above me."

"Not in words, most prudent Hubert: but why did you not maintain the same guard over those eloquent eyes of yours, so well practised to work a maiden's woe—why did you, by a thousand nameless wiles, teach me to believe myself

beloved by you?" Her angry tones softened into accents of reproachful tenderness as she concluded, and, leaning her head upon her hand, she once more gave way to a flood of tears.

Hubert De Burgh threw himself at her feet, exclaiming, "Tears from such eyes are too much for me to bear: I place my fate in your hands: tell me what you would have me do."

"It is not for me to prescribe that," she replied. "If your own heart tell you not, Hubert De Burgh, then let me bury my broken heart in the shades of a cloister; and as for you, return to enjoy your wealth and honours at the court of the manikin King who calls you favourite. You may endure his society, if you prefer it to mine; but I will never submit to the degradation of becoming his wife."

"But the King your brother, your royal mother, rash maiden, what will they say to your conduct?"

"E'en what they list," returned the Princess; "and little will it reck me, when I shall have given my dowry to the church, and shrouded my bloom beneath the veil of perpetual celibacy."

"The saints forbid!" replied Hubert, locking her hands in his. "I were worse than a craven if I perilled not my head to win me such a bride."

"Nay, wed me not, Sir Hubert, if such be the apprehended result of your bridal."

"The subject who will venture to rival his Sovereign need not be troubled with apprehensions of consequences," replied De Burgh; "nevertheless, sweet Margaret, I am ready to brave all that royal vengeance can inflict, since you tempt me to the crime."

"Is it such a deadly crime, my Hubert, to love, and to approach the altar of God to sanction that love by holy wedlock?" said the Princess, in a tenderly reproachful accent.

"And is it thus, false jade, you act the part of the serpent and the woman combined, in beguiling yon traitor, your betrothed husband's honourable proxy, to his ruin, and your own dishonour?" exclaimed a stern voice behind the startled lovers.

The Grand Justiciary laid his hand instinctively on his sword; but the Lady Margaret, with a cry of terror, flung herself into his arms, exclaiming, "Save me from my brother's wrath!" for it was,

indeed, the royal Alexander, who had deemed it prudent to follow his wayward sister in disguise.

"Swear to me to perform your engagement to King Henry, or I will slay you with mine own hand!" cried the King of Scotland, rudely grasping her by the shoulder, and half-drawing his weapon as he spoke.

"Not while Hubert De Burgh possesses an arm to protect the woman who is ready to resign a crown for love of him," interposed the Grand Justiciary, placing himself in an attitude of defence.

At that perilous moment a seasonable interruption was afforded by the entrance of the Earl of Chester, Hubert De Burgh's declared enemy, who, splashed from spur to plume with hard riding, strode up to the Grand Justiciary, and presented him with a packet, sealed with the royal seal, exclaiming, in an exulting tone, "Read these presents, Sir Hubert De Burgh; it comes from the King's own hand."

De Burgh took the scroll with alacrity, though perfectly aware nothing of an agreeable nature could come through such a channel; but, had it been his death-warrant, it would have been welcome at that moment to the unfortunate favourite.

The Earl of Chester fixed his eyes on his long envied rival with malicious scrutiny, as he, with an agitated hand, broke the royal seal, and read with a heightening colour, the following communication, in which his enemies flattered themselves that they had prepared for him a mortification which would irritate his proud spirit into some act of open defiance to the King's authority, or at least into the unpardonable utterance of expressions of anger and contempt for proceedings every way so vexatious and embarrassing to him. As to De Burgh he almost believed himself under the influence of a dream, when he read these words:—

"TRUSTY AND WELL-BELOVED,

"Whom for form's sake we thus address, although we be marvellously disposed to hold thee as a false knave and an arrant traitor, touching this marriage with the Scotch King's sister, into which we have been unadvisedly enticed against our own better judgment, and the opinion of some of our loyal lieges and trusty counsellors to further thine own naughty devices; men standing amazed meantime at the easy manner in which we have been led to compromise our royal dignity and the weal of our people by contracting our royal person

in a marriage with a beggarly Scottish wench, who hath but a paltry dowry of twenty thousand crowns for her portion.

"Moreover, we hear that the said Lady Margaret is shrewd of speech, and by no means so fair as she was reported to us. That her skill in music is passing small, that she only seweth indifferently well with her needle, hath little knowledge of broiery; but is overmuch addicted to dancing, a practice which ourselves never affected, holding the same to be one of the temptations of Sathanas; so we lose no time in giving thee to understand, that we consider the said Margaret as a princess by no means worthy of the felicitous destiny of becoming our qucen, and we command thee, as thou valuest life and limb, to break off this treaty with all convenient despatch, making such excuse to our brother of Scotland as thou mayest deem necessary and decent, and so we bid thee heartily farewell.

(Signed) "HENRY, REX."

"Given at our royal palace of Windsor.

"Witness, ROBERT, Earl of CHESTER."

"Robert Earl of Chester, you have done your errand to me," said the Justiciary; "and now I charge thee to be gone while thy footing hence is good." He raised his eyes from the royal letter as he spoke, with a look which had the

desired effect of ridding him of the presence of his arch enemy; then turning to the King of Scotland, he put the scroll into his hands, with these words,—“Sir King, you have witnessed the delivery of this letter; be pleased to read its contents.”

Anger, scorn, and mortification contended for mastery in the proud heart of the Scottish monarch as he read; and when he came to the conclusion he flung the royal scroll from him, with an expression of contempt for the writer too strong for repetition, and, turning to his astonished sister, addressed her in these words:—

"Meg, thou wert right in choosing thee a proper man and true for thy husband, in preference to a Prince who is in folly and ignorance ten degrees worse than his father John, of unblessed memory. Send for thy chaplain, Sir Hubert De Burgh, for I will avenge this affront which our fair sister hath received from the fool thy master by giving her to thee in marriage with our own hand in this very room. And I say unto thee, De Burgh, call back Robert of Chester that he may witness the marriage, and carry the tidings of the same to King Henry."

THE KNIGHTING OF FRANCIS THE FIRST AT MARAGNAN.

BY H. C. DEAKIN, ESQ.

On Maragnan's red plain I stand,
And, tearing off the veil,
Whence phantom ages sail,
I view King Francis, sword in hand,
Plumed, helmed, and cuirassed, and in blood:
As the sea after storm,
Punts the king, glowing warin,
With havoc glory's darling food;
His dimmed sword, reeking from the foe,
Weary he leans upon:
Death is tired—Slaughter's won
Her day meal for few hours or so—
Down on the soiled field kneels the king,
With his bared head bent down,
Yet bright his proud eye shone,
And thus spoke Gallia's sovereign!

O Prince of knightly chivalry!—I've marked thy banner shine,
Like lightning seen thy fearless spear assail the hostile line;
And as the battle's thunder burst, the bravest bolt that poured,
Fell like a demon, armed in wrath, from Bayard's flaming sword!

Fiercely I've fished my maiden brand as eagles flesh their young,
But the best reward that glory gives shall fall from off thy tongue;
King Francis earns his spurs to-day, he's won them in the fight,
Then lay thy sword upon my back, the King is Bayard's knight.

High honour—courage—virtue strong, rich modesty proclaim
The worthiest of knight thy king—to lure him on to fame;
Haplike me then, O Star of France! and let thy radiance spring,
Like daybreak o'er a mountain peak, on me thy Chief and King.

Thy sword shalt be my godfather, and when I e'er forget
The brand that dubbed me Honour's knight, may Glory's sunrise set;
May I, more worthless than the dead upon this blood-drenched plain,
Lie, till th' archangel summon all the slain to life again.—

The knight he waved his loyal sword, the king on bended knee
Knelt down with joy on that death plain; ah! who so proud as he?
He knelt before the brightest chief that e'er drew sinless brand,
And rose again a knighted king at Bayard's right hand.

What were the throne—the jewelled crown—the studded sceptre's powers
Without that fine and holy sense that sanctifies all hours?

The sense of honor! virtue! fame! embalming memory's shrine,
O Bayard! such thy knightly worth—King Francis! such were thine!
Abbey Cottage.

THE QUIET NEIGHBOUR,

BY MRS. HOFLAND.

When the bad health of Mr. Cecil compelled him to change the air of Russell Square for that of the neighbourhood of Kensington, he found it convenient to remove into a house which was attached to another, contrary to the wishes of his two daughters, who desired to have found a cottage ornée, more sequestered and enclosed by pleasure ground. Caroline, the eldest, was, however, soon reconciled to the circumstance, for, being on the point of marriage it was not of moment to her, and she observed, "that Ellen, her sister, would soon become reconciled, as the inhabitant of the next house appeared to be really a quiet neighbour."

"If we are to have neighbours at all," replied the discontented Ellen, "commend me to a gay one I have no idea of being exposed to the *surveillance* of prying eyes, and ill-natured misconstruction, which always belong to a country neighbourhood; without the power of observing gay visitors, criticising new fashions, and flaunting equipages; and, in short, returning with interest the censoriousness to which we shall be subjected."

Ellen was an affectionate daughter, willing to endure much privation for a beloved and suffering parent, but she was also a lively girl, habituated to the pleasures of the metropolis, and heretofore spending her time in a gay circle: and the great change in her situation left her at leisure for observation, especially as her sister was busied with preparations for a more welcome change. Ellen, therefore, became by degrees, and unconsciously, the very character she had reprehended in another, and was always either looking out for her neighbour, or seeking to learn something concerning him. It soon became plain "that he was a widower, and saw very little company, most probably a mean-spirited wretch, for he kept no footman;" "he had one child, which was very pretty, and neatly, but never smartly dressed; it was much too nice a child for the stupid wretch its father."

A glimpse was at length got of this stupid wretch, who proved to be a man about twenty-eight, tall and elegant in person, with a calm, fine countenance, although an air of subdued sorrow or deep thought sat on his open brow. Caroline said "he looked interesting," Ellen, that "he looked solemn, and she hated the affectation of gravity more than all other affectations."

It was however evident that she could not forbear to look out on his going out, and to watch for his return, until the time when the marriage of her beloved sister, and the pain of parting with one who had been her companion from infancy, absorbed all other cares. To this succeeded an increased demand of her affectionate devotion towards the slowly declining health of her parent, to whom her thoughts and her time were wholly dedicated. Of her neighbour she saw and heard nothing, beyond now and then the plaintive strains of his flute; or the distribution of bread and soup to the poor, by his housekeeper, caught her eye from the back windows; so by degrees her foolish curiosity and her groundless dislike subsided.

Ellen was on the point of forgetting she had a neighbour, when one day, as she was stepping out, the nurse-maid from the next house ran thence, and seizing her arm in breathless agitation, begged her to go into the next house for a single moment; "the dear child was dying in some sort of a fit, and *cook* was as frightened as herself."

Ellen was never deaf to the voice of the afflicted, and the sorrow now displayed was too genuine to be doubted. She loved all children, and had seen the one in question too often to be indifferent; she forgot that it had a father, but remembered that it was a motherless creature, and as such, had claims on all. In another minute she was in the parlour of her quiet neighbour.

To her surprise, and almost dismay, the owner also was there, pacing the room with hurried steps one moment, and the next gazing on the apparently lifeless form of his poor child, as it lay on the knees of an el-

derly servant, now gently chafing its hands, and then stepping to the door in expectation of the doctor for whom he had sent.

It struck Ellen that the fit into which the child had fallen resembled one she had witnessed at school, and which was the forerunner of measles, and lifting the child into her own arms, she desired the woman to procure hot water immediately, adding, "I know there is plenty in our house, and perhaps my father's slipper-bath may be useful—let us try."

The very words seemed to re-animate the old domestic, and in a few minutes every thing was arranged, and life was restored; on the medical man's arrival the prognostic was confirmed, and the means adopted highly approved; and Ellen, blushing and shrinking from observation, left the house in more haste than she had entered it.

In relating this adventure to her father, Mr. Cecil could not forbear observing, "that so far as he could learn, the conduct of Mr. Appleton had shown throughout that he was a most tender father and a good Christian also."

"That he is, certainly," cried Ellen; "I never can forget the expression of his countenance when he believed the little sufferer really dead; still less, could I lose the memory of his gratitude to God when her face resumed the hues of life, and her hands were stretched out, and she lisped papa.—Really"—

Ellen suddenly paused—she was deeply affected, and the kind old man was scarcely less so; but in order to soothe her spirits he declared that he would spare her as much as possible during the illness of the child.

"I shall never go again, depend upon it, father; I am sensible of impropriety in having done so, but I was taken by surprise—indeed, I had not the smallest expectation of finding Mr. Appleton in the house."

"That I am sure of, Ellen, for if you had known it, I question if your humanity would have had fair play: since, however, you have done so much, it strikes me that you cannot be happy without doing a little more. I can go with you to-morrow."

"To-morrow, and to-morrow came," and so soon as the father had taken his daily departure, the kind neighbours took their stand near little Emma's couch, until she was able to bear removing into the next house, where her affections, not less than her natural desire of change, daily led her. It will be readily conceived that the fond father was not slow to accept the warm invitations of his invalid neighbour, and the half-whispered acquiescence of that fair daughter who had been so valuable to his child. In the course of the winter the quiet neighbour became the cherished guest.

It was evident that their friendly intercourse had a happy effect on both the gentle

men, who, although of different age and character, mutually benefitted each other. The aged sufferer found in the tender attentions, the superior attainments, and even the pious seriousness of his young friend, a species of steady consolation well suited to his present views and situation; and the younger, in the very exercise of kindness, and in the explanation of his own principles and those exalted hopes which he entertained as a Christian, found also a pleasure he had not known since he had consigned to the grave that beloved wife whose memory he cherished so fondly, and whom he hoped to rejoin in a world of more permanent happiness.

Being a man of fine taste and extensive reading, his conversation frequently diverged to general literature, and Ellen, contrary to her habit, would attentively listen, but she rarely joined in the conversation so long as Mr. Appleton remained, although it was by no means uncommon for her to espouse his opinions, recapitulate his arguments, and even use his words in speaking to other friends. So great became her reserve, that on the first visit made by her married sister, their father complained of it to her. "My quiet neighbour," said he, "has become my kind companion, I may say my affectionate friend, but I grieve to find some lurking prejudice still exists in the mind of Ellen towards him; for although she esteems and admires him, and his little girl forms her greatest pleasure, she is cold and silent towards the parent. I can perceive that she is anxious as the evening approaches which is likely to bring him, and I fear it is only for my sake she tolerates his visits."

Caroline, who had been wont to read every thought of her young heart, inquired how far this was true?

"I feel afraid of him, and ashamed of my own former folly: how could I dare to insinuate any thing against so excellent a man—a man of whom I knew nothing?"

"Very true, my dear; but the fact was, that you were vexed at exchanging a gay circle for a dull one, and your temper being ruffled, found a vent in speaking of a stranger;—he was a safety-valve to you, and as you did not injure him, now the matter is over there is no occasion to recollect it. I would have you neither fear him nor love him, but respect him."

"Alas! I do all three. — I count the hours of his absence, though I feel humiliated during his presence; and almost desire his departure, lest he should discover what is passing in my heart. I know that his own is in the grave, save so far as it is given to his child, and therefore I am hopeless; he has led me to a new and better world than I ever contemplated before, but the only human being who could have made it a Paradise I must never hope to interest."

"Never, is a long word, Emma," said the affectionate sister, as she pressed her to her bosom. "I cannot believe that any man can witness the entire devotedness of a young and lovely woman like you to the painful duties you perform so well, unmoved, nor do I think a good man less likely than another to form a new connexion; on the contrary, since he resigns to God the beloved being demanded at his hands, so may he thankfully accept another as the gift of the same merciful donor. Do not betray yourself, my love, but still less allow yourself to despair, for alas! with every aid that love and friendship can offer, you have a trial before you which neither can avert."

This prophecy was soon verified: the old gentleman breathed his last in the supporting arms of his beloved neighbour, who yielded to both his daughters all the support his kindness and piety could bestow, being in every respect the tenderest of brothers, until they were alike placed under the care of Caroline's husband.

Every one wondered that Miss Cecil's spirits continued so low in the new scene to which she removed, and where numerous pleasant acquaintances awaited her; still more were they surprised when it was found that she declined the offers of two lovers, either of whom a large circle of mammas had long angled for; but winter and summer passed away, and Ellen still seemed the same pensive person—she neither wept nor complained, and evidently tried to be cheerful, but there was on her heart a weight that perforce sat upon her countenance.

A child's voice was heard to pronounce

her name—a child's quick step bounded after her, as she was taking a solitary walk in autumn. She turned, and saw the darling Emma, the petted favourite in that home she could never cease to regret.

"My love, how came you here, my sweet child?"

"Well, don't cry, and I will tell you how it is. I was five years old yesterday, and so papa has brought me to see you, and he says that you and I (but it's a great secret), he hopes you and I will never be parted again, for I have so wanted you, dear Miss Cecil, you don't know."

Ellen could reply only by endearments.

"And papa has wanted you quite as much as me; nurse says more than me; but see, he is coming, and he can tell you all about it."

Ellen wished she had never heard the latter words of the unconscious prattler, for they had dyed her pale cheek with blushes, and made her heart throb almost audibly; but she did not re-enter the house until her spirits were re-assured, and she knew herself to have been long the preferred, the selected, the beloved of him with whom her own heart had been "so fondly garnered." A promise to the wife he never ceased to honour, that he would not marry till their child was five years old, had bound his tongue; and the peculiar situation of Ellen had prevented her from reading in his looks and manners the dawning and the growth of that full approbation and solid affection which characterised his love, and bade fair to render her the happiest of women when united to her "quiet neighbour."

MUSIC'S MEMORIES.

BY MRS. DUNBAR MOODIE.

The strains we hear in foreign lands
No echo from the heart can claim,
The chords are swept by stranger's hands,
And kindle in the breast no flame,
Sweet though they be.

No fond remembrance wakes to fling
Its hallowed influence o'er the chords,
As if a spirit touched the string,
Breathing in soft harmonious words
Wild melody!

The music of our native shore,
A thousand lovely scenes endears,
In magic tones it murmurs o'er
The visions of our early years,—
The love of youth.

It wreathes again the flowers we wreathed
In childhood's bright unclouded day,
It breathes again the vows we breathed
At fancy's shrine, when hope was gay,
And whispered truth.

Finn M'Coul's Finger-Stone.

It calls before our mental sight,
 Dear forms whose tuneful lips are mute,
 Bright sunny eyes, long closed in night,
 Warm hearts, as broken as the lute
 That charmed our ears.

It thrills the breast with feelings deep,
 Too deep for language to impart,
 It bids the spirit joy or weep,
 In tones that sink into the heart,
 And melt in tears.

FINN M'COUL'S FINGER-STONE.

[Further exploits of this celebrated Finn M'Coul may be found in the *Lady's Magazine and Museum*, for October, 1833, p. 207.]

Like Finn M'Coul, the famous Ossian was a giant. Whether he was Scotch or Irish is a matter of some doubt—for it is on record that Ossian came from Scotland to compete with Finn, and, if they were countrymen, what occasion was there for competition? The Danes, in those days, gave every Irishman quite enough to do, against these sea kings and their hordes, without wasting time or temper in contests with each other. As Ossian *did*, therefore, come all the way from Scotland for a trial of strength with Finn M'Coul, the Irish giant, it follows as a matter of course that he was no countryman of his. — And let antiquarians thank me, as they ought, for thus simply clearing up a question which has so much troubled the world since the times of M'Pherson's half-forgotten paraphrases, published as "Ossian's Poems." It is clear, then, if there be truth in inference and deduction, that Ossian must have been a Scotchman!

But the contest?—In faith, I had forgotten it. Go to that wild and beautiful district near Dublin,—that patch of mountain scenery, so romantic and so splendid, known by the name of the Breaks of Ballynacorney, and while you feast your eyes with some of the most delightful scenery in Ireland, you may feast your ears with the "whole, full, true, and particular account" of the contest between the rival giants.

Years have rolled by since first I took a walk among those hill fastnesses—more years than I might choose to acknowledge. But what I then saw has since remained unforgettably, and much of what I then heard is in the same predicament. It is true, however, that I had one by my side, whose—but there is no use to tell that.

A mountain road winds through those Breaks, like a huge snake. By the roadside there stands a tremendous rock of granite—perfectly isolated. It seemed to me like the remains of some trophy built, perhaps, in the times of paganism. At least, I have seen such in other parts of the island, and I was invariably informed that where each stood, some warrior had fallen in the old

contests between the Irish and their Danish invaders. But it seemed that the column-rock had a different tradition attached to it here.

The day had been beautiful—one of those brilliant days of softness and balm which are so prevalent in Ireland. Perhaps the noon-tide might have been a little too sunny—but we could remedy this, for our pedestrian tour was taken

"In the leafy month of June," and we had but to retire from the radiance and fervor of the day-god's beams, beneath the shadows of the lofty cairns scattered over the hills, which afforded us at once pleasant shade and pleasant resting-places. The day passed on, and as a summer shower made the heath glitter with its diamond-drops, tremulous as sudden joy-tears on the mourner's lids, we hastened for shelter into a rustic cabin by the way-side, which, fortunately for my fair companion, happened to be close at hand.

No one was within, save an old woman,—a withered crone, who in no common degree possessed the loquacious powers of her age and sex. She paid us a world of attention,—paid an infinity of compliments to the blushing beauty of my fair companion,—would "engage that a lady so fair was not without a sweetheart," and, with a smile at myself, "would not long be without a husband;" hoped that "she would be happy as the day was long, and live until she saw her great grandchildren at her feet;" was certain that "she was an Irishwoman, for she had the free hand, and the fair face, and the bright blue eye, and the step, bounding like a fawn's;" and prophesied more good fortune to us, than (to one of the party, at least,) has yet been fulfilled. She was an excellent specimen of the natural *politesse* of an Irish peasant. Her compliments were rather insinuated than expressed. True,

— "Upon her speech there hung
 The accents of the mountain tongue;"
 but, *malgre* the brogue, I question whether more delicate flattery—so pleasant, after all, to our *amour propre*—could be more dex-

terously conveyed, even in the most brilliant circles. Nothing can beat the *hearted* complaisance of free and untutored nature; and the peasant will often break out with a compliment more graceful and more exquisite than that to which the boasted elegance of princely converse could give birth.

We happened to mention something about the granite column we had lately seen. Our hostess interrupted us with a "Would you know, gentleman, what that great rock really is?" I expressed a desire to gain such information, and, happy to hear the tones of her own voice, and proud of holding familiar conversation with those superior to her in rank, she lost no time in telling us a legend, which I shall take leave to relate in my own words—hers being *rather* prolix.

It seemed that Finn McCoul went hunting, one day, on the Curragh of Kildare: his sport was but indifferent, for he had only brought down one red deer and killed two wolves. He came home to his house, on the hill of Allen, in such indifferent spirits, that his lady inquired what ailed him? He replied, heaving a deep sigh (like Major Macpherson in the song), that he had trouble enough upon him, for news had arrived that morning, that Ossian, the great Scotch giant, was coming to challenge him in a trial of strength, and if he lost the day, *his* credit, and the credit of Ireland, would be gone for ever." At this news, Finn's wife was equally low-spirited as himself. They sat by the fireside "in doleful dumps," and their thoughts were any thing but pleasant or happy.

At last, the lady (for I cannot find it in my heart to designate her as plain Mistress McCoul,) said to her lord and master, "What time does Ossian come?" "To-morrow," said Finn. "Oh, then," said she, brightening up, "there is no need to despair; leave all to me, and I'll be bound to bring you through it like a Trojan!" Finn was a wise man—so he placed himself under the superintendence of his wife.

In an emergency, there is nothing better than to trust to woman's wit. So Finn (by his wife's direction) went into a great huge child's cradle (and hard enough it was for him to gather himself up into it), and lay there, snug enough, while she kept busy in the kitchen, baking some cake bread. By and by, in came Ossian, and civilly inquired whether Finn McCoul was at home?" "No," said she, "but I am his wife, and perhaps I can answer for him."

"What!" said Ossian, "did not he hear that I, Ossian of Scotland, was coming over for a trial of strength with him? Wherever he may be, I shall not return home until I see him, and until he feels me." So, when the wife found that he was not to be driven away by a "not at home," she invited

him in, saying that Finn would soon be back, and ready and willing to have any trial with him that he wished.

So he sat down by the fire, and made himself quite at home. He noticed the large cakes that were baking in the oven, and asked for whom she was baking them. "For that little creature in the cradle there," said she. So he looked round and noticed the cradle, and Finn in it, with a nightcap on his head, and tied under his chin, and pretending to be fast asleep.

Astonished at the immense bulk, he called out, "Who's there—what man is that in the cradle?" "Our youngest child," said Finn's wife, "and I think the fairies have overlooked him, he's so small, and does not promise to be half the size of his father and brothers." So Ossian never said a word to that; but he doubtless thought, if the small child was such a bouncer, what the father must be.

By and by, Finn's wife remembered that Ossian had had a long journey, and as the cakes were nice and brown, she said to him, "Will you break your fast with one of these cakes?" He took it, and when he had made a bite in it, he roared with pain, for one of his teeth had been broken. "Oh," he cried, "it is as hard as iron!" and so it might be, for an iron griddle had been put into it by Finn's advice. "Hard!" said she, "Why, that child there would not taste it if it was a bit softer." Then she recommended Ossian to wash the pain down with some of the finest whiskey in the province. She fetched a wooden *piggin* that might hold about a gallon or a gallon and a half, and filled it to the brim for him. Ossian took a sup of it—not much more than a quart—and she laughed downright at him for taking so little. "Why," said she, "the child in the cradle there thinks nothing of emptying that *piggin* in one draught." So, for shame's sake, Ossian took a little more, and a little more yet,—until, truth to say, he was in a fair way of getting drunk.

This was the very pass that the "gude wife" wished to bring him to. "While his father is out," said she, "may be you'd like to see the boy there throw a stone, or try a fall, or do any of the little tricks that his father teaches him." He consented, and she went over to the cradle, and gave Finn a shake. "Get up, dear," said she, "and amuse the gentleman."

Ossian wondered at his black beard, and his great size. "'Pon my word," said he, "you're a fine child for your age. Let us try how your father teaches you to wrestle."

Finn did not say a word, but grappled Ossian round the waist and laid him on the ground before he well knew what was the matter. Ossian got up very sulky. "Show me how you'd throw a stone, my boy." Finn took up the very stone he had seen on the

Breaks of Ballynascooney—it stood then upon the hill of Allen—and flung it across to where it now stands. And to this day it bears the marks of Finn's five fingers where he grasped it, and to this day it bears the name of *FINN M'COUL'S FINGER STONE*.

Ossian was much surprised, as well he might be, at such a cast. "Could your father throw such a stone as that much farther?" "Is it my father?" said Finn, "faith, he'd cast it to Scotland, or America,

or the Western Indies, and think nothing of it!" This was enough for Ossian; he would not have the trial of strength with the father, when the child could beat him; so he pretended sudden business required him back to Scotland—though he never could return home half fast enough—the stone still remains where Finn threw it, and any one on or near the Sigham mountain will shew you "*FINN M'COUL'S FINGER STONE*."

R. S. M.

THE INFIDEL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "MOTHER'S PRAYER."

Blasphemer, cease—must victims still
Upon thy guilty altars lie;
And souls, led captive at thy will,
Writhe in eternal agony?

Insatiate, yet a thirst for blood?
Though round thee glide a spectre band,
Whose life-drops mingle with the flood
Which rises in Despair's dark land!

'Twas *thine* to bid—*thine* to rejoice
That bursting flood-gates Freedom gave;
But 'tis not *thine* to still the voice
That rises from its gory wave.

For thou shalt hear it in that hour,
When, on its raging waters cast,
Thy shipwreck'd soul must own that Power,
Which wills thy day of mercy past.

Then shalt thou know their ruthless deed,
Who rob of peace a dying bed;
Nor spare, though pity bends to plead,
The heart which all but hope hath fled.

DANISH CHRONICLES.

"STRUENSEE, OU LA REINE ET LE FAVORI."

Chronique Danoise de 1769. Par. MM. Fournier et Anhout 2 vols. 8vo. à Paris, chez Dupont.

History presents few examples of so rapid an elevation and so brilliant a career, brought about by mere accident. The origin was as unexpected as the denouement was terrible. At one moment a prime minister, the ruler of a kingdom, and the next transition the condemned inhabitant of a gloomy dungeon, whose massive gates he was only to repass at the voice of the headman! Struensee, the subject of these remarks, was an obscure but talented German physician, living a small lodging at Arona. In the court of Denmark was a prey to

discord, and the most odious intrigues were disseminated by the ambitious and wicked Marie Julia, over whose remains an indignant nation has placed in the royal sepulchre a black stone without any inscription. Christian VII., King of Sweden, was an object of detestation to his step-mother, who, in order to undermine the constitution and intellects of the young king, that the crown might pass to her own son Frederick, put forth every wicked device. In these infamous plans she but too well succeeded.

Marie Julia had also vowed vengeance

against the lovely and innocent wife of Christian. The young queen had far eclipsed the holdame in beauty, which was in itself sufficient to kindle her indignation and excite her hatred: thus at her hand the young foreigner was doomed to perdition, and every infamy was heaped on her devoted head. Another motive for this conduct is attributed to her: the queen-mother dreaded an heir to the kingdom, who would eventually cut off her own darling Frederick. Things were in this state when Christian, who had been absent from Copenhagen for some time, was one day returning to his palace, and passing through the little town of Ancona he was seized with a long fainting fit, which circumstance so alarmed his attendants that they sought the nearest doctor. The house in which Struensee lodged was pointed out to them, and the king was carried on the arms of his attendants to the young doctor's apartment. Struensee, without having any notion of the rank of his patient, administered such remedies as soon brought the King to himself. A conversation ensued, in the course of which the physician perceived that the King was more diseased in mind than in body. He spoke freely to him, and the King was so pleased with his good sense, ready wit, and talent, that he declared to him who he was, inviting him at the same time to accompany him to Copenhagen in quality of his private physician. This offer, as may be imagined, was gratefully accepted. The Count de Rantzen, an ancient minister, and bosom friend of the father of Christian, had been disgraced by Christian, through the artifices of Marie Julia. He happened to be in the house where Struensee lived during the above-mentioned scene. The physician immediately introduced him, and he was appointed to fill a high situation in the state. The first act of Struensee was the reconciliation of the King with the young Queen, who had received so much ill treatment that she had quitted the court, and had retired with some of her ladies to one of the palaces distant a few leagues from Copenhagen. The Count offered to go himself for Caroline Matilda, a step gladly acceded to by the King, and he used so much expedition that the two carriages entered the gates of the palace-yard at the same moment. It was a dreadful blow to Marie Julia to see the King return accompanied by his

royal consort, and by the excellent and noble Count de Rantzen. In the course of a few months Struensee was raised to the dignity of Prime Minister. He was feared and hated by the Queen-mother, who, after having imagined various schemes to rid herself of so powerful an enemy, invented an odious plot, which she hoped would at once rid her of an enemy and hated rival. She spread a report that a guilty passion existed between the young Queen and the favourite, and actually suborned a slave to swear he had witnessed interviews between the parties. But this calumny was only believed by the creatures of Marie Julia. The young, the lovely, the interesting, the unhappy Caroline Matilda had gained all hearts, and to this day her memory is revered and cherished in Denmark as the most innocent and persecuted of her sex. If she had foibles (and who dare say he is without them?) they were in some measure atoned for by numerous virtues. Struensee was seized at a ball, and hurried to a prison—tried by the High Court of Denmark, and about to be acquitted, but for the evidence of an infamous slave, bribed for the purpose by Marie Julia. Hurlled at once from the pinnacle of grandeur into utter destruction, three days after the condemnation his head—almost the highest in the kingdom—rolled upon the scaffold!

This is the condensed subject matter of the work before us; and whatever opinion may be formed of the real interest which existed between the lovely wife of an almost idiot King and the Physician, we give that portion as we find it in the pages of the book itself.

We have translated two passages from this highly interesting work:—

COURT POLICY; OR, THE AMBASSADOR'S DAUGHTER.

* * * * Madame Gohler, the companion to the Queen, whose vanity, had been cruelly punished, had not forgotten the offence towards herself. There had sprung up a warm attachment and devotedness between the Queen and Struensee, and the latter, finding he was watched, maintained the greatest reserve in his conduct towards the queen, who felt a secret distrust at his apparent coldness. Their ~~affairs~~ ^{affairs} were rare, and the Count had opportunities of seeing his royal mistress only in the king's apartment. They were both, indeed,

aware that suspicions had been awakened in the minds of those persons who were about the palace; and they had much to fear from Madame—if not from some act of premeditated vengeance, at least from some terrible indiscretion, which would lead to a discovery of the truth.

One morning, when they were assembled together after breakfast, Madame Gohler was the first of the party to perceive an expression of mysterious cunning on the countenance of Christian, as if he was preparing to make some important disclosure. The same remark was shortly after made by Caroline Matilda, his queen, who felt involuntary terror as to the nature of the secret thoughts of her husband.

The king appeared embarrassed in what manner to begin the conversation. After having passed his hand over his face and through his hair several times, he suddenly broke silence, and turning towards Struensee, said—"Count, is your heart free?"

"The reader may judge of the queen's feelings at hearing these words; the doctor himself was a little disconcerted, and answered with embarrassment,—"Sire, this question—"

"Appears indiscreet," interrupted the king; "I can conceive that the answer annoys your gallantry not a little; possibly there may be a person present (and he turned his eyes towards Madame Gohler) before whom you would not care to explain yourself freely. Well, I will answer for you—I who have not the same reasons for silence. No, my dear friend, you are not in love; none of our ladies have stolen your heart, or, if they have, you are an adept at concealment, for I have not perceived it."

Matilda once more breathed freely, and, notwithstanding her terrors, she almost regretted that the Count had succeeded so well in disguising his passion.

"The time is now come, dear Count," added the king, in a more than usually affectionate tone, "to inform thee of a delightful idea which struck me some time since, and with a project which has ripened in silence, in order that I might enjoy the surprise."

"Some new mark of favour, sire. Alas! I am unworthy of it, I am ashamed—"

"Hold thy peace, these are only the words of a modest courtier. Yet, thou hast guessed rightly. I wish to show thee that I esteem thee. I am generally

thought to be selfish, because I am reserved in public, and because I am constantly absorbed by my sufferings in private: yet, without its being generally supposed to be the case, I bear in mind the interests of my friends, and have worked for thine."

"Sire, accept my thanks beforehand: deign to satisfy my curiosity."

"I have considered thy position at my court: it is unstable and precarious; many of my subjects are obstinate in considering thee an adventurer; thy projects of reform, openly avowed, have raised thee many enemies, and thou requirest a more firm support than that of a suffering king, who may disappear from one day to the next."

"May heaven avert this calamity!"

"Heaven and thee, dear doctor, compose thyself. My fears are not a satire upon thy science, but I never prided myself in being much of a philosopher; and, with respect to the future, I have some slight misgivings. Enough of this: it is of thee I would speak; thou must seek a more firm position, by riches, by the éclat of titles, and, above all, by an alliance with a powerful family: in one word, by a brilliant marriage—what thinkest thou?"

A deathlike chill seized Matilda.

Madame Gohler raised her eyes, and fixed them attentively on the Count, to mark the effect of this proposition. For a moment he was disconcerted, but shortly regaining his self-possession, he said, with a smile,—

"How, sire, you condescend to take the trouble of marrying me? Presented by you, my future wife is very sure of appearing amiable in my eyes."

"She is the handsomest person at my court"

"I see so many who are beautiful, that it would be difficult to yield the palm."

"What thinkest thou of the young Princess de Bérésot?"

"The Russian Ambassador's daughter?"

"Is she not the perfection of beauty? Eyes of a dove-like softness, a figure like a sylph. Matilda, let us have your opinion?"

"In short," replied the queen, scarcely breathing, "a most accomplished person—perfect—has the Count remarked her?"

The doctor continued. "It is impossible, king, that you should not have observed her beauty: I believe you to be a little hypocritical on this subject, and

firmly believe that, in your heart, you do justice to so many charms. Besides, she is one of the richest heiresses in the empire, and springs from a stock whose nobility is historical."

"Alas, Sire," interrupted Struensee, "that it is which makes me so reserved: such brilliant advantages as these! What am I, and what can I offer to a wife of your choosing?"

"My friendship, a hundred thousand ducats, and one of the first dukedoms in my dominions. What do you think of it now, Count?"

"Sire, such an accumulation of favours—"

"I will have no thanks—say only that thou acceptest: to refuse such offers, a man must either be mad or in love; and I know that thou art neither."

Matilda awaited the answer in trembling anxiety. She saw Struensee kneel, take the king's hand, and put it respectfully to his lips: he then arose, saying,—

"And notwithstanding, sire, I refuse."

Christian thought that he had misunderstood the Count. Caroline Matilda hung down her head to hide her joy and confusion; and Madame Gohler began to remark the fact, that the queen acted in this scene.

"What, Sir?" demanded the king, at the same time drawing himself up, "you refuse? But are you aware that this answer is an affront towards the prince, towards me, who have already pledged my royal word? Do you consider this? Your reasons, Sir?"

"To marry a foreigner!"

"My wife is English—I never repented it.

"The difference of religion."

"You are a philosopher."

He had no reply to make.

"You hide from me the real motives which dictate your refusal, but I shall succeed in discovering them. Undoubtedly I was mistaken in thinking that a chivalrous love had no place in a thinking mind such as yours. Well, we shall endeavour to find out what this sentiment is, which is powerful enough to make you refuse a great fortune: we shall know where this mysterious beauty is to be found, who dares thus to place herself between you and our will."

Matilda trembled from head to foot; but the king, while he laid an emphasis on his words, only thought of Madame Gohler,

whom he suspected of being the real obstacle to his wishes.

It was necessary to confirm him in his error, and Struensee affected the air of a guilty person just discovered, and who, by casting confused looks towards his accomplice, seems to provoke a twofold avowal of the same fault.

But Madame Gohler was no longer in the humour to allow a similar suspicion to rest upon herself.

"Sire," cried she, spitefully, "I see clearly upon whom your Majesty's suspicions rest, and I dare say that you are misinformed. The Count is certainly gallant; but his exterior homage may serve to veil other views. Your offers are magnificent, and nothing save a reciprocal love can cause their rejection. Where, then, is this woman who loves? Was I seen to shudder at the first mention of the word marriage? Did I, pale and trembling, hang down my head to hide my confusion? Was I ready to faint? Have I shown all the symptoms of a real passion? Did I accuse myself? No, Sire, I am, thank God, neither weak, nor guilty: it is elsewhere that the object of the Count's passion must be sought for.

Struensee trembled at his danger, and made a prompt decision.

"Then, Madame, you do not love me?"

"I, Sir," replied Madame Gohler, a little thrown off her guard by this sudden attack, "have I ever given you any right to think it?"

"Perhaps you may, Madame; but whether it proceeds from delicacy on your part, or from a change of mind, I accept this disavowal. I ask your pardon for having offered you a homage which was displeasing; and now that I am disengaged from all this, Sire," added he, turning to the king, "I accept with gratitude the alliance that you propose."

"Ah!" cried Madame Gohler, thunder-struck.

"Well," said the king, rubbing his hands, "one has much difficulty in making thee decide; I was beginning to be uneasy. Thus my cherished project will be accomplished."

"Yes, Sire; in a few days I shall present my homage to the Prince de Bérnol. I shall go to his country house."

"The journey will be unnecessary; the prince arrived in town last night."

"Well, then, I shall see him to-morrow or the next day."

"I expect him—"

"To-day?"

"Presently."

"I am caught," thought Struensée.

At this moment, the door opened, and the page in waiting announced the ambassador, Prince Bérésol.

Without raising her eyes, Caroline Matilda asked permission to retire; but, previous to consenting, Christian wished her to congratulate the future husband of the beautiful Nathalie.

With trembling accents she stammered out a few incoherent words. "I wish—I hope—that this alliance will ensure your happiness; it is worthy of tempting the highest ambition. Therefore—I congratulate you, M. le Comte."

"Call him M le Duc," said the king.

"Oh, Sire," added Struensée, "I am not yet that," and he bowed to Caroline Matilda, who went out, accompanied by Madame Gohler.

Many were the evils which presented themselves to the mind of the physician. First and foremost, the resentment of the Queen herself, should he enter into an alliance; next, the hazard, without a good and substantial cause, of refusing to obey the mandate of his Sovereign, in taking a wife of his gracious selection; the third, the actual affront offered to the ambassador of a great power, should he decline the honour of an alliance with one of that rank and bearing; and, fourthly, the means of shewing his devotion to the Queen, by some act which would create a rupture. The latter course he resolved to adopt, and, with manly but crafty boldness, ere the conference ended, to declare war against Russia; more mindful of his own situation than the interests of his King, although there existed abundant ground for his not conceding to the treaty between his Sovereign and that great power, as the matter had been craftily planned by her wily representative.

The Russian ambassador was introduced. He was a man of middle stature, about sixty years of age; his bald head was half hid by an enormous wig worn at that epoch; the wrinkles on his forehead were visible, and stamped him to be a man worn out by mental fatigue, whilst his eyes sparkled with a singular vivacity. His back was bent, more by fatigue than age, and it was easy to perceive in his

dishevelled composure the classical exterior of a veteran diplomatist. He was much esteemed at the court of Catherine for the energetic zeal with which he supported the interests of his sovereign. In short, his tenacity was proverbial. It was after a thousand minute difficulties, and, we may say, step by step, that the Count de Rautzan had, after eighteen months, brought him to some decision relative to the treaty respecting Holstein. Catherine had at length consented to leave that province to Denmark, in exchange for two German fiefs. The obstinate old man was obliged to decide upon signing the conventions pending since the death of Peter III., but it was easy to see that this concession annoyed him, and that he agreed with a bad grace to resolutions which were in his opinion contrary to sound policy.

After this insight into his character, we may better conceive the favourable ear which he lent to the King's proposals. As he was an expert judge of courtly favours and disgraces, he knew that the fortune of the Count de Struensée had not yet attained its highest point, and foresaw the moment when the doctor would govern the state by governing his patient. To attach himself to this rising star, to be able to influence it, was to place a hand on the Danish crown; it was a preparation towards reconquering on one side what Russia would have abandoned on the other: it was being a faithful servant to Catherine and meriting all her favours. When this plan ripened in the head of the diplomatist, he sacrificed to it all the prejudices of birth, which had but little weight with him, and looked forward to making his seducing daughter the real Queen of Denmark.

Such were his intentions when he was ushered into the King's presence. After having paid his respects to him, he inclined his head towards Struensée, without deviating from that cold civility which at court spreads an impenetrable layer on human sentiments.

Christian advanced a few paces to meet him.

"Monsieur l'Ambassadeur, we have been expecting you with great impatience. The Count de Struensée, the happy mortal, who is here, is deeply flattered by the honour which you deign to do him. We render in his name all the thanks which he has already addressed to us.

and to them we join our own, happy to enjoy on this occasion the obliging friendship of the worthy representative of our illustrious sister.

The strain of courtly compliments being once begun, the three personages kept it up some time, and Struensee did not appear either the least clever or the least amiable of the party. He saw Christian preparing the parchments and the great seal which were, in a short time to make of him, who was only an adventurer, a duke, a great noble, worthy of being allied to a young princess of the blood of the Romanoffs. What a dream. The reality, notwithstanding, appeared near at hand, certain; no obstacle presented itself to this elevation. A man's head may be turned, and the Count was for a moment dazzled, but one thought of Matilda dissipated all his dreams. Already the King held the pen, when his favourite, casting a glance at the papers which covered the table, drew from them a bundle which had that morning been brought by the Count de Rautzan to receive the royal signature.

"Monseigneur," said he to the Prince, "permit me in your presence and with your sanction to give to the King, my master, a respectful mark of my gratitude. However intoxicated I may be at the glorious favour with which you deign to honour me, I will not permit myself to be absorbed by my own happiness. I shall acknowledge the King's bounties by making his interests supersede those of his servant; and, if your excellency consents, the signature of the marriage contract shall follow that of the treaty of alliance between the two courts."

The prince's brow was clouded, but he had no objection to start against this proof of delicacy. Struensee shewed the papers which he held in his hand. "Here," said he, "are the articles."

"Well! let us sign them immediately."

"A moment, if you please, my lord; will your excellency have the goodness to read over again to the king the principal clauses of the treaty?"

"Willingly, Count. By article first, her Imperial Majesty gives for ever to his Swedish Majesty the duchy of Holstein, which has long been a subject of contest between the two powers."

"Very well," said the king, who was annoyed at all this; "let us go to the second article."

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"Permit me, my lord," said Struensee; "I imagine that there is a map joined to the treaty."

"Here it is, and you see, marked in red lines, the limits of the duchy of Holstein."

"You must know, Count, that, in consequence of ulterior conventions, her Imperial Majesty has reserved for herself, by way of indemnity, a small portion of territory."

"A small portion, my lord, which will be found to be the richest, and the most peopled,—the course of the Elbe, the two shores, and the navigation! Look, Sire," added he, as he approached the king, and opened the map before him, "certainly it is not thus that you understand this clause."

"I beg your pardon, Count," said the foreign minister, coldly.

Christian knew not what to think: in following, on the map, the lines which Struensee pointed out to him, he could not help regretting the fertile country of which he saw himself stripped: he was astonished that the Count de Rautzan had agreed to such vast concessions, and he hoped, perhaps, that possibly his favourite might, by discussion, regain a portion of that which he had lost by diplomacy; for he said with embarrassment—"But, really, there may be some mistake."

"Most assuredly," added Struensee; "the Court of Denmark signified its willingness to accede to reasonable arrangements; but does not this new sacrifice which is required, exceed all bounds?"

"Sir," said the prince, reservedly, "this sacrifice is not new; it has been deemed necessary, as a very trifling compensation for the advantages of which we consent to deprive ourselves. Such is, however, the will of my sovereign."

"And my sovereign, here present—has he not also a will?"

From the moment the point of authority was thus brought into action, the king secretly took Struensee's side of the question; notwithstanding which, to prevent any animosity between the two diplomatists, he reminded them of their future relationship.

But that feeling had little weight with the Russian plenipotentiary, who, clinging to the point in question, protested against any unforeseen restrictions which might be of a nature to overturn the basis of the preceding conventions.

"It is because the basis of which you

“speak,” said Struensee, with warmth, “was laid long since by certain counsellors, whom I strongly suspect of having sacrificed their country to foreign influence.”

“What dare you insinuate, Sir?”

“Yes,” continued the Count, raising his voice, “I see still through your pretensions the crafty artifices of the queen Marie Julia and her favourites.”

The diplomatist, who was said to possess the good graces of the widow of Frederick V., felt deeply hurt, and said—
“You go too far, Sir.”

“Struensee, really——”

“Ah, Sir, I no longer know you— you, who are so jealous of the glory of your crown: will you suffer it thus to be torn from you piece by piece? See now; it is fifty thousand souls, and a revenue of a million, that would be snatched from you by the stroke of a pen, by a jealous and ambitious power, which is constantly developing itself, that always opens its arms and never folds them again: take care of the giant: the instant he seizes you, he is ready to encircle you, and the prey he sets to work upon is soon devoured. You will not throw him a remnant of your kingdom. No you will not sign a cowardly act, which would make you the puppet of Catherine, and the laughing-stock of Europe.”

The warmth of this discourse made an impression on the King. His fears once awakened, together with his pride, followed the bias which was given to them; and at this moment the representative of the Russian potentate appeared to him to be his most formidable enemy. The Ambassador, no longer master of himself, cried out, “Monsieur, the officious counsellor, think well of it: the Empress will feel herself offended.”

“And you, Sir, beware of offending the King.”

“Tremble at the consequences of a rupture.”

“We do not fear threats.”

“Gentlemen, gentlemen, calm yourselves,” said the King. It was too late.

“This treaty will then be null and void?” asked Bérésot.

“Let it be so.”

“You lose the alliance of Russia.”

“We shall have that of France.”

“You wish for war.”

“We shall expect it.”

“I demand my passports.”

“They shall be sent to you.”

M. de Bérésot then cast a furious glance at the Count, and a smile of affected pity towards the feeble monarch, and with rapid strides quitted the apartment.

Christian appeared quite bewildered. “Truly,” said he, when the first surprise was over, “the negotiation has taken a singular turn! What a strange conclusion to a proposal of marriage. Here is the contract torn, together with the treaty. My poor friend, I pity thee with all my heart.”

“And I, Sire, do not pity myself: I have done my duty in immolating my own interests to those of your Majesty. Have I not well sustained your dignity?”

“A little too much,” answered Christian. “And the prince’s threats.”

“Do not alarm yourself—Catherine has so many other occupations! But this scene has greatly agitated you: you must take some repose.”

In saying these words, he conducted Christian to his chamber, confided him to the care of an assistant physician, and in a moment after was in the queen’s apartment. She was in tears: as soon as she saw the Count enter, she ran forward. “Well!” was the only word she could utter.

“Well, Matilda, you thought me ambitious: undeceive yourself, I may possibly possess the virtues of ambition, but I am unacquainted with its meanness.”

“This marriage——”

“Is broken.”

“How have you managed?”

“I declared war against Russia.”

“Ah!” Caroline Matilda was overpowered; then giving way to feelings of gratitude, she threw herself into the Count’s arms.

“Oh! my friend, what dangers our fatal love will draw down on thy head.”

“I shall repair this *coup d’état*. I do not fear Catherine.”

“And the prime minister?”

“Rautzan!” cried he, as if struck with a sudden thought, “my God! I had forgotten him.”

THE DEATH WARRANT; OR, THE SIGNATURES.

* * * * The King’s aberration of mind continued. They had already entered the gates of Copenhagen, and were within an hundred paces of the palace. Rautzan, almost without hope, and with feelings of indescribable anguish, resumed

the discourse :—"Sire, recollect yourself, for the love of heaven! It is me, your friend, your faithful Rautzan. Your orders, Sire. I await—the prisoner!"

The King looked at him stedfastly for a moment—"True," at length he said; and then, as if trying to recal his wandering senses, he continued with slow utterance, as the ideas presented themselves one by one to his shattered imagination :—"True—I recollect now—I did charge thee with the order—and its success? The Governor made no objection to his leaving the prison with thee? The pretext was excellent. Was it not?—An interrogatory?—Ha!"

Rautzan seized the King's expressions with transport.

"Ha! I comprehend. An order to conduct him before your Majesty! Yes, I have it now; it must succeed. Struensée, thou shalt yet be saved!"

"I had some other charge to give thee. But—I have forgotten what it was. Oh! I believe, something about my honour—"

"'Tis well, Sire. I will myself be answerable for the flight; I alone will bear the suspicions and the wrath of the people. I consent with all my heart; but too happy to sacrifice myself for your glory, and for the safety of an unfortunate fellow-creature."

At this moment the carriage drew up beneath the portico of the palace, and Christian entered, leaning upon the arm of Rautzan. The first person they perceived was Marie Julia, who, approaching the King, and drawing his other arm within her own, said, in a tone of irritability—"You are come from Kronenburgh! Weak man, had I been consulted, I would have spared you this humiliating step."

Christian, over whose pallid cheeks and brow a hectic colour suffused itself, encouraged by the presence of Rautzan, answered, with more energy than might have been expected—"The humiliation, Madam, would have been to have surrendered myself to your guidance."

"No doubt, it was better to go to a guilty—"

"Peace, Madam!" interrupted the King; "the justice of man has found but one guilty."

"Still, methinks you had some doubts to clear up."

"Yes; suspicions engendered by calumny—the foulest, the most infernal calumny."

"Well!" retorted the Queen-mother, with an expression of bitter irony, "and what have you learnt, pray?"

"What I alone, as a King and as a husband, had a right to demand."

Christian's firmness of character was limited to these few hasty replies. From the instant he perceived the eye of his step-mother assume that fierceness of expression which he so much dreaded, from that moment his resolution vanished, and he found his spirit subdued. No sooner did she call to him in an authoritative tone to follow her, than, with downcast eyes and the docility of a child, he obeyed her imperious mandate. These three personages then entered the King's study. Marie Julia led Christian to a table, covered with papers, and made a sign to him to be seated: he obeyed.

"I have several times asked you," said she, "to sanction by your signature the sentence pronounced by the High Court of Denmark. It is an imperious duty, from which you can no longer shrink: justice must be done, or the King is dishonoured. Sign!"

Thus saying, she took up a parchment, already prepared, and placed it before the King.

Rautzan had meanwhile seized a blank sheet of parchment, and having hastily written the following words—

"We, Christian VII. King of Denmark, do command that the prisoner, John Frederic Struensée, shall be removed from the citadel of Copenhagen before the hour appointed for his execution, to undergo a secret interrogatory; and, for that purpose, shall be conducted into our presence, under the conduct of the Count de Rautzan, who alone will become responsible for his safe keeping."

He placed the writing before the King, saying, in a low tone—"Sire, here is the order; sign it quickly. Your Majesty promised me you would."

"Sire, your honour is at stake," said the Queen-mother, at the King's right hand.

"Sire, you have given me your royal word," said the Count, at his left.

Marie Julia perceived him. "Speak out, Sir," said she, addressing Rautzan: "do you oppose his Majesty's sanctioning the death of a traitor?"

"God forbid, Madam! for I grieve at the necessity which forbids clemency."

"Sign, then!" said the merciless Queen, seizing the King's hand: "sign!"

the dawn approaches, it is time to have done."

"Not before your Majesty has granted my petition," said Rautzan, again advancing the parchment, which he had folded carefully, to conceal the writing from the piercing eye of Marie Julia: "time presses, Sire; remember your promise."

"What does that paper contain?" inquired the Queen.

"A permission to see the prisoner for the last time."

A smile of triumph lit up the features of Marie Julia. Christian, bewildered between these two counsellors, one of whom sued for a life, while the other with equal earnestness demanded the punishment of death, scarcely knew what either asked. He tried in vain to free his hand from the firm grasp of Marie Julia, and from time to time he cast imploring looks towards Rautzan. His step-mother, impatient at the delay, seized a pen and placed it between the King's fingers. Dreading a renewal of her violence, he suffered her to place his hand as she pleased, and, abandoning it entirely to her guidance, he signed the fatal warrant. Then, with a violent struggle, having disengaged it from her grasp, he abandoned his hand once more to the guidance of Rautzan, and wrote his name beneath the order for the liberation of the prisoner.

Each next endeavoured to seize the parchment the other so anxiously sought to possess. The hands of the Queen and of Rautzan encountered those of the weak and half-terrified King, who started, and by a mechanical movement grasped the two papers firmly, crumpling both between his hands. Marie Julia was not, however, a woman to be daunted by the respect she owed her sovereign; she snatched the paper violently from him. Having opened it, to make herself certain of its identity, and finding that she was not mistaken, an exclamation escaped her lips.

"What is the matter, Madam?" enquired the King.

"Nothing! your Majesty's hand trembled, it appears; that is all. Now the document is in form, and I shall myself see to its execution in the course of a few hours."

"Here, my friend," said Christian, the second paper to Rautzan. The Count seized it eagerly, kissed his

sovereign's hand, and quitted the apartment.

The Queen-mother pulled the bell—Wesland entered.

"Lead the King to his chamber," said she; "but let him not go to bed."

She then quitted the room; and at the door meeting an officer of the guards, she desired him to send her one of his soldiers instantly.

"Peters," said she, as the man appeared, "I know you, and I promise you my protection if you execute the order I am about to give you faithfully. The Count de Rautzan has just quitted the palace; he cannot be far distant; follow him, watch his movements, and bring me an exact account of them."

"Your orders, Madame, shall be obeyed," said the soldier, as he hastened to execute his commission.

Although the Count proceeded towards the citadel with breathless haste, Peters had not much difficulty in overtaking him; for at that hour the streets of Copenhagen being deserted, the footsteps of a passenger were heard at a distance.

As he proceeded, Rautzan reflected upon the means he would employ to conduct the prisoner to a place of safety. The surest method that presented itself to his imagination was to embark with him, while it was yet dark, in one of the canal-boats, and put out to sea as speedily as possible, and land on the coast of Sweden. The only thing to be feared was that the piercing eye of the boatman might detect Struensée beneath the folds of the cloak in which he would be enveloped. But gold might still triumph over this obstacle. As to himself, he knew that exile would be the price of his devotedness; but he was resigned to sacrifice his honors, although he sighed when he reflected that at his age he must bid his country an eternal farewell. Full of these intentions, he presented himself at the post of the citadel, and passed on, saying he was entrusted with an important message from the King to the Governor. Von Hoben, who united in his person to the title of Governor of the Citadel that of Military Commander of Copenhagen, was already up, and occupied with the preparations for the fatal day. On the visit of the Count being announced to him, the veteran hastened to receive his guest. Rautzan placed the order in his hand, and, without speaking, watched attentively, to see if any expres-

sion of distrust was visible in his countenance. None such, however, appeared; all he could discover was a start of surprise. Von Hoben having finished the perusal of the paper, bowed saying—

"Pardon me, Count, if I testify my surprise at seeing you the bearer of this paper."

"I brought it myself for the sake of expedition," answered Rautzan; "you see, Sir, that the King's order is peremptory. I hope you have no objection to execute it?"

"I am a soldier, and know my duty too well to disobey, let it cost me what it may."

"Let it be done quickly then; I await."

"You, Count?"

"Certainly; be quick."

Von Hoben muttered something between his teeth that Rautzan did not hear as he bowed, and quitted the room.

As soon as Rautzan found himself alone, he gave way to the most unfeigned satisfaction on the success of his plan. The old officer seemed to have no suspicion whatever on the subject, and thus far the stratagem had succeeded. He had already pictured to himself the joy of his friend at finding himself free, one hour before that appointed for him to die."

Twice had the clock of the citadel tolled the hour since Rautzan had parted from the Governor. The sun had already illumined the eastern horizon; the bustle of the inhabitants passing and repassing in the streets of Copenhagen was increasing at every moment, and flight would be attended with difficulty and danger, nay, perhaps, become altogether impossible. Suspense became agony. The Count paced backwards and forwards in the utmost impatience, seeking to explain this inconceivable delay. To have acquainted Struensee with the plan for his escape was impossible: would he, then, unknowingly reject the only means by which he might be saved? Absorbed by this new idea, Rautzan called a soldier, and desired him to seek his commander.

The moment Von Hoben appeared:—

"I wait, Sir—I wait," said Rautzan, out of humour.

"I could not have expected such haste on the part of the Count de Rautzan," said Von Hoben.

"There is no question about me, Sir,"

answered Rautzan; "will you, or will you not, execute his Majesty's orders?"

"I entreat your Excellency's patience,—every thing is in preparation,—the execution will take place in an hour."

"What do you mean?" cried Rautzan wildly. "Is the warrant, signed by the King, already in your hands?"

"Already in my hands, Count? Was it not your Excellency that brought it to me in such haste?"

"The order for ———"

"His execution—here it is."

Von Hoben placed the paper in the hands of Rautzan,—it was the death-warrant!

Rautzan uttered a wild cry of the deepest despair, as he struck his forehead violently with his hand. At once he comprehended the King's error, his own, the dissimulation of the wicked Marie Julia, who had feigned to have the warrant in her possession. A thousand times he cursed his own heedless, mad precipitation. What was now to be done? He would return to the King; he would sue—entreat—pray—importune him,—at all risks he would obtain another signature. But was there time? He still hoped,—he would fly. Rautzan entreated the astonished governor to delay the execution as long as possible, and, without losing another instant, he flew towards the palace of Christianburgh.

The greatest agitation prevailed in the palace. He went straight to the King's apartment—it was vacant. He next went in pursuit of Marie Julia,—she was not to be found. He sought Wesland—he was also absent. He made inquiries, and learnt that, after a short interview with Peters, Marie Julia had forced the King into her carriage, and had carried him off.

"A horse!" cried Rautzan—another instant saw him in pursuit of the fugitives, whom he was informed had taken the road to Fredericksburgh."

Virtue is a tender plant, which, without much watchfulness, will never flourish in human nature. In our first parents the very seeds of it were fatally blasted, and the climate of this world is far more uncongenial to it than that of Paradise. If, then, in natures so pure and innocent as were theirs, it failed to grow up to perfection and maturity, it cannot without unceasing vigilance prosper in a soil so stubborn and unfruitful, and choked with weeds so bad and innumerable.

To illustrate an authentic Portrait by Giotto, accompanying the present Number.

Le nom de Laura est immortel ; mais sa vie fuit elle heureuse ? — *Levesque.*

And love he sung—the soul's stolen visit made :

Though crabb'd age watch hard, and law forbid

It's course, no spy has traced, nor barrier staid ;

It's friendship's cause is as the loadstone hid. — *Davenant.*

The name of Laura is immortal, but was her life happy? is the question demanded by Levesque, a French author of the last century, who has bestowed no little time and research in tracing every fact that can be gathered relative to this celebrated beauty and her lover.

What Laura's thoughts and feelings were on the subject of the ardent and enduring passion with which she inspired the heart of the most celebrated and gifted man of her era, never was known, and never will be till the secrets of all hearts are discovered. The only person, indeed, who could have solved the mystery,—she alone who could have answered the question—is silent. And whether Laura did or not occasionally give a sigh of regret and think of the chains that bound her in a somewhat rigorous domestic subjection, can only be guessed at by conjecture. It appears probable that Laura accepted the literary adoration of her Italian lover with a sort of passive complaisance ; that she received each new poem that was to perpetuate her name and celebrate her charms throughout civilised Europe with quiet satisfaction, and would read them, or cause them to be read to her—for Petrarch expressly declares that she was unlearned—and that she would then turn all her thoughts to the management of her numerous family of infant children and her household, without any romantic commiseration for the agonies so pathetically described by him to be his portion. It is not a very easy thing for by-standers to draw conclusions from the demeanour of a woman towards the man she loves. There is a secret satisfaction, well known to womankind, in puzzling impertinent inquirers in such cases. All that is known is, that the most guarded coolness was alone apparent in the manners of Laura whenever she chanced to meet Petrarch. His life was spent in watching for opportunities of beholding the object of his passion ; yet when they saw each other they seldom spoke, and, in all probability, Petrarch never had a private interview with Laura in his life, or even the opportunity of addressing her in the lan-

guage of passion, other than in his sonnets and odes, which, perhaps, were regarded by the beautiful matron merely as poetical fictions.

In the times of Petrarch and Laura there was an intimate union between Italy and the South of France. Pope Clement the Fifth, a Gascon by birth, withdrew his court to Avignon from Rome, which latter was rent by murderous factions. The divisions between the parties espousing the cause of the Pope, or the Emperor of Germany, raged in every one of the free and beautiful trading cities of Italy. The Guelphs upheld the arbitrary power of the Emperor, who himself chose to name the Popes, and to consider himself as suzerain of Italy. This power the German Emperors have striven for, perpetually, since the days of Charlemagne, and they have finally, in the nineteenth century, secured it. The Ghibelines, on the contrary, upheld the free election of the Popes, and the independence of Italy. We find all the noble-minded and highly-talented Italians of the latter party—Dante, Petrarch, and his father, were Ghibelines. But there is in Italian history the utmost perplexity about these two factions. This confusion is occasioned by the Guelphs sometimes adhering to the Pope. But when the reader has clearly ascertained whether the Pope was nominated by the Emperors, or freely elected, the difficulty vanishes. If, indeed, the Pope was thrust into the chair by the German power, the Ghibelines opposed him. At last each party elected a Pope—one reigned at Avignon; while many antipopes succeeded each other at Rome, who were murdered or deposed by the raging factions with as much celerity as were some of the Roman Emperors of old.

Florence ever bore a most active part in these dissensions ; and when the Guelphs obtained the ascendancy, the father of Petrarch, a Florentine noble of the Ghibeline party, was forced to retire from his native city, with his family, to Arezzo, a little country town in Tuscany, where Francisco, the poet, was born, the 20th of June,

1304. The northern nations call his name Petrarch, but the Italians Petrarca; the family name was Petraccolo. The father of the poet was obliged to leave Tuscany soon after the birth of his son Francisco, and he finally settled at Carpentras, a little town in the immediate vicinity of Avignon, where the exiled Pope, Clement the Fifth, had fixed the Papal seat.

Petrarch may be reckoned among the many great geniuses that poetry and the *belles lettres* wiled from the study of the law. During his father's life he was forced, to his infinite discontent, to pursue his legal studies; for, his father, in an inquisitorial visit to the chamber of Francisco, having caught him reading Latin poetry instead of law, beat his son, and made an *auto de fe* of Virgil and Horace, —a great outrage, when it is remembered that all books in the fourteenth century were manuscripts, dear to buy, and scarcely to be obtained for money. This event must have occurred at an early period of Petrarch's life, as his father and mother both died long before he and his brother were of age; for, owing to the neglect and peculations of his guardians, he and his brother had no resource when they attained their majority, except in devoting themselves to the church. At this time both brothers were remarkably handsome, and their hearts were extremely susceptible to the power of female beauty, and, as our poet owns in one of his letters, he and his brother thought of nothing more than adorning their persons, and making themselves amiable in the eyes of the ladies. By his account, both must have been, in their youth, a pair of arrant coxcombs, as it is owned by them that the better part of the day was spent in curling and perfuming their hair, and in studying which was the most becoming dress. At this time Francisco first began to write Italian poetry. He had before written in Latin, but as few women could understand that learned language, he began to compose in his native tongue, that his talents might receive the highest meed in his estimation—the approbation and admiration of the fair.

Such were the tastes and pursuits of Petrarch and his brother when poverty forced them to enter the church. Francisco did not make so great a sacrifice as his brother, who became a Carthusian at Bologna. Our poet entered the civil department of the church, and though an ecclesiastic,

not having professed the priesthood, he might at any time have left his preferments and married. He was first a canon, and subsequently an archdeacon. Thus the fine head of hair of which he was so proud was saved from the tonsure. The poet often speaks with great affection of those curls in his Latin letters, and laments that they turned grey before he was thirty, which misfortune he attributes to the sorrows of his hopeless love. He bewails it as a peculiar mortification to his vanity; and yet it is some consolation to the ladies to find out that their would-be lords and masters are at least as vain as themselves, not only in the time present but the past.

Hitherto the biography of Laura seems forgotten, but it is indeed so inseparably interwoven with that of her lover, that it would be unintelligible if not accompanied by some account of him.

Laura was a noble southern, of French extraction, daughter of Audibert de Noves and Ermessende his wife. She was born at Avignon in the year 1307. At the age of eighteen she was married to a French noble, Hugues de Sade, of Avignon, whose family was then one of the most honourable and ancient in the district, and it still maintains its rank and influence in that part of France, or at least did so a few years previous to the Revolution of 1789, when the Abbe de Sade, the descendant of Laura de Noves, embodied all the traditions of his family and country, together with the researches of antiquaries, and wrote the memoirs of Petrarch, which we are at present following.

Petrarch has left the most minute records of the hour and moment when his heart—by his own acknowledgment one of the most wandering and coquettish hat ever beat in man—was fixed immovably in a sudden love, which would have been most sinful, as its object was a married woman, if Laura had not been a paragon of virtue and chastity as well as of beauty—it was therefore hopeless, and perforce wholly intellectual. He laments it as "*Quella rea e perversa passione che solo tutto mi occupava e mi regnava nel cuore,*" —that guilty and obstinate passion which reigns supreme in, and wholly engrosses my heart.

Petrarch has made three separate memoranda of the hour when he first beheld Laura. In one of his Latin letters he says, that he was preaching on Good

Friday, April 6th, 1327, in the church of St. Clara, of Avignon, at early morn-
 ing, when Laura entered it, and their eyes for
 the first time encountered each other's.
 She was dressed in a green robe, bro-
 caded or embroidered all over with violet
 flowers; she wore a necklace composed of
 pearls and garnets; and her fine light hair,

braided in tresses, was partly wound round
 her head, and flowed partly over her
 shoulders. She was tall and slender, of
 a graceful and majestic presence; and her
 large blue eyes lent forth an expression of
 enchanting softness and modesty.

In one of his sonnets this fair lady is
 thus described by the poet:—

In what celestial realm did nature find
 The fair idea of her I fondly love,
 When in that angel face she first designed
 To show on earth her glorious works above?
 What nymph or fallen goddess e'er unbound
 Such sunny tresses on the breeze to flow?
 Where was such virtue in a mortal found
 Although the bright perfection works my woe?
 He for divinest beauty looks in vain,
 Who never gazed on her enchanting eyes,
 Nor knows how love can wound and heal again,
 Who has not heard how tenderly she sighs;
 How soft she speaks, and what bewitching wiles
 Dwell in her glances, as she sweetly smiles.

Petrarch's attachment was of the extra-
 ordinary duration of twenty-one years.
 He appears, if we may judge from his let-
 ters, to have struggled at times despe-
 rately to throw off a chain that he could
 not break, and which bound him until
 the end of his life. In one of his early
 sonnets there is a species of fierceness
 and abruptness in the composition, to-
 gether with a strength and terseness of

expression, that makes it a singularly dif-
 ficult thing accurately to exhibit its true
 power in another language; at least it re-
 quires a most intimate knowledge of Italian,
 and gifted talent in the translator's own.

This extraordinary sonnet is that en-
 titled, *S'amor non è, che dunque è quel*
chio sento? It is thus faithfully ren-
 dered into English by Miss Agnes Strick-
 land:—

What is it that I feel, if 'tis not love?
 But it is love, by Heaven! What may love be?
 If good—whence these sad pains which mortals prove?
 If evil—why so sweet its power on me?
 What mean these sighs, if 'tis my pleasure still
 To bear this woe,——If not—ah, what avails it to lament?
 Ah, living death! Oh most delightful ill!
 How can you be in me without my own consent?
 And if to bear this outrage I agree,
 My fragile bark midst adverse gales I find,
 Without a helm on some tempestuous sea,
 So tost in doubt and fear my troubled mind,
 Scarce what I wish or hope myself I know,
 And freeze in summer's heat, and burn in winter's snow!

Petrarch could write of the lady he
 loved oftener than he could see her, al-
 though he constantly lived in her vicinity.
 He never had an interview without cele-
 brating it by a sonnet or *canzoneta*. He sel-
 dom saw her except on the public parade,

at church, or seated on a stone bench at
 her door, surrounded by her family and
 friends, such being the primitive custom
 in the fourteenth century, for a noble ma-
 tron to spend her summers' evenings in
 the courtly city of Avignon.

[This interesting Biography, which runs to a considerable length, will be concluded in the
 ensuing number for February.]

Lord Byron's REASON FOR LIVING IN
 ITALY.—What was the reason?—The roman-
 tic beauty of the scenery, the exquisite
 nature of the climate, the superiority of
 art or classic associations? No, nothing
 of the sort. What was it, then? Simply,
 that Italy is free from cant, "which," added

his Lordship, "is the primary spirit of
 England." This is but too true; and yet
 we English flatter ourselves that Italy is the
 soil of superstition, bigotry, and fanaticism,
 and that England is the only European
 country free from such abominations.

NOW DESIGNED FOR A CEMETERY.*

BY MRS. HOFLAND.

'Tis Winter, and the rust'ling leaves around
 Bespeak his influence—yet the sun is bright,
 And the blue light of heaven looks cheerily,
 Seen through the branching groves—methinks the day
 Is like thy fate, O! Norlands, long the scene
 Of joyous greatness, elegant repose,
 Till the dread night when thy fair mansion fell
 The prey of bickering flames,† that fiercely swept
 Whate'er wealth, art, and splendour could bestow,
 Into one smouldering mass. Thy paths are now
 O'errun with vagrant weeds, thy plants unpruned,
 Thy "pleasant places are made desolate."
 This is the winter of thy being—this
 Thy day of faded loveliness—ere long
 To be renewed, though by the cold chaste hand
 That consecrates thee to the honoured dead;
 Thy spring again shall flash, thy summer glow,
 And future days outshine the glories past.

Though never more on thy green lawns shall stray
 Young Beauty's footsteps in her hour of pride—
 No more the gallant soldier sheath his sword,
 And in thy roseate bowers find sweet repose;
 Or the worn wanderer from rich India seek
 Thy healthful breeze to brace his fever'd form †;
 Yet all by turns shall tread, with pensive step,
 Thy tranquil paths, shall sigh beneath thy shades,
 Or rest for aye beneath thy verdant cells.

Here may the best affections of the heart,
 And all the sweetest charities of life,
 Flow freely—and tho' waked by Sorrow's hand,
 The touch shall purify the breast it pains,
 And call the virtues it laments to life.

* GREAT WESTERN CEMETERY.—This estate is situate at Notting Hill, just beyond Kensington Gardens, and is nearly equi-distant from the extremity of Piccadilly and the end of Oxford-street, and from either *only* two miles, through Kensington or Bays-water; thus embracing within its reach an extremely populous and most respectable neighbourhood. Through Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens, it is within the limits of a moderate walk. It is on the lower part of Notting Hill, and comprises in the whole FIFTY-TWO ACRES, an extent in one ownership, in the immediate vicinity of the Metropolis, which may surprise even those persons who are intimately acquainted with the outskirts of London. One portion of this estate is called "Norland Farm," and is let to a farmer at a considerable rental. Another, comprising twelve acres and a half, is walled in. These were the grounds of Norland House, occupied, until destroyed by fire †, some years ago, by H. Drummond, Esq., the banker, when much valuable property in plate and jewels was lost by the occupant. All around are lofty trees, many of which are of great beauty and size; and there are also divers woody plantations, gravel walks, and shrubs, in various parts of the grounds. At the further extremity of this general enclosure, on the right hand and on the left, is a raised ground, formed some sixty years ago by the earth thrown out of the sunken foss which bounds the western extremity. It is a curious thing to see the manner in which the now ancient trees have grown, forming groves on either side of these elevations, which might at some future day offer spots of more than ordinary interest, whilst, at all events, they could serve for the present as watch-towers to prevent unlawful entrance or depredation. The estate is a peninsula, for the county creek bounds the north, south, and west sides; and the east, facing the road, is secured in great part by a lofty wall. So that in the way of security, with the Anatomy Bill, very little expense is required. And on the north side this estate is also bounded by a private road and lofty wall, at the end of which there is one of the several gate-entrances. On the south, or opposite side, there is, as it were, a wilderness of brush-wood, and a long footpath, hedged in, and an extensive border or range of ancient plane-trees, whilst the centre of the ground exhibits a lawn most beautiful to look upon, without any trees ‡. Norland Well, within the grounds, is concealed by a thicket, and surrounded by five trees of very large girth. About the year 1756 its waters were in great celebrity, and the whole neighbourhood was supplied from its spring. For this purpose,

Meditations in the Grounds of Norlands.

Here, too, the faith that wakes undying hope
Shall plume her drooping wings, and gazing round
On plant and flower, which germ beneath the soil,
Shall hail their resurrection, and proclaim
Like promise to man's soul—that peerless thing
Which Nature typifies, but equals not
Thro' all her range of empire—fair, sublime,
Degraded oft—yet deathless as its source,
And purchased by a price beyond all name.

Ah! who may people this sequestered spot?
Who lay their weary bones below this grass?
It hath a place for all—a lovely spot
For each lone wanderer: the young, methinks,
Beneath some flowery knoll may find a grave
Meet for their early fate, where spring-time flowers
Exhale their soft perfume, and dew-drops fall,
Bright as those eyes whose beams so lately wrang
Tears such as parent, lover, sister, sheds
Upon the death-doomed by consumption's power.

Where the tall elm spreads its broad canopy
Of clustering foliage, let the warrior sleep;
And words that tell his glory—sculptured forms
That shew his deeds of daring, rise around:
And where the cypress waves its lofty bough,
In ever-living verdure, place the sons
Of learning and of science, by whose hours
Of studious toil, and intellectual power,
Whate'er can bless and dignify mankind
Flows thro' successive ages—leading forth
Man from his savage wants, his helpless cares,
His ignorance, and his misery—up to man
Informed, refined, ennobled, blest at once
With freedom, wealth, and love—nay, more than these,
The power to worship and adore that God
Who gave such gifts to man.

within the kitchen-garden, not far distant, an extensive reservoir was made, presenting an immense area of brick-work, of considerable value. It is of very surprising extent, and the boundaries are covered with stone coping. The whole is surrounded with chain-work. In the transparent waters of this receptacle are flourishing the finest water lilies and other aqueaceous plants. The kitchen-garden, within which is the above, except where it is enclosed by a row of towering trees, is surrounded by a very high wall covered with fruit trees, also of considerable extent. The whole of the extensive outbuildings are still standing, in excellent condition; and, indeed, in their present state, an uninformed passenger would imagine that the tower on the top belonged to some chapel or place of worship. There is a long line of wall next the Great Western or Uxbridge Road, with two double gates, of great height and good proportions, of ornamental iron work. This place is, in every respect, most admirably adapted for a Cemetery. The extensive opening which will remain at the rear of Lord Holland's Park will be a great advantage to the appearance of Holland House, and, indeed, to the neighbourhood, instead of the land falling into the hands, first, of brick-makers, and ultimately of builders.

There are now about nine cemeteries established for country towns, upon the plan first promulgated in the year 1824, by Mr. Carden—the founder of the General Cemetery Company in London; and as the establishment of extra-urban cemeteries has been so strongly recommended by his Majesty's Government, and is so much in accordance with the present state of public feeling, anxious even to prevent interments from taking place in the Metropolis, the *Great Western Cemetery Company*, the name by which Mr. Carden's new scheme is designated, is particularly fortunate, in furtherance of such a national and important object, in having so very eligible a site as "Norlands."

Of the nine cemeteries mentioned, it may be interesting to state the progress made in this new general cemetery at Liverpool, which was begun in 1825:—

<i>Interments, Paupers Sold, Family Graves Sold.</i>			
1826	204	14	67
1827	424	14	96
1828	551	19	94
1829	786	16	152
1830	743	14	125

<i>Interments, Paupers Sold, Family Graves Sold.</i>			
1830	930	10	118
1831	1277	12	165
1832	1402	26	148
1833	up to		
Oct. 1, 1817		11	113

Where shall the poet, where the painter rest,
Fair Norlands, in thy shades? Lo! here the spot,
Rich with green laurels and o'erhanging bays—
A mound that in its gentle rising seems
The hallowed spot where genius should repose
After long sojourn with a troublous world,
But rarely meet to estimate its worth
Till life is past, and consolation's cup
Arrives too late. Here may the marble give
Names dear to fame, and weeping muses point
To features known not in the halls of state,
Though noblest of the noble. Sooth to say,
Thou, Norlands, wilt be just; thy mother earth
Takes all unto her bosom, but yields each
The meed that he has earned.

Farewell! but not for long; I will return
And meditate full oft in this calm spot
On all things dear and awful. Soon must I
"Throw off this mortal coil;" yet not to thee,
Fair Norlands, yield my clay.* Less tranquil grave,
Less lovely, must suffice; for such is his
Who was, who is, my son; and with whose dust
My own should be commingled, since our hearts,
Our spirits, and our minds, were only one.

REVIEW.

Literature.

An Encyclopædia of Gardening. By J. C. LONDON, F.L.G.H. & L.S. Conductor of the "Gardener's Magazine," and "Magazine of Natural History." Published in Dec. Part I. Longman & Co.

Mr. Loudon is well known to the world as a man of no ordinary talent, which he has made conducive to general utility by valuable works on horticulture, botany, and natural history. These are not mere theoretical treatises: they are the original observations of his own experience, united with that of a numerous circle of practical men, voluntarily enlisted by his urbanity in the cause of useful knowledge. His reputation is not confined to his own country: we often meet with translations from his works in foreign journals of literature; for his sagacity in discovery, and his persevering industry and perspicuity in the manner of making known the results of his labours, have justly gained him an European celebrity.

The "Encyclopædia of Gardening" will fully sustain this high estimate of the author's literary character. The present number treats of the history of gardening from the earliest times to the seventeenth century. Great research has been used, and

valuable information is afforded to the public, and the letter-press is illustrated by numerous wood engravings. Mr. Loudon, in the course of his detail, proves from history, how universal garden cemeteries were in every nation in the world sufficiently civilised for their manners and customs to become subjects of history; and he fully proves that this wholesome mode of interment continued till a noxious and ignorant superstition crowded the bodies of the dead into the vaults of places of worship, on the same principle that an ill-educated infant is afraid of sleeping alone. Mr. Loudon then proceeds to show that even in the headquarters of superstition, the spirit of public utility has forced the Italians to revert to the ancient patriarchal custom of the Jews, exemplified even in the burial of the Saviour in a garden cemetery. From the same motives of public utility that induced Mr. Loudon to gather together his valuable information, we proceed to give the following specimens of his extensive labours:—

"The cemeteries of the Jews may be considered as a species of garden. We find that Abraham, when Sarah died, purchased from the children of Heth a "field, and all the trees which were within its limits, or on its borders," as a place of burial. It ap-

* If we remember aright, it was calculated by the projector, that a great number of remains deposited in vaults in the metropolis would be removed to such a new Cemetery. EDIT.

from Abraham having declined the choice of any of the sepulchres of Beth and fixed on a spot ornamented with trees, that burial-places in those days were considered scenes of beauty, as well as of mournful associations. This idea is confirmed by the circumstance of the sepulchre in which Jesus Christ was laid, being placed in a garden. We read of others formed under a tree, and sometimes hewn from the sides of a rock; so that, on the whole, it is clear, that with all who could afford it, among the Jews, the place of burial was not only sacred from its use, but interesting, or beautiful, from being accompanied by some striking or agreeable natural features. (*N. Amer. Rev.*)—See *Ency. of Agr.* § 17.

"**PERSIAN CEMETERIES.**—The tomb of Cyrus is described by Strabo as in a tower; and Arrian says it was situated in the royal gardens, amidst trees and running streams. (*G. L. Meason.*)

"The vale of Tempe, however, as described in the third book of *Ælian's* *Various History*, and the public gardens of Athens, according to Plutarch, prove that the philosophers and great men of Greece were alive to the beauties of verdant scenery. The *academus*, or public garden of Athens, Plutarch informs us, was originally a rough uncultivated spot, till planted by the general Cimon, who conveyed streams of water to it, and laid it out in shady groves, with gymnasia or places of exercise, and philosophic walks. Among the trees were the olive, the plane, and the elm; and the two last sorts had attained to such extraordinary size, that at the siege of Athens by Sylla, in the war with Mithridates, they were selected to be cut down to supply warlike engines. In the account of these gardens by Pausanias we learn that they were highly elegant, and decorated with temples, altars, tombs, statues, monuments, and flowers; that among the tombs were those of Pirithous, Theseus, *Œdipus*, and *Adrastes*; and at the entrance was the first altar dedicated to love.

"The cemeteries of the GREEKS may be reckoned among their public gardens. The Athenian *Ceramicus*, the burial-place which received those who had lived and died in the service of their country, was ornamented with trees and sculptures in such a manner as to make it a pleasant resort for all who wished to borrow inspiration to noble deeds. Groves, gardens, and the sides of public roads were also chosen as the places of sepulchre for eminent men.

The emperor Constantine first introduced burying in churches. This unhealthy practice was continued for many centuries, from a superstitious notion that in holy places the body was protected from evil spirits. The first attempt to establish a public and park-like cemetery was in the

Low Countries, by an edict of the enlightened and benevolent emperor Joseph. The example was followed soon after in France and Italy.

"At Genoa, the Protestant burial-place is a small enclosure on a hill, surrounded by walls, and planted with roses and other shrubs. (*Morton's Protestant Vigils*, p. 218.)

"At Leghorn, the English burying-ground has some of the tombs surrounded by cypress trees, others by neat railings of ironwork. The ground is enclosed by a wall, and the entrance kept locked. Among other tombs is that of Smollett. (*Holman's Journey*, &c.)

"At Bologna is a public burying-ground a little way out of the town, made out of the suppressed convent of Certocina: it was first applied to this purpose in 1802. It is an effort to give a kind of characteristic elegance to the different conditions of life after death. Rich dignitaries of the church are classed, and inferior clergy are arranged at a respectful distance. Arched recesses are made to receive statues and sarcophagi for the wealthy, and headstones have their allotted district. Sepulchres are marshalled for exhibition, with quaint fancies and insipid allegories;—bad monitors to the living, and destitute of any feeling for the dead. Here, in a room appropriated to skulls, is the skull of Guido, mounted on a bracket. (*Duppa's Observations*, &c., p. 135.)

"At Pisa, the Campo Santo is a large burying-ground, in form a rectangle, about 406 feet by 116 feet, enclosed within an arcade. It has its name from the holy earth which the Pisans brought from Palestine, in the year 1192, but the building was not erected till 1283; and it contains, besides the tombs, a number of pictures by the old masters. (*Duppa's Observations*, &c.)

"At Rome, Eustace tells us that the fields called Prati del Popolo Romano are used as a burying-place for foreigners:—'They are planted with mulberry trees, and adorned by the pyramidal tomb of Caius Cestius.' This ancient monument, which is supposed by Galiffe to have been only an ornament to the garden, is described by Eustace as being about 120 feet in height, and standing upon a basis of about ninety feet square. 'Its form on the whole is graceful, and its appearance very picturesque, supported on either side by the ancient walls of Rome, with their towers and galleries venerable in decay, half shaded by a few scattered trees, and looking down upon a hundred humbler tombs interspersed in the neighbouring grove, it rises in lonely pomp, and seems to preside over these fields of silence and mortality. The other tombs are in various forms; sepulchral stones, urns, and sarcophagi,—some standing in good repair, others fallen and mouldering, half buried in the high grass that waves over them.'

(*Gauche's Italy*, &c., p. 369; and *Eustace's Classical Tour*, &c., p. 226.)

"At Naples, Eustace tells us, 'the two principal hospitals have each a cemetery for the burial of the dead. The sum of 48,500 ducats was raised by voluntary contribution for the latter; and a piece of ground was selected half a mile from the city, on a rising ground. A neat little church is annexed to it, with apartments for the clergy, &c., and the road that winds up the hill to it is lined with cypresses.' This burial-ground Blunt describes as 'consisting of 365 separate vaults. Each morning, the large slab of lava which closes the mouth of some one of these receptacles for the dead is heaved aside, and is not replaced before the approach of night. To this pit all the corpses destined for burial that day are promiscuously committed. Thus the revolution of a year sees them all receive their victims in succession; while an interval so considerable allows one corpse to moulder before another is laid low.' (*Eustace's Classical Tour*, p. 500; and *Blunt's Italy*.)

"At Venice, the practice of burying in churches has been relinquished for some years; and the burying-ground of that city now occupies the small island of San Cristoforo, situated in the Laguna, between Venice and Murano. The burying-ground of the Jews, on the sandy islands of Lido, is covered with tombstones bearing Hebrew epitaphs. The burying-ground of the Protestants is within one of the bastions of the fortress of Liddo, and contains several tombs of English and Germans. (*Cadell's Journey in Carniola, Italy, &c., in the Years 1817 and 1818*.)"

Tales of the Manse.—Edited by HUGH HAY, Esq. First Series. Simpkin and Marshall, London; and Blackie and Co., Glasgow.

This volume is very unequally written, sometimes, to all appearance, by a young author; and at others passages of merit present themselves, which lead us to anticipate that we shall be able to bestow greater approbation on succeeding volumes of the "Tales of the Manse" than we can accord to "St. Kentigern." The tale itself is deficient in talent and imagination; but the era chosen renders it scarcely possible for an author to write naturally. The times of the Druids are dark, dim, and barren of that sort of incident which throws light on national character. History has left us no traces of the tone of domestic manners at that early period. For this reason, the familiar expressions of every-day life in the romance of "St. Kentigern" are incongruous and clashing to

good taste. It is but justice to the author to say, that he has made all the research that abstruse reading will furnish on the subject; and that several chapters, particularly the first, are very cleverly written. The awkward jocularities of his style make a burlesque of the illusions of reality which a writer of genius always contrives to throw around a well-chosen historical tale.

The Cabinet Cyclopædia. Edited by the Rev. DIONYSIUS LARDNER, LL.D., &c., &c. *The Lives of the British Admirals*, by ROBERT SOUTHEY, LL.D. Vol. 2., No. 48. Longman and Co.

Whatever difference of opinion may exist as to the value of Dr. Southey's poetry, there is but one in regard to his prose works, the merits of which are universally appreciated in the literary world. During perusal, the easy style of the author, by reason of its elegant simplicity, is wholly forgotten by the reader, while the fascination of Dr. Southey's narrative lasts, whatever the subject on which he treats. His *Naval History* is full of incident, the result of deep research in chronicles; and not only are the chronicles of France and England made to yield their treasures, but he has diligently searched the unvisited historians of Spain, and translated many passages in order to throw light on the practices of our ancestors in naval warfare. From these we take some curious extracts not highly complimentary to the earlier service, as it is proved that in the days of chivalry the naval heroes of England were a piratical set of depredators. A combined Spanish and French flotilla of sea rovers of the same stamp are spoken of in the writings of Gutierre Diez, a chronicler of Spain, as having descended on the coast of Devon for the purpose of making reprisals for some English depredations. They find themselves on the estate of the naval commander Sir Henry Paye, familiarly called, we presume, by his mariners, Captain Harry Paye, a name that is very drolly metamorphosed by the Spaniards.

"Thence they coasted on, landing for wood and water; and to carry off cattle, and to burn the houses and the standing corn, till Pero Nino learned that he was not far from Poole. 'This place,' says the chronicler, 'belongs to a knight called Arripay, who scours the seas, as a corsair, with many ships plundering all the Spanish and French

remains that he could meet with. This Arripay came often upon the coast of Castile, and carried away many ships and barks; and he scourged the channel of Flanders so powerfully, that no vessel could pass that way without being taken. This Arripay burnt Ghent and Flanders, and carried off the crucifix from Santa Maria de Finesterra, which was famous as being the holiest in all these parts, (as in truth it was, for I have seen it,) and much more damage he did in Castile, taking many prisoners, and exacting ransoms; and though other armed ships came there from England likewise, he it was who came oftener. It is edifying to perceive that every nation regarded this sort of piratical warfare, when it was carried on by their enemies, in its proper light, and yet all pursued it in the same spirit themselves! The sea-captain, whose name when thus Hispaniolised looks as if it belonged to an Indian cacique, is no other than the Harry Paye of the English chroniclers.

* Pero Nino no sooner heard that he was near Arripay's place of abode, than he determined to return the visits which that corsair, as he deemed him, had paid to the Spanish coast. Accordingly they entered the harbour, and came at daybreak in sight of Poole. The town was not walled, and a handsome tower with a cupola, which the chronicler describes, must have been erected for the sake of the view which it commanded over that beautiful inlet, not for defence. Here, as at Falmouth, the French commander thought it would be rash to attempt a landing; and when the Spaniard, as if the honour of his country required him to take some vengeance here, persisted in his purpose, Mouch Charles forbade any of his people to land with him. The Spaniards landed under the command of Pero's kinsman, Fernando Nino, with orders not to encumber themselves with plunder, but to plant their banner before the place, and set the houses on fire. One large building was maintained awhile against them; but when, after a stout resistance, they forced an entrance, the defendants escaped at the back part; and here the invaders found arms and sea-stores of all kinds: they carried off what they could, and then set the storehouse on fire. By this time the English had collected in some force, archers and men-at-arms, and having put themselves in array, they came so near that it might well be seen, says Gutierrez Diez, who was of a ruddy complexion, and who of a dark one. They had taken the doors out of the houses, which they continued, by means of supports, to place before them as pavises, to protect them against the cross-bow shot. Under these cover the archers kept up a brisk discharge, with effect, that the archers were wearying themselves, while they were attacking the archers. Many were

wounded, and those whose armour protected them, are described as fledged with arrows. Pero Nino seeing his people in danger, and that they were beginning to fall back, landed with the rest of his men, and the French then, notwithstanding their previous determination, hastened with all speed, like brave men, to support him. He set up the cry of Santiago, Santiago! and the English, who by their enemies' account fought right well, were at length compelled to retreat, leaving among the slain a brother of Arripay's, a gallant man at arms, who distinguished himself by his great exertions before he fell.

"Here Pero Nino learnt from his prisoners that the Welsh were in arms, and had baffled the King's forces: this made him regret the more that Martin Ruiz should have refused to co-operate in this expedition; for with such a force he felt confident that they might have taken many towns, that the strength of the country would have been drawn from the coast, and that they might have levied contributions, and returned with great reputation and wealth. 'If he had twenty galleys, as others have had there before and since,' says his standard-bearer, 'it is to be believed that he would have done marvellous things.' Gutierrez Diez was, indeed, devotedly attached to his lord; and had it not been for his labours, Pero Nino's name would now be known only to Spanish genealogists. But though he was an excellent alpenex, and a good chronicler, he was by no means the best of geographers; for he says that they went up the Southampton river, and came in sight of London, which stands about two leagues from the open sea; a great river called the Thames, coming from the north, and encompassing the place on which it stands; and on the other side is the Isle of Wight. They found a Genoese carrack lying there, which the English had captured; and they would have brought it off, but it had no sails. They were then about to burn it, when the Genoese came off to them in a boat, and, representing themselves as friends to the King of Castile, said their carrack had been taken, though it was provided with the King of England's safe conduct, and that they were now making suit for its restitution, wherefore they prayed that it might be left unhurt. The reasonable request was granted. The galleys then made for the Isle of Wight, where they landed, and after some skirmishing found it necessary to re-embark, and then returned to France. Reflecting upon this expedition, the author says, that a man who makes war

* Gutierrez Diez has not failed to expatiate here upon the importance and danger of a standard bearer's office. Without directly extolling himself, he lets the reader understand that he stood that day a mark for the archers, like another St. Sebastian.

against Christians may be saved if he pleases; for in such a war the king is to see whether his cause be just or not, and the subjects, according to the law of Castille, are bound to do what he commands them. But in such a war the Christian must observe four things; he must never put to death one whom he has in his power, either as a prisoner, or as one who is overcome and at his mercy; he must neither rob churches, nor offer any injury to those who have taken refuge in them; nor help himself to anything that may be found there, except a meal for himself and his horse; he must offer no violence to any woman, whether married or single; and he must neither burn houses nor standing corn, because the mischief falls upon the innocent and helpless. These rules, he says, Pero Nino ordered to be observed every where, except in Arripay's country, because he had burnt places in Castille."

The present volume is still occupied with the Naval History, abounding in matter of interest to the general reader. The biographies of the British admirals have not yet been commenced.

We cannot help regretting the desultory manner of publication adopted by the editor of the *Cabinet Cyclopædia*. Surely it were better if first, second, and third volumes on one subject followed each other regularly. This is the third odd volume put forth in three successive months.

The Prediction.—In 3 volumes.

The Prediction is not named, in its title-page, as either novel or romance: in reality, the work is a mixture of both, and considerable talent is displayed in each department.

In the component parts of the story there is, however, an exuberance that sometimes requires restraint. We are led from this circumstance to suppose that the Prediction is a first work, as young authors often lavish their untried powers in superfluity of incident. Experience will correct this fault, if fault it be, and teach the author to husband the valuable overflowings of a fertile imagination, which are put forth in this work as if the mind were an exhaustless treasury.

We are inclined to think that the most equal talent is displayed in the first volume, which is principally devoted to the natural characters and home sketches generally found in the domestic novel. Mrs. Elwin, and her hand-maid Priscilla, are very amusing personages, and we regret

their early exit from the scene of action. There are some powerful scenes in the more elevated part of the work, such as the interview of Charles St. Elmour with fleet; the introduction of Marie Annetette; and the search by the heroine for the papers in the lonely apartments.

We cannot compliment the printers on the manner in which this work is got out: it is full of the most provoking errors of the press, which, in many instances, would subject the author to the reproaches of trifling verbal critics; but, subject ourselves to the same accidents, we feel justified in laying the fault on those who seem to deserve it.

The Chameleon. Third and last Series. Longman and Co., London; Paterson and Rutherford, Glasgow.

"The Chameleon" is the concluding volume of a series of clever miscellanies that we have in previous seasons noticed with approbation. Although the author disclaims the title of annual for his book, it has annually made its appearance at Christmas-tide for the last three years. We learn with regret that the illness and threatened dissolution of the author is the cause that the public will see no more succeeding volumes of the Chameleon. As in its predecessors, so in this, we meet with true poetry among some of numerous pieces with which the book abounds. We regret that our author publishes *all* he writes. We think a smaller volume of selected gems from the whole series would have brought him a higher poetic name: his name will survive, it is true, but it will be by reason of gems which some benevolent critic will dig out of a mine of various *materiel*. Our favorites in the present volume are the "Floating Beacon," "The Catherine of Iona," "Where is my Father's Grave?" "The Portrait of Mary of Scotland," "The Burial of the Brave," and "I dream of thee." Among these we select as a specimen "The Floating Beacon," previously doing a kindness for our author that he ought to have done for himself, by striking out two lame, tame, and insignificant verses.

THE FLOATING BEACON.

Red Spectre of the watery wild,
Of visage rude and uncouth form;
Unlike to Ocean's sail-winged child:—
Spawn of some haggard midnight storm!

Fix'd weltering amid tides that flow,
 And ever waft the slimy weed;
 The "Onward" thou can'st never know,"
 And "Backward" would be bliss indeed!
 What dost thou here?—To make more grim
 The yellow surge that round thee raves?
 Gaunt spectre, looming dark and dim,
 Where havoc hath made people graves!
 Seen in the daylit haze, more drear
 Than through the gloom a rock-girt coast;
 The bravest barque shrinks by in fear
 Of thee—of many a wreck the ghost!
 The blood-red banner on thy mast!
 Well may it droop in drowsy fold;—
 Ne'er to the breeze nor battle blast
 Will it be gloriously unrolled!

Is there in all thy pulseless bulk
 A manly heart that heaveth free?
 It cannot be, thou tomb-like hulk;
 'Twould pine to death if pent in thee!

Thus, as amid the waveless waste
 Of sullen brine we slowly sail,
 Drugg'd with delay—till fond to taste
 The madness of the sweeping gale.

Night closed—and with it closed the lid
 Of many a landward gaze-tired eye:
 Up from the depths in which 'twas hid,
 Leaped a young tempest with a cry.

Wildly its wings around our sails
 In midnight glee their fear out-flapped;
 The brownest brow with terror paled—
 Shoals hemmed us in—but shoals un-
 mapped!

Backward the reeling vessel shrunk,
 As if the path it thrird from land
 Were safe:—while in distance sunk
 The murky outline of the strand.

Oh! for a broad and boundless sea!
 O! for a safe and sheltering shore!
 In vain—the land is on the lee,
 And windward yet the breakers roar!

But lo! firm fixed, where all is tost,
 See—where a guiding light appears!
 And from the danger-guarded coast,
 Thus, Pharos-led, our vessel veers!

Grim visaged though the Beacon Barque,
 Such was the aid the UNCOUTH gave;
 There let it ride, a blessed ark,
 For Beautiful become the Brave!

O! in the voyage that Life we name,
 How late 'tis ere this truth we own—
 "Whatever the glare of purchased fame,
 BEAUTY IN USE alone is shown!"

There are some valuable prose papers
 in the *Chameleon*, and among others, a
 letter that the lamented Sir Walter
 Scott addressed to the author.

Love and Pride. By the Author of "Sayings and Doings."

Theodore Hook is one of our literary veterans who retains the strength of his intellect, such as it is, unexhausted by his frequent publications; while his moral perceptions seem somewhat improved by advancing age, and perhaps by the altered temper of the times. The insolent servility so conspicuous in his works published in the reign of the fourth George, which won for him the proud distinction of being considered the leader of the lackey and silver fork school, is mellowed down into a decent adoration of wealth and distinction. Perhaps our ancestors had a similar veneration for silver spoons that Theodore and his imitators have for forks; and hence arose the homely proverb, which supposes that a peculiar favourite of fortune is "born with a silver spoon in his mouth." These worthy moderns ought to make a new reading, and say, a silver fork. Considering the affection that Theodore and his disciples bear to these appendages to the dining table, it would be a kindness if the Herald-office would issue a permission for such literary gentry to bear a pair of silver forks as supporters to their arms. It would be a privilege their labours have duly earned.

It must be owned that the present novel is less tainted with this puerile worldliness than some of its predecessors. Hook has a cunning intuition into the workings of hearts whose feelings have been nurtured in a state of society wholly artificial. He is a painter who draws from life, it is true; but his subjects are creatures who are wrung and warped by affectation and luxury from the natural standard of human nature. However, while London teems with pretence and superciliousness in man and woman, Theodore Hook's likenesses will continue to amuse. Yet his attempts at sketching any thing above these mental distortions are failures. The love scenes and true real lovers are prosy and monotonous. Hook cannot draw a man with a shade of goodness and humanity in his character without making him a fool. Then we are quite unbelieving on the subject of gentlemen fainting away when they are in love: girls may, perhaps, now and then, when they know no better; but men! their hearts are of tougher materials, as Mr. Theodore Hook very well knows—and yet both his heroes in the two tales occasionally faint away under

the pain of disappointment. This seems unnatural, especially in the works of so sneering an author as Theodore Hook, when detailed in sober seriousness. The first tale, which is devoted to delineate love, has little to recommend it in story or character, except a general easiness of style, and ever and anon a shrewd digression, which shews a master in worldly craft. Love, in the hands of the veteran Hook, is a sorry, trashy affair, indeed.

The succeeding tale, called *Snowden*, which is meant to illustrate pride, is a comedy of no ordinary merit. The character of the Marquis of Snowden, who is an aristocratic Whig, is admirable; and the manner in which all his schemes for the further aggrandisement of himself and family, turn to his mortification, is in a genuine spirit of fun and drollery. This tale also contains excellently well-directed satire, justly levelled at human folly and perversity, which, we think, Mr. Hook must own is higher game than knives, forks, or silver spoons, curtains, carpets, and house furniture, or even the situation of the house itself.

Lord Snowden has an unfortunate personal resemblance to Mr. Buggins, a popular actor, and this is a source of great tribulation to him, as he is a shy retiring man in his habits, from excess of pride, and whenever he ventures abroad without the adjuncts of his rank he is constantly greeted as Mr. Buggins, to his infinite indignation. Circumstances draw him from his dignified retreat at his country seat of Lionsden: he has set his mind on marrying his daughter, and then giving his hand to a young wife, and obtaining the appointment of Governor-General of India. His first step to forward the last of these laudable designs is to invite his present gracious Majesty to pay a visit to Lionsden. But what befel there must be told in the author's own words, which in nothing can be found to be tedious:—

"The first failure was a very serious one, but it was the fault of nobody. The morning was ushered in, not by a salvo of artillery, as had been proposed, but by one of the most violent storms of hail, rain, and wind, that had occurred in the memory of man.

"Before eleven o'clock, all the flags which had been displayed were blown from their masts, and two-thirds of the admirably constructed dinner-tents levelled with the ground, crushing, in their fall, crates of crockery, and mixing with the mud all the ~~the~~ condiments which were to have

given zest to the abundant viands. The orchestra, erected for the Russian horns, was blown into the sheet of water near which it was placed, and the barge in which the band of the county militia were harmoniously to have circumnavigated its surface, was cast high and dry upon the land; in short, such a scene of confusion was never before witnessed. At a little after noon came the corporation—not in state, or in procession, but as they could, by detachments: some in post-chaises, others in gigs, flies, and similar conveyances,—the sword and mace having been cautiously forwarded in the carrier's covered cart, wrapped up in a blanket, which served to protect 'the baubles' from the effects of the weather. A crowd of rain-defying urchins had clustered round the gates, by whom every new and well-wetted comer was greeted with a shout of laughter. It was at these gates that the noble Marquess proposed to meet the royal cortege; but as the storm showed no symptoms of abatement, instead of awaiting its arrival on horseback, the horses of his Lordship, and of three or four inveterate toadies, who alone could be prevailed upon to face the tempest, were placed under cover, while his Lordship and these faithful adherents were huddled into one of the lodges, a servant being placed on the look-out to give timely notice of the approach of their Majesties. Pain, Lord Snowden could endure without flinching, sorrow he could feel without weeping, he could suffer losses without regret, and bear privation without murmuring,—but any thing like ridicule was death to him. Already mortified beyond measure by the badness of the weather, and its consequences, the cheers of the dirty little boys by whom his hiding-place was surrounded, struck upon his ear as discordantly as the yells of so many demons. 'What are those fellows shouting about?' said his Lordship; 'do they see the royal carriages?' 'Oh, no, my lord,' said an unfortunate servant, 'they are all making fun of the Mayor and corporation as they come in.' 'Making fun, Sir,' said his Lordship; 'what do you mean by fun? Have them removed instantly.'

"The idea of one of the most important component parts of the solemnity being already converted into fun, went to his Lordship's heart; but when he heard the roars of merriment with which they received the orders of the individual who had been directed to disperse them, his Lordship's agony lest the illustrious visitors should arrive just at the moment of the disturbance, superseded all his other feelings, and he speedily countermanded the orders which he too late discovered he could not carry into effect. After this, shout succeeded shout, as the dripping visitants made their appearance, till at length the concerted signal announced the approach of royalty. The horses were spe-

dily brought to the door of the lodge. The Marquess and his friends mounted—a performance which required more strength than grace, on account of the power of the wind, and in a few minutes all was in readiness for the reception. When his Majesty's carriage reached the gates, a momentary pause was made amidst the genuine cheers of the people; and the Marquess, seated on his favourite charger, and dressed in his yeomanry uniform, welcomed the royal visitor, who, however, came without the Queen—in itself a sad blow to his Lordship. His Lordship took off his regimental chacho with an air and manner which had on a thousand different occasions attracted the admiration of all who had witnessed the graceful display, and acted as fogleman in the cheers which welcomed the Sovereign; but how shall his misery be adequately described—how his position sufficiently well portrayed—when the truth shall be told? In uncovering himself, the tight fitting chacho parted from its noble master's head with such reluctance, that the wig—nature's shame and art's master-piece—came with it, and in an instant was blown over the heads of the populace till it caught in the bough of a tree, leaving the Marquess as clean shorn as a dervise, exposed to the pitiless pelting of the weather, the shouts of the mob, and the irresistible mirth of majesty itself.

“Never was man so distressed. There he was, with his bald head, mounted on a plunging horse, curvetting amongst the umbrellas of the populace, having totally lost his presence of mind, not choosing to put on his chacho before the King, and not daring to look round; the carriage proceeded at a foot pace amidst the motley throng. To complete all his miseries, just as they reached the great entrance, where, according to the previous arrangement, the magnates of the corporation were assembled, an active boy, who had climbed the elm which had caught the missing peruke, ran up to his Lordship's side, holding the dishevelled article in his hand ‘high up in the air,’ looking more like a bird's-nest than a Brutus,—at the same moment crying out, with the voice of a Stentor, ‘Here's your wig, my Lord; I got it down, my Lord: hope you won't forget the poor boy, my Lord.’ The corporation stared and wondered—to what straits may magnificence be reduced! Unconscious of what he did, the noble Lord, in an agony of despair, replaced the well-made, yet much damaged covering upon his head, having in the confusion of the moment, put that part which was destined for the front upon the nape of his neck. It was quite impossible to help laughing at the scene, even had the example not been set in the highest quarter, and this laugh it was that wrung him to the very soul. Having affected to smile at his own misfortune,

his Lordship proceeded in attendance upon his illustrious visitor, to the great drawing-room, where the chairs of state had been according to arrangement placed, the absence of her Majesty having been accounted for by the badness of the weather, which had induced the Queen to proceed direct to Windsor. This disappointment having been generally announced to the company, the ceremonial of presenting the address began. The Mayor delivered it to his Lordship, who, positively refusing the aid of glasses, (although perfectly conscious of the difficulty of seeing without them,) commenced reading the dutiful and affectionate testimonial, standing at the right hand of the King, the Mayor and corporation being in front, and the apartment filled with all the company forming the invited party, and by a great number of the most respectable inhabitants of Shuttleworth, who, wet as they were, had been permitted to witness the interesting and magnificent ceremony. The moment the fine sonorous voice of the noble Marquess was heard, silence the most profound reigned amongst the assembled throng. His Lordship read as follows:—

“May it please your Majesty,
“We the Mayor, Burgesses, and Aldermen of the ancient and loyal town of Shuttleworth, beg to be permitted to approach your royal presence, in order to offer our dutiful congratulations upon your Majesty's arrival in our neighbourhood.

“In venturing thus to address your Majesty, we have to request that your Majesty will be graciously pleased to accept at our hands, as a testimonial of our sentiments, and as a proof of our anxiety to merit that patronage which your Majesty is known so generously to afford to the artisans of the United Kingdom, two specimens of the manufacture of our native town, consisting of a blue silk pelisse and a white lace veil: and to entreat that your Majesty will be pleased to appear in them in public upon the first fitting occasion.”

“At the conclusion of this paragraph, a shout of laughter rent the splendid saloon; the King himself first stared with astonishment, and then burst into an immoderate fit of mirth; upon which the Mayor and corporate body, released from the apprehension of committing a solecism by indulging in their merriment, re-echoed the peal, leaving the Marquess in a state of perfect stupefaction, unconscious, in his anxiety to puzzle out the writing, what were the words he had uttered, and completely unaware that, in the hurry and bustle of the moment, and the crowd, his unfortunate but well-meaning friend, Mr. Wiseman, had handed his Lordship the address which had been intended for her Majesty, instead of that which was to be read to the King. Any attempt to restore gravity in the audience

would have been vain; to describe the Marquess's indignation, equally so: rage kindled in his eye, and the look of compassionate contempt which he cast upon the crowd, who could see any thing comical or absurd in a grand ceremonial in which he himself was one of the principal performers, was worthy the pencil of a Wilkie. To add to all his miseries, and conclude the spectacle in the most appropriate possible manner, the band stationed in the ante-room, hearing the burst of noise within, concluded that the ceremony had terminated; and according to directions previously given, struck up one of the liveliest airs from Auber's *Masaniello*.

"In consequence of the absence of the Queen, a masque which was to have been performed in her Majesty's honour, remained of course unrepresented; and for the same cause his Majesty, instead of remaining to sleep and pass part of the following day, took his departure at a few minutes after ten, about a quarter of an hour before the display of some magnificent fire-works; a circumstance, the grief for which was in some degree compensated by the complete failure of the exhibition, caused by the fall of the heavy rain, and the consequent disappointment of all those to whom fire-works would have been a sight.' All that we may venture to repeat of what passed before his Majesty's departure, was of itself enough to kill the Marquess:—"God bless you, my dear Snowden," said the King, stepping into his carriage; 'we have had a delightful day—excellent fun: I shall never hear the name of Lionsden again without laughing.' A dagger to Lord Snowden's heart could scarcely have done him greater injury than the avowal of such an association in the royal mind."

It is impossible to resist the detail of another of his Lordship's adventures:—

"In this mood of mightiness, his Lordship was driving at a slapping pace across Barnes Common, when his horse shied at a donkey, who was very wisely, and by no means like a jackass, standing up out of the rain under a hedge. The suddenness of the shock snapped the shaft of the cabriolet, and the career of his Excellency the Governor-General Bahauder, K. G., was suddenly stopped, with no other damage than two or three kicks against the floor of the cab from the heels of the proud and spirited animal that was drawing it. The rain was coming down in torrents. 'Shaft broken, my Lord,' said the Tiger. 'What the deuce is to be done?' said the Marquess; 'not a house near—no umbrella.'" 'No, my Lord,' said the boy. 'It is the worst place, too, as it could have happened in, my Lord,' said the man, 'for there's no house near.' 'To be sure. What's this thing coming?' said his Lord-

ship. 'It's the Richmond *hondibus*, my Lord.' 'Oh! mercy on us—is there any body in it?' said the Marquess, who began to feel that rain is no respecter of persons. 'Town, Sir, town?' said the fellow on the step of the door; 'plenty of room.' 'My Lord, I think you had better get in,' said the Tiger. 'Well—I—here, open the door,' said the Marquess, who certainly never had before seen the inside of an omnibus, and never expected to have been driven to such an expedient. However, it saved him from the rain, from cold, rheumatism, and all the 'ills that flesh (even that of the Plinlimmons) is heir to,' and might be immortalised in history as having been graced with the presence of the greatest Governor-General that ever was destined to govern India.

"The Marquess stepped in, and the conductor gave the word 'All right!' but this was done so soon after the admission of his Lordship into the vehicle, and he was so long picking out a clean place to sit down upon, that the jerk of the hearse threw his Lordship forward into the lap of the fattest woman that ever was seen out on a caravan at a fair, who, unfortunately, was carrying a jar of pickled onions on her knee, which was upset by the Marquess's tumble, and in its fall saturated the front of his Lordship's waistcoat and stock with its fragrant juice.

"The Marquess made a thousand well-bred apologies, and was got upon his legs by the exertions of the fat woman, whose struggles to rescue herself from the imposing weight of nobility materially assisted the efforts of a good-natured dirty little man in the corner, and a thin spare woman, who was carrying a bantam cock and three hens in a basket to London, having upon her other hand a large faced child, with great blue eyes, and a cold in its head. Near the door, and over whose shins the Marquess first tumbled upon getting in, was placed a stout blue-aproned market gardener; and, opposite to him, a smartish-looking man, with a mosaic gold chain around his neck, and a bunch of oily curls coming out from under his hat, just over his ear—he was the dandy of the party. Off went the omnibus—rattle went all the windows—slap went the weather-boards—bang went the axletrees; and away went the whole concern, at a rate and with a noise of which the Marquess, till that moment, had but a very faint conception. The dirty dandy in the corner, as soon as he saw the involuntary contortions of poor Lord Snowden's countenance, as the huge thing bumped up and down, and twisted first one way, then the other, began to affect a similar distaste for the conveyance; and to mark his sympathy with the new arrival, forthwith bumped himself up close to him. He looked at the Governor-General Bahauder for a moment or two, and then pulling out a sort of whity-brown paper funnel, which did

duty for a snuff-box, offered it to the Marquess. 'Do you snuff, Sir?' said the dandy. 'No; I'm obliged to you,' replied the Marquess. 'Have you been down at Richmond, starrin'?' asked the dandy. 'Sir!' said Lord Snowden. 'I mean,' said the man, 'have you been acting a few?' 'I don't exactly understand you,' said the Marquess. 'Oh! come, governor, none of your nonsense—no tricks upon travellers!' said the dandy. 'Governor!' thought the Marquess; 'what the deuce can he mean?'

'I think,' continued the stranger, 'I have smoked a pipe or two before now along with you in the Coal-hole.' 'Sir!' said the Marquess, 'I never smoked a pipe, or was in a coal-hole in the whole course of my existence.' 'What! my Solomon Loh,' said the exhilarated fiend, 'you don't mean to deny yourself to me! No, no—whether you have smoked pipes and been in the Coal-hole, I won't argue; but I know this, I have paid many a shilling to see you, and never grudged a penny of them.' 'Sir,' said the Marquess, 'I repeat, you are mistaken.' 'I tell you once for all,' said the dandy, 'its no manner of use your trying to gammon me. Buggins is Buggins all the world over—on the stage or in it.' 'Sir,' said the Marquess, 'I am not Mr. Buggins, and I never saw that person in the whole course of my existence.' 'Then, if you never did,' said the facetious passenger, 'I'd advise you to look at your own sweet countenance in the looking-glass the moment you get to your lodgings, and you may save your two shillings for paying to go and see him in the play.'

"After a short delay, during which several aristocratic carriages rolled by—at which periods the Marquess adopted the celebrated system of *ostrichism*, and hid his head—the omnibus rattled on towards town. At Walham-green, two tall scraggy girls, from a boarding-school—

'Sickly, smiling, gay, young, and awkward,' were poked in. A gentleman with very red mustachios was picked up at the Queen's Elms-gate; and a poulterer's boy, with a couple of skinned rabbits in a tray, was added to the party at the corner of Sloane-street, the said rabbits being on their way back to a poulterer's in Duke-street, St. James's, because they were not fresh.

"At the top of St. James's-street the caravan stopped. The day had cleared up: the pavement was dry. The King was in town; there were many people about. Lord Snowden just peeped through the windows, and saw groups collected—men he knew. Here, it was clear, he could not get out—whither should he go?—how far—what place was safe? 'Anybody for White Oss Cellar?' said the man on the steps. Out went the dirty dandy, the man with the apron, and the boy with the rabbits. But their places were instantly supplied by a portly gentle-

man, lugging in a small-sized green garden-engine with a fan spout, and three fishing-rods, which he had just bought at the corner of Albemarle-street, and a fond mother, who had provided herself with a heap of toys for her six children. Still the Marquess kept peering out of his prison—nobody saw him—and it was pleasant to peep through the loop-holes thus unobserved. In a few minutes all was right. But the pavement in Piccadilly was up: it was necessary, therefore, that the huge machine should go down St. James's-street; and so it did. But short was its progress in that line of march. All the bumpings and thumpings which its rapid course in the earlier part of its journey had excited now were to be compensated for. The driver smacked his whip, the horses obeyed the sound, when bang went something, and in an instant the whole fabric came down with a crash like thunder, exactly in front of White's. In detail were the passengers extricated. The dear little boarding-school girls jumped out first; the fat man with his garden-engine stuck in the door-way, and was only ejected by the ponderosity of the still fatter woman with what she called her 'union jar,' clasped like a lovely baby to her bosom; the lady with the toys was trampled under foot; the sick child was jammed under the dirty man in the corner; and the thin woman who took care of it, getting anxious about its fate, unwillingly abandoned the poultry; and when the most noble the Marquess of Snowden, K. G. and Governor-General of India, emerged, amidst the cries of 'Take care of the old gentleman,' he came out without his hat, with a fine bantam cock perched upon his head, and a couple of fuzzy-legged hens rooting upon his shoulders."

The Comic Annual. By THOMAS HOOD.
Tilt.

The Comic Annual has at length been satisfactorily heard of, although we thought it had met with some *tragic* end, in November, as lost, stolen, or strayed. However, better late than never. Right merry jests cannot be out of season at Christmas; and we welcome him, not forgetting that his fair rival in the lists of mirth, helped us to laugh away the *doots* and glooms of November, by the aid of the *Comic Offering*. Success to them both, we say; there is a plentiful need of a large supply of fun in these dolorous times, when comedy has fled from the stage, and would be dead outright, were it not for the names of Sheridan and Hood, and all the droll doings connected therewith.

But to our task of review. The bill of fare commences with an extravagant tale of an Italian about to be hanged for coining, who causes the hangman to be bitten with a pet tarantula that he privately cherishes, and thereby sets the awful functionary capering instead of doing his office. There are some passages in the "Fancy Fair" droll enough, but a little too coarse for extract. The sketch turns on the mistake of an old sporting man who goes to a fashionable "Fancy Fair" expecting to see a little pugilism—in short, a fair of the Fancy. "The Death of the Dominie" is very clever. "A Waterloo Ballad," and "Over the Way" are amusing. Among the "Sketches on the Road" the last is excellent, and in the legitimate spirit of laughter; the others are in a tone a little bordering on brutality. And here we must pause, and read friend Hood a small feminine lecture on the *morale* of fun: if he sends his book to the tribunal of the fair, he must patiently hold up his hand and hear a *lady-like* verdict. There is no real comic effect produced either by pictorial representation or verbal description of miserable women crushed beneath grinding wheels, of sailors bitten in two by ravenous sharks, or the helpless wretchedness of the blind; nor would Mr. Hood find shipwreck or loss of limbs the funniest incidents in the world, were he himself to be in such a predicament. We would willingly be hoodwinked, did not a sense of duty compel us not to wink at our friend Hood's faults in this respect; but the fictitious imagery of such horrible events, treated with levity by a popular writer and artist, will lead to the evil consequence of hardening the heart, and when such calamities really occur, the beholders will be disposed to sneer and grin, instead of yielding to the generous impulses of the natural feelings of humanity. These faults are bad every way, vile in taste, and utter failures in fun.

Many of the plates in the Comic Annual, as *Ossie* says, are "excellently well conceited." Among these we notice "A Legal Conveyance," being the *Chancellor* Omnibus full of bewigged barristers, with Lord Brougham officiating as coachee, and his sable majesty holding up his paw as cad. "La

Trappe," "Idolatry," "Sloe Poison," "Babes in the Wood," "The Bill Sticker," "A Black Dose," "Fitted to a T," "Blacks falling," "The War Dance," "Firing Shells," "A Double Meaning," "Deadly Nightshade," and "The Bath Guide," will all give satisfaction to the purchaser.

Of the designs themselves, and the execution of the wood-cuts generally, we must say they are very clever and spirited, yet far less elaborate than those in the Comic Offering; but it is a curious fact in this branch of the arts, that the difficulty in the execution consists in proportion almost inversely—that mere line and outline give the artist infinitude of trouble—great richness or fulness comparatively much less. The binding of the latter is very superior; that of the Comic Annual very ordinary.

By way of specimen of the Comic Annual, we have reserved some passages, selected *à discretion*, of the Lost Heir, a comic poesy, well illustrated by the cut of a "Lost Child its own Cryer."

The last time as ever I see him, poor thing,
was with my own blessed motherly eyes,
Sitting as good as gold in the gutter, a play-
ing at making little dirt pies.

I wonder he left the court where he was
better off than all the other young boys,
With two bricks, an old shoe, nine oyster-
shells, and a dead kitten by way of toys.
When his father comes home, and he al-
ways comes home as sure as ever the
clock strikes one,

He'll be rampant, he will, at his child being
lost; and the beef and inguns not done!

La bless you, good folks, mind your own
consarns, and don't be making a mob in
the street;

O Serjeant M'Farlane! you have not come
across my poor little boy, have you, in
your beat?

Do, good people, move on! don't stand
staring at me like a parcel of stupid stuck
pigs;

Saints forbid! but he's p'raps been invig-
gled away up a court for the sake of his
clothes by the prigs.

He'd a very good jacket, for certain, for I
bought it myself for a shilling one day in
Rag Fair;

And his trowsers considering not very much
patch'd, and red plush, they was once his
father's best pair.

His shirt, its very lucky I'd got washing in
the tub, or that might have gone with the
rest;

But he'd got on a very good pinafore with only two slits and a burn on the breast.

He'd a goodish sort of hat, if the crown was sew'd in, and not quite so much jagg'd at the brim,

With one shoe on, and the other shoe is a boot, and not a fit, and, you'll know by that if its him.

Except being so well-dress'd, my mind would misgive some old beggar woman in want of an orphan,

Had borrow'd the child to go a begging with, but I'd rather see him laid out in his coffin!

Billy—where are you Billy?—I'm as hoarse as a crow, with screaming for ye, you young sorrow!

And shan't have half a voice, no more I shan't, for crying fresh herrings to-morrow.

O Billy, you're bursting my heart in two, and my life won't be of no more valley,

If I'm to see other folk's darlins and none of mine playing like angels in our alley;

And what shall I do but cry out my eyes, when I looks at the old three-legged chair,

As Billy used to make coaches and horses of, and there a'n't no Billy there!

I would run all the wide world over to find him, if I only know'd where to run.

And then he has got such dear winning ways—but, O, I never, never shall see him no more!

O dear, to think of losing him, just after nussing him back from death's door!

Only the very last month, when the wind-falls, hang 'em, was at twenty a penny!

And the three-pence he got by grottoing was spent in plums, and sixty for a child is too many.

And the cholera man came and white-washed us all, and, drat him, made a seize of our hog,—

It's no use to send the cryer to cry him about, he's such a blunderin old drunken dog;

The last time he was fetched to find a lost child, he was guzzling with his bell at the Crown,

And went and cried a boy instead of a girl, for a distracted mother and father about town.

Billy—where are you, Billy, I say? come Billy, come home to your best of mothers!

I'm scared when I think of them cabroleys, they drive so, they'd run over their own sisters and brothers.

I only wish I had got him safe in these two motherly arms, and wouldn't I hug him and kiss him!

Lawk! I never knew what a precious he was, but a child don't feel like a child till you miss him.

Why, there he is! Punch and Judy hunting, the young wretch—its that Billy, as sartin as sin!

But let me get him home, with a good grip of his hair, and I'm blest if he shall have a whole bone in his skin!

Drama, &c.

The recent junction of the two National Theatres seems only to have increased the before lamentable condition of the English stage. We are induced, therefore, to look back to what has taken place in relation to theatrical affairs during the last forty or fifty years. It is not a little singular that, shortly after Sheridan became a proprietor and manager of Drury-lane Theatre, a similar coalition was entered into between the two theatres "Royal," in consequence of which the principal performers acted, as convenience suited, at either house. This coalition, which commenced in 1779, lasted, indeed, but a short time—a result which we are much inclined to anticipate will attend the present similar undertaking. But there is, also, another strange occurrence, likewise co-existent with these establishments; viz., that a few years prior to the first coalition, *foreign dancers* were introduced on the stage of Drury-lane, an example which of late has been adopted by the managers of the present day, at both houses, and which, as in the former instance, has been succeeded by their union. At first sight it may appear very extraordinary that such a similar and

regular progression should have taken place preparatory to this second change. Upon a common principle, however, the apparent riddle can very easily be solved. When the public ceases to attend the theatre, it is argued, either that the performances are not approved of, or that something in the constitution of the house or its management is positively disliked. The latter being of a personal nature, is deemed to be a matter worthy only of secondary consideration, and the first blow is at the performances. The treasury is brought low by reason of empty benches; economy is necessary; salaries must be reduced,—and due subordination brought about by having the patent theatres under one chieftain. In the changes of performance, however, each branch in its turn undergoes a temporary trial. The wonderful among the brute creation are made the subject of exhibition; and when tragedy, comedy, and all changes are equally unavailing, last of all comes the attractive ballet.

It would be difficult, indeed, to point out a remedy for the decline in this species of property, at the great houses, unless it were

a diminution in the prices of admission, and concluding the performances at an earlier hour. The resident public would then be induced more frequently to attend the theatre, and they would also gain a relish for theatrical performances,—whether for good or evil, which is not a matter for present inquiry, depends much upon the virtue or weakness of the proprietors and managers; but the public would acquire an inclination to go often, and the performers themselves would be inspired by playing to overflowing houses, thereby mutually encouraging each other. Whereas, at present, the resident public know very little of, and care still less for, the theatres. The long interval made by large families, on account of the expense, between each visit, destroys the lurking inclination to go soon again, which might have existed at, or for some short time after, witnessing an agreeable and attractive novelty.

In Sheridan's time, we do not find that any address to the public was issued; but Mr. Bunn, on entering into his management, deemed it requisite to put forth an explanatory letter, in which he professed to point out the cause which had produced the distress in the dramatic circle; but, alas! the fatal truth was not divulged. Mr. Sheridan's extravagant expenditure out of the theatre constantly beggared its treasury. The salaries, however, were always paid, and in full, although on many occasions the company were compelled to wait some considerable time ere the money made its appearance. During that gentleman's proprietorship, he extracted from the theatre, in the shape of profits, no less a sum than 100,000*l.* and upwards, notwithstanding his *dramatis personæ* comprised the strongest phalanx of talent of which the stage has perhaps ever boasted. Amongst them we find Mrs. Siddons, Mrs. Jordan, Miss Farren, Miss Pope, Mrs. Powell, Mrs. Goodall, Miss Decamp (now Mrs. C. Kemble), and occasionally Madame Mara, Mrs. Billington, Mrs. Mountain, and Mrs. Bland—all ladies of first-rate abilities, and receiving that which they deserved—large incomes. Then there were, of the male sex, John Kemble, J. Palmer, Barrymore, Smith, King, Dodd, Parsons, Suett, John Bannister—each, as many of the visitors of the theatres even of the present period know, men unequalled in the past, as well as at the present time, in their respective departments. These gentlemen were also paid appropriate and adequate salaries. Would any one declare that such men as those just enumerated were not deserving, and richly, too, of their pay? By their powers they attracted crowds to witness their performances.

Are there no living authors who can write successfully? Doubtless there are; but, to

enable them to write, or even to induce them to make the attempt, they ought to have liberal and unbiassed encouragement, and a reasonable degree of respect should be paid to them when their pieces are offered, and they should not be looked upon as requiring a positive introduction to lay before the manager the tribute of their muse. This, we regret to say, of late years, has not been the line of conduct pursued. To whom have the pieces, submitted for approbation by the author, been sent by the manager for perusal? Why, to such rival authors as chanced to have some connexion with the respective theatres.

"Nature is nature,"

and a feeling of jealousy will creep into the opinions of rivals, let them be in what station of life they may. A system of injustice, not merely to the author but to the public, has thus been fostered; and going a little further, we might add, that the managers have had reason to regret the plan they pursued on this head, if we may judge from the numerous failures which have followed the representation of almost countless pieces which have been attempted to be foisted on their patrons, the public. Let, then, this system be altered entirely, a diminution be made in the prices, suitable to a peace establishment, the theatre be closed at an earlier hour, and each author have a fair and equal chance.

It is said by some that the theatres have been ruined by the exorbitant demands of salary made by the popular actors and actresses. We are induced to deny this assertion; although we are not prepared to say, in the spirit of fairness, that the demand may not have been carried a little too high. We would take the liberty to ask whether none but those of leading talent have received exorbitant salaries? Whether any besides those whose ability and powers were so great as to "draw" full houses have not been paid far more, in some cases, than double what their *dramatic* capabilities in justice called for? Again, have none but the highly-gifted been brought forward? Yes! Night after night the favoured "*friend*" of a proprietor, of a manager, or of an influential man about the establishment, has been forced on in a leading character, without possessing one single requisite for the personification, unless it might chance to be a pretty face or an elegantly turned ankle;—an act at once disgraceful to morality, disgusting to parents, and to persons who are given to reflection, and opposed also to every principle of common decency. Are not such persons supported by *favour*, whilst the modest well-conducted actress, possessing fifty times the talent, is kept back and almost broken-hearted at her hard fate? Is this the course to pursue to deserve the patronage of a willing public? Have done, then, with such prac-

tices as these: let the "talents" have fair scope—let them appear *en masse*, where the play will admit thereof; let authors have proper encouragement extended to them, and we shall hear no more about the distressed, the dilapidated state of the drama.

Having despatched one department, we will proceed to investigate the assertion that large salaries have been the cause of the ruin. Let us consider who have been the most expensive performers within the period of years just spoken of:—Cooke, Kean, the great John Kemble, Young, Liston, Braham, the matchless Mrs. Siddons, Miss O'Neil, Miss Stephens, Miss Wilson, Miss F. Kemble, besides many others. Each of these received what Mr. Bunn has denominated as meaning—immense salaries. Why were those large salaries given? Simply because they drew full houses, thereby enabling the treasurer to pay in full *all the other salaries* as well as *their own*, whilst the minor talents played to empty benches. Drury Lane was about to shut up when Kean burst forth, and accumulated thousands for the lessee. The same year Miss Stephens enriched the treasury of Covent Garden, and the proprietors once more wore smiling faces. On another occasion, the junction of the talents of John Kemble and Young in *Julius Cæsar*, and other plays of equal interest and worth, produced a similar beneficial result; and again, at a subsequent period, the union of the powers of Kean and Young drew numberless thousands to the theatre who previously considered that they had long before taken their farewell of exhibitions of that description. Miss O'Neil brought abundance to Covent Garden; whilst a few years after Miss Wilson saved Drury Lane from bankruptcy, by her exertions, by pouring sums to an astonishing amount, into the coffers of the theatre. Miss Fanny Kemble, again, enabled her father to surmount pecuniary difficulties which had all but overwhelmed Covent Garden, and Mrs. Siddons was a mine of wealth to any establishment with which she chanced to connect herself. The actual *worth*, therefore, of such performers is decided by the result of their exertions; and where that result is so extensively beneficial as the various experiments have proved it to be, surely the remuneration for the attraction ought to be comparatively commensurate. Great, however, as the attraction is, as respects any particular individual, we have so many instances where a lapse of years has so diminished *their hold* over the community of playgoers, that the announcement of a name in the bills has not, as in former days, had the effect of *drawing* or *enticing* a full audience to witness the performance. The moment when such diminution shall have arrived,—however unpleasant to the actor and to the manager on the one part to reduce

their terms, and on the other to refuse to give more than the real value, an *average salary*, (an act, by the bye, of common justice to the other members of the profession,)—is that when the manager, looking to his own interest and to that of the public, should make his stand. Were this course to be pursued, the question of "unequal salary" would be completely annihilated. Who of the present day is there who does not remember, like ourselves, when the name of Miss Stephens, or of Braham, in the bills for the evening, was what was termed a "card," or, in other words, certain of producing a full house? What, of late years, more especially as regards the lady (of whom no one can entertain a higher opinion than ourselves), has been the consequence of their engagements? Why! that not *one shilling* extra has flowed into the treasury by the announcement. Well, then, is a manager warranted in paying to such a party as large, or, what we believe to have been the fact, even a larger salary, than when in the zenith of their powers, and when their very name was pregnant with *golden* attraction. We unhesitatingly say no. Let a manager, therefore, act upon a principle grounded on justice, or upon the common "rule of three" question of, "if the talent and attraction of the performer be so and so, how much is it worth?" Let some such calculation as this be followed, and the abuses complained of may cure themselves, and talent demand and find its proper level. According to capabilities let the party be paid. Jaded and worn-out powers, grafted upon former excellence and popularity, should not be the guide. We would offer to performers of education and consequent ability handsome incomes; but let the acquirements and the developed capability be the barometer of determination for the engagement. Competition, until lately, had the effect of fostering and bringing forth talent: but that genial soil is no longer existing—the chance of competition is smothered and cut off by the junction of the two patent theatres. A question might, indeed, almost arise, whether *one* patent under the present system would not be sufficient, and then whether the *other* patent ought not to be conferred on a third theatre? On this point, however, we have not, as yet, been able to make up our minds; but the subject we heard a few evenings since mooted, with much force of argument and plausibility of purpose. In the event of combination amongst any class in trade, the law is put in force with the view of restoring a healthful condition of things. Why not, therefore, in theatrical affairs? Mr. Bunn has much within his grasp; he can bring round a wholesome state of things; or he can at once extinguish all the hopes which may have been engendered in the breasts of

numbers who have been taught by their parents to look towards the stage as the source from which they are to expect, if they render themselves deserving, honour and wealth, and comfort when in the vale of years, and when age shall have so far impaired their physical faculties as to render their powers unavailing. When the monopoly shall have been done away—when the union which now exists shall have been terminated by a divorce, then may performers educate their offspring for the drama, and rationally anticipate a reward in unison with their respective merits. Then, also, if insulted or injured at Covent Garden, the actor will feel that he has some chance of reparation for his wounded spirit by an engagement at the rival house. We do not impute, for we know not the fact, any intention on the part of Mr. Bunn either to insult or to injure any member of the profession; but we nevertheless hold, that the powers and control with which he is, under existing circumstances, armed, are too great to centre in one person. It will be our vocation to watch, and that narrowly too, the progress of the new management, and where praise is due, it shall be freely awarded; but if the contrary, then will a just condemnation from our feeble pen be its attendant.

KING'S THEATRE.—Affairs at this splendid house have undergone no alteration during the past month. Laporte continues in possession, and, as far as we can learn, no chance exists of his being ousted for the ensuing season. The company already engaged is powerful and effective. In our last Number we gave a list of all the principal *artistes* with whom he has as yet made arrangements. The season will commence early in February, and we hope it may prove more profitable than that of 1833.

DRURY-LANE.—During the past month, little has occurred at this house to call forth particular remark. We cannot, however, allow the opportunity to escape without expressing the delightful treat we had, on the 15th ultimo, in seeing Macready personate *Coriolanus*. In the third act, his commanding attitude, as he alone repelled the advances of the mob, was grand and powerful; and his denunciation against *Tullus Aufidius* was a sublime display of lofty, nervous passion. Great applause was bestowed on the principal scenes, and Mrs. Sloman did as much for *Volumnia* as any one since Mrs. Siddons left the stage. The Senate was represented by seven grave personages, whose deliberations were witnessed by nine attendants!!! The person, too, who regulates the processions should place the lictors immediately after the consuls, and not in the rear of all the other soldiers. They were Roman officers of justice, and should not be brought

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forward in the scene of the Volscians. The latter were also represented by the same individuals, without any alteration of dress, and were made to march in as Roman soldiers. This circumstance, though not of vast importance, would be as well corrected.

On the 26th ult. a new piece was brought forward, entitled, “*St. George and the Dragon, or the Seven Champions of Christendom*.” The plot closely follows the history, but is confined to that wonderful exploit which obtained for St. George his deathless fame, and the representation of which is hung round the necks of the bravest, as the highest reward of the Sovereign. The scene commences in the cave of the “*Enchantress*.” The Sorceress is enclosed in a rock, and “*St. George*” having liberated the other six Champions, turned into stone by the Enchantress, they separate to pursue their adventures. The second act opens in Egypt. The first scene is in the palace of “*King Ptolemy*.” The celebration of the marriage of his daughter “*Sabra*” to the King of Morocco, is put an end to by the progress of the “*Dragon*,” who cannot be satisfied unless a virgin is sacrificed to his devouring jaws. “*Sabra*” having been exposed for that purpose, is rescued by “*St. George*.” The fight with the “*Dragon*” is well managed, and the scene in which it appears grasping the horse by the throat, and its tail enveloping the Knight, is extremely picturesque. The whole ends with a grand procession of the “*Seven Champions*.” This splendid scene drew down shouts of applause. Mr. Ducrow, as “*St. George*,” was admirable; on him and his horses the whole burden of the piece rests.

COVENT GARDEN.—*Gustavus* has been the order of the night at this house, and crowded audiences have fully warranted its continued representation. Novelty has, therefore, been an absentee from the boards of this theatre; but, if we are to place implicit reliance on the recent rumours, this will not be long the case. The pantomime we scarcely include in this term, taking it as a matter of annual course. Farley, the king of “*pantomimic constructors*,” has selected for his subject the nursery tale of *Old Mother Hubbard and her Dog*. If the story is not strongly engraven on the memory, the fault, we opine, was not at all events the “*nurse’s*,” who, no doubt, told o’er and o’er again the far-famed and celebrated “*history*,” commencing with

“*Old mother Hubbard, she went to her cupboard, to get the poor dog a bone,
“When she got there, the cupboard was bare,
and so the poor dog had none.”*

This is the groundwork of the pantomime produced on the 26th ultimo, of which we subjoin particulars.

“*Old Mother Hubbard and her Dog, or Tales of the Nursery*.”—The King, to enrich his treasury, is about to form a union

with the "Duchess Griffinwinkleblowsabella;" and opposes the union of his daughter with "Prince Percinett," who is not rich. To prevent the union "Cupid" assumes the character of "Mother Hubbard," a sorceress. Thus we pass through nine beautiful scenes; the first is divided into three sections. The Queen of Night in her chariot, giving way to Phœbus driving his fiery steeds, and afterwards displaying "Venus" rising from the sea in her coral bower, and the descent of "Cupid" on a butterfly. During these we are introduced to "Little Jack Horner," and several other well-known nursery favourites. Then the Harlequinade itself commences. The tricks were "few and far between;" there was no novelty. In the last Dioramic scene, by Grieve, is exhibited "a grand naval allegory, in which is placed the Temple of Perseverance, with the planting of the British standard on the Magnetic Pole, surrounded by a brilliant aurora borealis." The scenery and machinery were good.

ADELPHI.—Few seasons have been more prolific in novelty at this house than the present. Every month since its opening, we have had the satisfaction of noticing the production of one or more successful new piece. Another new piece, *The Victim*, has been brought out with the accustomed success which awaits Mr. Yates' judicious management and discrimination. The play is taken from an extremely interesting tale which appeared in the February Number, page 58, of our Magazine, entitled, "The Last of the Burnings," a Norwich record, to which, for the plot, we refer. The adapter, Mr. Brunton (Mrs. Yates' father) has adhered closely to the story of our tale—indeed, so much so, that even the very names are transferred from the pages of the *Lady's Magazine* to the stage. The acting, by Yates, his clever wife, O. Smith, J. Reeve, and Hemmings, was excellent; and the piece was received on the first night, as it has been every succeeding evening, with rapturous applause.

"Harlequin and Margery Daw, or the Saucy Slut and the See Saw."—In the story, as dramatised, it appears that "Margery Daw" has attracted the notice of the "Fairy Queen," who determines to be her protectress. Her lover, Harlequin, having a rich and cruel father, Pantaloon, is crossed by him in his love, and urged to marry "Miss Guineanob" (Mr. Sanders), afterwards one of the Clowns. In a scene of great splendour, displaying the mists of midnight hanging over the "Shining River," the Queen of the Stream issues, attended by the "River Fairies and Elves," Margery's farm is seen at sunrise, and "Margery" herself in the midst of her poultry, enjoying the pleasure of attending to their wants. At a touch of the "Queen's"

wand, all the characters cast off their skins. The principal novelty consisted in the personification of the "Civet Cat," West Strand, which having been fresh imported "all alive," is thrown over the heads of the people in the pit and drawn up by a string through a hole in the ceiling. A representation of the inside of a gin shop ends by all the parties being put to flight by the issuing of ardent spirits from the cellar. Harlequin dashes through a pipe of port, and the Clowns, after making sad havoc by splintering all the bottles, escape by plunging through a 300 gallon hoghead of genuine Jamaica. Loud applause followed the falling of the curtain.

OLYMPIC.—"Another and another still succeeds," may be taken as a fair motto for any account of the novelties at this house, whether with reference to quantity or quality. *The Welsh Girl*, the last, is an elegant and pleasing vaudeville. The plot is natural and simple. From the frequent introduction of the melodies of the Welsh, it awakens great interest in the heart. The "gay widow" assumed the character of a simple Welsh girl. Nothing could be more mellifluous than "The allurements of Love," and "The Mountain Fairy." She also gave a solo in the *finale* to "The March of the Men of Harlech," which elicited a unanimous call for repetition. The music is arranged by Mr. Parry, who produced a novel effect in the overture, by having a harper behind the curtain on the stage, who played the lively air of "Ap Shenkin," accompanied by the band in the orchestra. The vaudeville has drawn crowded houses.

The fair manager of this theatre disdains the assistance of Harlequin and Columbine, and seeks succour from the Heathen deities, who are not slow to listen to her applications for aid, either at Christmas, or at other holiday times. The heathen deities cannot prevent us from laughing at them most heartily. On the 26th ult. was produced, "The Deep, Deep Sea, or Perseus and Andromeda." The characters are all cast as in the original mythologic drama. The scene opens with a view of a sub-marine grotto, in which Neptune is reposeing in the absence of his vixen wife, who has gone to drink tea with Cassiope, the Queen of Æthiopia. The slumber of the Monarch is soon interrupted by the return of Amphitrite, who is enraged by the presumption of Cassiope in comparing herself in beauty to Juno and the Nereides, and commands her husband to punish her insolent vanity. Neptune kindly consents to drown the whole world, but, fortunately for the globe, at this moment the great American sea-serpent, "half man, half horse, and half alligator," makes his appearance, and Amphitrite contents herself with sending him to ravage the country of Æthiopia. The Oracle directs that Andromeda shall be de-

livered up to be devoured by the serpent, as the only means of pacifying Amphitrite, but Perseus disputes the monster's claim to his mistress, and in a combat destroys the scourge of Æthiopia. The contest, however, was not conducted on equal terms, for the American serpent has borrowed Uncle Ben's three-barrelled rifle: but the Ocean God having damped the priming, it misses fire, and the monster is then despatched by a sword. The Gods and Goddesses descend from above, and the Infernals come up from below, to celebrate the nuptials of the happy pair. Jove, with an eagle cowering at his feet, occupies the centre cloud, in true celestial regality. At this period of the action Phineus, uncle to Andromeda, and also her suitor, comes to the rescue with a chosen band. They are all turned into stone in the act of striking, upon having the head of Medusa presented to their view. Madame Vestris, who personated the hero, acted with great animation, and sang, as she always does, delightfully. The piece was approved by general acclamation.

THE VICTORIA.—On the usual night the house was crowded to the very roof, to witness "A. B. C., or Harlequin, Guy Earl of Warwick, and the Dun Cow." On the rising of the curtain we are introduced to the cottage of "Alpha," the academic fairy. Under the disguise of an old woman she sets up schoolmistress. Alpha informs her pupils that there will be no peace on earth until the head of the Dun Cow is severed from its body. Guy, Earl of Warwick, afterwards Harlequin, sets out to attack the beast, and destroys the monster. A Knight competitor expects to receive the hand of one of the ladies of Columbine, as the reward of his valour, but the Earl appears, and destroys his hope. A Danish enchanter interferes, and hence arise the changes of character. "A. B. C." was such as to make the audience laugh and applaud, and the managers will, we have little doubt, be satisfied.

SURREY.—On the 26th ultimo Mr. Osbaldiston produced "One, two, come buckle my shoe." As far as the eye can speak or judge in these matters, we should say that "One, two," &c. was an exceedingly entertaining piece; but from the very uproarious state of the theatre, owing to the enjoyments of the holiday folks, we could not hear a word. The grand moving panorama, by Marshall, representing some of the principal scenes in Byron's works, would itself induce many a visitant.

THE STRAND.—Mr. J. Russell's experiment of *The Strand-ed Actor* has, we are glad to say, answered the most sanguine expectations of himself and his friends, and we shall rejoice to hear of his success. Let us recommend all our friends to pay him a visit. We can venture to promise them a treat.

On the 26th ultimo Mr. Russell laboured

under considerable indisposition and agitation, and made several apologies. At the close of the evening he stated that he had been served with an ejectment from the house; but he trusted he should soon be able to present the same entertainment elsewhere. This statement was received with great sympathy, and he was warmly applauded.

SADLER'S WELLS.—This theatre presented its audience with "Christmas Eve, or the Hag of the Hill." "Twenty-four blackbirds baked in a pie" are here portrayed, with a variety of additional matters. There were many novel tricks, much beautiful scenery, &c. to constitute a good pantomime.

THE FITZROY.—This house, which has relinquished its old appellation of the *Queen's*, opened with an entirely new company, under Mr. Ollier and Mr. Mayhew. The entertainments were the *Templar*, a domestic tragedy; *Who is Right?* a laughable farce; and a pantomime, named "Harlequin Mer-man." The pantomime was most successful. An election booth is introduced upon the stage. A corpulent "plumper" is actually torn asunder, and converted by main force into a "split vote." The performances were highly approved.

NEW QUEEN'S.—Mr. Elliott, late of the Queen's Theatre, now called the Royal Fitzroy Theatre, has taken Cooke's Circus, in Windmill-street, Haymarket, as the New Queen's. The company, which comprises nearly all the members of the old Queen's, commenced, we hope, a successful campaign on the 26th ultimo, with *The Military Execution*, a new piece entitled *A Friend to Dinner*, and *Captain Ross*, the characters in which were all well supported.

THE ENGLISH COMPANY IN GERMANY opened with *The Merchant of Venice*. Kean and Miss E. Tree were particularly admired, and the house, which is as large as Covent Garden Theatre, was crowded in every part. The local theatricals were jealous of their good fortune. Hamburg is the first city on the Continent where a sterling company of English performers has shewn itself. The members must return to England with lively feelings for the hospitality with which they were received at Altona (says the *Hamburg Reporter*). But it seems a rich merchant there has joined Captain Livius in his speculation. Every place was eagerly taken for the first three nights, principally by the people of Hamburg. Altona being in Denmark, the senate cannot prevent their performing there. A petition was to be presented to the Senate, praying to be allowed to act in the Apollo, which house is the size of the Haymarket theatre. During the week an answer will be given to the petition. The German Papers say there can be nothing like Miss Tree. Vining is also a great favourite. The Russian Consul is so pleased with the English performers, that he has

written to the Emperor, strongly advising him to invite them to St. Petersburg, and grant a sum sufficient to defray the expenses there and back. The Grand Duke of Oldenburgh has expressed a desire to see the English performance, and offered to guarantee the expense of twelve nights' performance.

PARISIAN THEATRICALS.

Académie Royale de Musique.—So great has been the *hit*, and so successful the new ballet in Paris, since our last number, entitled *La Révolte du Sérail*, that we are induced to present the subjoined lengthy detail of the plot, appointments, and representatives, satisfied that, even though it be not produced by the manager of the *patent* theatres, an English audience will have an opportunity of witnessing its representation at the King's Theatre, at which establishment, during the ensuing season, it will be got up under the direction of its concoctor and composer, M. Taghoni, with all its original magnificence. We learn, however, that Mr. Bunn has paid a visit to Paris for the express purpose of making such arrangements as will enable him to produce this ballet on the boards of one of his houses. The particulars are abridged from the criticism which appeared, a day or two after its production, in the *Gazette de France*:—

"This is a ballet in the most simple, and yet most brilliant meaning of the word. The scene is laid in Grenada, in the time of the Moors. The King, Mahomet, has obtained a victory over the Castilians, by the courage of Ismael, chief of his forces. He loads the youthful warrior with presents and honours. Incense is burnt in the mosque of the Alhambra: the seraglio is one scene of joy, and the King orders the ladies of his harem to join in the amusements. They shortly appear, but Ismael's feelings may be imagined when he recognises amidst the graceful band his dearly beloved Zulma, the loveliest maiden in Granada, to whom he has sworn eternal love, and from whom he has received a pledge of constancy in return, yet who, nevertheless, is now the favourite of the King of Granada. Ismael is about to give vent to his feelings in loud reproaches, when he is stopped by Mina, an African, a faithful slave of Zulma, who, by her looks, seems to say to her lover, *I am not guilty*. Mahomet presents Ismael with a magnificent plume of feathers, but at the moment, Mina, in the name of his mistress, acquaints him with a secret rendezvous. The King desires to add a sabre of honour to the recompense. This, however, is declined by Ismael, who requests in its stead the freedom of the ladies of the harem. Mahomet hesitates, but at last promises that the freedom of the female slaves shall be declared. Ismael solicited this favour for

the purpose of obtaining the deliverance of Zulma, and fancies that his wishes are accomplished by the proclamation of the royal grace. Mahomet excepts Zulma from the general act of freedom, and endeavours to convince her that his conduct in this respect is highly flattering to herself. She repels and defies him, and shews she has given her heart to another. Mahomet, enraged, is inclined to kill her on the spot, but postpones his vengeance. He then proceeds to the grand mosque, accompanied by Ismael, and followed by the acclamations of his court and the people, which was represented with unusual magnificence. In the second act the most mysterious part of the interior of the harem is exposed. This is the bathing apartment of the women. A great many of them may be seen immersed in the water contained in the bath, from which they come out successively to attend to the duties of the toilette, or to enjoy the amusements of their sex. A great deal of noise has been made about this scene. It has been described as one that must shock even the least prudish. All the bathers and odalisques belong to the Académie Royale de Musique. The scene itself is enchanting, full of freshness and grace, but does not exceed the limits of chorographic decency. The bathing apartment of *La Révolte du Sérail* is one of the most elegant productions of Ciceri, and a most graceful scene of mimic art. The play advances. Zulma, by her entreaties, obtains the slave's pardon, and she, in token of her gratitude for Zulma's kindness, presents that lady with a bouquet, composed of the simplest and saddest flowers, which Zulma fixes at her side. Mina introduces Ismael to Zulma. She relates to her lover by what chance she was seen by Mahomet, who, struck with her beauty, caused her to be carried off and introduced into the harem. She successfully resisted both the persuasions and the menaces of Mahomet, and the declaration of freedom about to be made will at last place her in the arms of Ismael, whom prudence admonishes to retire. The proclamation is really made. The women at first rejoice, but when they learn that Zulma is excepted from the general deliverance, they refuse to accept the favour. The King, who is informed of this seditious movement, proceeds to the harem, and on hearing the murmurs which are raised on all sides, instead of yielding to them, he tears to pieces the edict of liberation, and the women become more slaves than ever. Agitation then begins; the female rebels are excited; Zulma is proclaimed chief of the insurrection; but their proceedings only demonstrate the will, not the means, to revolt. The insurgents of the harem are very much embarrassed with their love of liberty. The faded bouquet which the old female slave had given to

Zulma here falls to the ground, and is transformed into a *Seïlan* resplendent with freshness. This miracle reveals the name and quality of the giver. She is the Genius of Women; the bouquet is her talisman; and immediately heaps of lances appear on both sides of the stage. The odalisques seize them and swear to use them. Old Myssouf having observed this sudden arming, runs to advise Zeir of it, who is a young page to the King. At his approach upon them the lances are all converted into lyres, which the women play, while they dance to the music, and Zeir departs. He is no sooner gone, than the revolt assumes a new intensity. Myssouf is disarmed and chained to the foot of a column, and the standard of insurrection, surrounded by the magic bouquet, is committed to the hands of Mina. The gates of the seraglio fly open of themselves, the women of the city join the insurgents of the harem, who rush out and seize upon some vessels which they find ready. The King arrives with his troops, and proposes to follow them, but the gates close against him, and he is obliged to be a passive spectator of the general flight. The rebels direct their steps to the Mount Aventine of the seraglio. All the women are armed *cap-à-pied*—helmet on head, sabre at the side, and musket in the hand. Sentinels are placed, advanced guards protect the camp, and patrols are established. Military ardour has not extinguished love in Zulma's heart; and, in spite of the strictness of the sentinel's orders, she receives, during the night, the tender Ismael in her camp, who robs her of the magic bouquet, the gift of the genius of women, and endeavours to persuade her to fly with him far from the dangers of civil war. At this moment the trumpet sounds, announcing battle. The General cannot possibly desert her post. Zulma passes her troops in review, and fearlessly awaits the enemy. A flag of truce is received, according to the forms of war. The King wishes to make peace. Zulma allows him to enter the camp with a few slaves, and some officers without their arms. The terms of a treaty are arranged;—the women shall be free, and have the liberty of giving their hearts to whom they please, which are granted, and Zulma shall be allowed to marry him whom she loves. It is Ismael, who falls at the feet of his master. Mahomet pretends to give his assent, and asks permission to distribute presents. The women immediately run to the objects of seduction which are offered them. Coquetry gets the better of prudence and security; the ranks are broken and the arms abandoned, and while they are quarrelling about shawls and jewels, the followers of the King seize their positions and muskets and turn them against the rebels. The treaty is torn to pieces, and Mahomet reassumes his

uncontrolled empire over the subdued harem. He wishes to make Zulma renounce Ismael; she refuses, and flies to seek her talisman; but it is gone. Ismael, who had taken it from her, being ignorant of the virtue of the magic bouquet, throws it at his feet in a fit of rage. Zulma seizes it, and at once re-assumes her power. The Genius of Women then appears, and reconciles all the parties. Peace is again concluded, and the theatre represents the enchanting site of the Gardens of the Généraliff, terminated by a terrace, from which the King and his Court witness the review and exercise of Zulma's soldiers. The success of this ballet was more and more decided as each act followed. Each, in truth, presents different effects of the most dazzling pomp and magnificence. The evolutions which close the spectacle form a continual source of amusement.

Nothing can equal the costliness, the effect, and variety of the decorations and costumes. The *divertissemens* are of a very pointed nature,—the music, the first attempt of M. Labarre, is entirely interspersed with well-known airs, agreeably varied, according to the old usage, and perfectly explanatory of the situation of the pantomime. To all these elements of general success, let the talents of Mademoiselle Taglioni, who, as Zulma, was bewitching both in pantomimic action and dancing, of Mazillier (Ismael) Montjore (Mahomet), Mademoiselle Pauline Leroux (Zeir), and Mademoiselle Elie be added: endeavour, at the same time, to form an idea of the ballets executed by Mesdames Noblet, Duvernay, Julia, Montessu, Fitzjames, and Perrot, who, in the character of a man, does not swear too much in the presence of so many ladies: imagine also the graceful movements of the military squadrons, with Mademoiselle Fitzjames, about to leave us, says the *Gazette*, for another country, Mademoiselle Duvernay, who fortunately remains with us, and Mademoiselle Brocard, figuring at their head, and you will easily believe that the burst of enthusiasm which proceeded from all quarters of the house on the fall of the curtain was so great as plainly showed that no one desired to see it fall, and no doubt was left that every person would be sure to go to see one of the wonders of the present times."

THEATRICAL AND MUSICAL INTELLIGENCE.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—A concert, by the pupils of this Institution, was given on Friday, the 20th ult., which was very numerously attended by its patrons and friends. Amongst the novelties of the day was a *sinfonia* by young L. Phillips, in which he displayed much talent. Following this was a spirit song and chorus of the Weber class, by Macfarren, jun., full of description and

originality. It was beautifully sung by Mr. C. Le Jeune; so well, indeed, that at the termination the call for its repetition was universal. The *encore* was answered, and the vocalist appeared to have received increased vigour by the encouragement thus held out to him. When he again arrived towards the conclusion, he was honoured by the warmest marks of approbation from the audience generally, and Lord Burghersh, in our hearing, complimented him very highly upon his excellent style. Master Gledhill then performed a concerto on the violin in so superior a manner as to reflect the greatest credit upon his tutor, Mr. F. Cramer. In the course of the afternoon a magnificent Italian madrigal, from the accomplished pen of Lord Burghersh, entitled "*Che prevente, Cordardo*," was sung in fine style by all the vocal pupils of the establishment—including Mrs. E. Seguin, the Misses Birch, Gooch, E. Lindley, Risdon, and Macfarren, and Messrs. Allen, Le Jeune, Stretton, and several of the counter-tenors from the ancient concerts. A unanimous *encore* was also, and justly, too, bestowed on this production. Of the numerous clever compositions we have heard of his Lordship's, we do not remember any that has produced so much effect as this madrigal, which is at once powerful, beautiful, and exquisite. We feel additional satisfaction in being able to speak in strong terms of commendation of this work, because his Lordship is now the greatest patron and supporter of music in this country. Misses Gooch and Brown (pupils of Crivelli) sang a duet of *Mercadante's* with great applause; and Miss Birch gave Mozart's fine air, "*Parto*," very effectively: she was well accompanied on the clarinet by Mr. Bowley. A selection from the "*Messiah*" was extremely well performed—the *solo* parts being taken by Mrs. E. Seguin, Misses E. Lindley, Risdon, and Macfarren, and Messrs. Allen, Le Jeune, and Stretton. The beautiful bass solo, "*The people that walked in darkness*," and the recitative and air, "*Thus saith the Lord*," and "*Who shall abide?*" were admirably executed—the former by Mr. Stretton, and the latter by Mr. Le Jeune. The orchestra was led by Mr. C. A. Patey, and the performances were under the direction of Mr. Lucas.

Masoni, the violinist, performed at the Royal Academy of Music on the 17th ult., and the next evening was introduced by Sir George Smart to a select party of professors and amateurs, at his house. Masoni proved himself a sound musician, and legitimate performer, in a quintette by Beethoven. He acquitted himself admirably, and was ably supported by Messrs. F. Cramer, T. Cooke, Sherrington, and an amateur who played the violoncello in a manner that would have done credit to any professor. In the course of the evening Masoni played two composi-

tions of his own, full of the intricacies of the science, by his performance of which he both delighted and astonished the company. Moscheles also delighted the company on the pianoforte, and Miss Woodyat, Master Tucker (from Wells), and Mr. Horncastle, sang several pieces with great taste and judgment. Among the amateurs present, were Lord Burghersh, Sir John Rogers, General Bell, &c.

THE MADRIGAL SOCIETY.—This harmonious knot has existed nearly a century, and to it we are indebted for the preservation of some of the finest compositions for "many voices" that were ever written. On Thursday, the 19th ultimo, the society dined at the Freemasons' Tavern (Sir John Rogers in the chair), when a variety of beautiful madrigals were sung (under the direction of Mr. Hawes) by about thirty voices, including half a dozen cantos from the choir of St. Paul's. It were an endless task to enumerate every composition; but J. Bennett's "*Flow, O my tears*," written in 1599, ought not to be passed over slightly. Two new compositions were introduced by Mr. Barnett and Mr. Parry, both of which were repeated. The authors did not presume to place their feeble attempts in competition with the sterling works of the ancient masters, although they wished to have tried that style of composition, at the only place where they had the opportunity.

HARPER AND MORI.—The "*King of Trumpeters*" gave a concert on the 19th ult. at the Albion Tavern, Aldersgate-street. The room was crowded to excess. Mori led in the concert. A more efficient gentleman could not have been selected. This individual ranks in the highest class of violin players, that, come who may to this country as a rival, the talent of Mr. Mori is so highly appreciated, that his interest, whether of fame or in a pecuniary view, runs no chance in the slightest degree of being injured. Not merely was he born amongst us, and brought up in England, but he has attained a rank as a violinist far exceeding that ever arrived at by any of his predecessors. The presence of Paganini, highly gifted as he is, and of others whose abilities are of so transcendent a quality, have induced a worship on the part of their fellow-countrymen, amounting even to "idolisation;" but we find with delight from a considerable number of the provincial journals, that Mr. Mori has been giving concerts in various parts of the country, and that his exquisite performances were received with rapturous enthusiasm. At Mr. Harper's concert M. Mori executed in a very beautiful and brilliant manner a *Concerto by Fiotti*, in the course of which he introduced "*Gramachree*" with variations, by Mayseder, which was very warmly applauded by the whole house, and nothing but its extreme length prevented the audience from insisting on a repetition

of it. Mr. Harper performed a fantasia on the trumpet in most wonderful style. He and all the performers, instrumental and vocal, received great praise.

THE OLD PANTHEON IN OXFORD STREET.

—The Pantheon is to be converted into a splendid Bazaar and Saloon of Arts. The architect engaged in the work is Mr. S. Smirke. The Saloon of Arts is to be devoted to the exhibition of productions in the fine arts for sale—admission gratis; some portion of the Bazaar will be occupied by the larger shopkeepers. An extensive conservatory and aviary will form the entrance from Marlborough-street.

MR. J. B. CRAMER.—The French papers teem with eulogiums on the unrivalled talents of Mr. J. B. Cramer, who is just returned to Paris after a most successful tour in Germany. This celebrated pianist and composer, whose fame has become proverbial throughout Europe, gave a concert on the 12th ult., which was attended by the *élite* of rank and talent of the French capital. This first appearance of an *artiste* who has not been heard in Paris for upwards of twenty years, was hailed by the public with every demonstration of the most rapturous satisfaction. Mr. Cramer possesses a touch different from every other piano-forte player; if he but strike one chord, one note, he produces a tone such as no other man living can produce. His style, severe and classical, is perfectly his own, and, though brilliant in the extreme, possesses none of the legerdemain nor deceptions which are at present in vogue; with him all is smooth, perfect, finished, admirable: others reach the ear, but Cramer touches the heart. The splendid talents of the pianist and composer were displayed to perfection in his "grand concerto in D minor," and in his "air with brilliant variations." But it was in his "exercises," above all, which were listened to with breathless attention, that Mr. Cramer most delighted his audience—"exercises" which none but himself could either have composed or executed as he did. The effect was absolutely electrical; and Mr. Cramer retired, covered with plaudits. Each individual rose, anxious to offer his meed of homage to the transcendent talents of so great a man.

THE ORATORIOS.—It is intended, we are told, by Mr. Bunn, to give an Oratorio on the 30th of the present month, as well as during Lent, of the same species as that exhibited by Laporte last year. The sacred representation has already received the sanction of the Lord Chamberlain. An objection has lately been made, as was the case last season, to the introduction of dancing, and it may be recollected that on that account Captain Polhill relinquished his project of bringing out a Lent performance at Drury

Lane. The piece selected for the ensuing season is, we learn, founded on the dramatic and highly interesting story of Joseph and his Brethren. The music is by the celebrated Mehall. On the Continent this composition has been long known and justly admired. H. Phillips will, of course, support the character of Joseph. The loss of Mrs. Wood will, in this performance, be greatly felt.

Mr. W. Farren commenced his engagement under Mr. Bunn on Saturday last, in the character of Sir Peter Teazle, in the comedy of "The School for Scandal." He will shortly appear in a new character in a piece written by Jerrold, the successful author of "The Rent Day," "Nell Gwynne," and many other favourite pieces. The new play is in a forward state of rehearsal, and is entitled "The Wedding Gown."

Lord Byron's tragedy of "Sardanapalus," is in preparation at Drury Lane Theatre. Macready of course enacts the part of *Sardanapalus*.

Wallack, the comedian, has just returned to this country from a long professional tour in Scotland and Ireland. Notwithstanding the reported want of theatrical patronage in the country, we understand that our hero received nearly 300*l.* on his benefit night in Dublin, and 147*l.* in the theatre at Glasgow. Mr. Wallack is now with his wife and family at Brighton; but will shortly leave for Bath and Bristol, at which places he has engagements which commence after Christmas.

We understand it was the intention of the manager to have withdrawn "Gustavus the Third" from representation during the Christmas holidays; but its continued run, with every prospect of unabated attraction, has induced him to alter his determination, and to postpone the reproduction of Auber's "Fra Diavolo" until a later period than was originally intended.

The ballet of the "Revolte du Serail," is to be brought out, it is said, at Covent Garden as it was in Paris, and in three acts.

Although several versions of Scribe's comedy "Bertrand et Raton," have been presented, we do not hear that any one has been accepted at either of the Theatres.

MASONI, THE SECOND PAGANINI.

This second wonder amongst violin players has, since our last number, visited Brighton, where he had the honour of exhibiting his powers before their Majesties, the members of the Royal Family then at the Pavilion, the cabinet ministers, and the various officers of the Court, under the immediate introduction of Sir Andrew Barnard, to whom Masoni bore letters from the Earl of Munster and Lord Burghersh. It is a singular fact that the latter nobleman was present at the theatre at Florence when Masoni, then but eight years of age, made his debut. It may here be not altogether uninteresting to our

readers, the more particularly as so little is known of this extraordinary individual, to have a more minute detail of his life.

Masoni was, as we stated in our number for December, born at Florence in 1799, and, from an early evidence of precocity in the art of playing on the violin when extremely young, he was placed under the instruction of the celebrated Campanelli. When only eight years old, he made his debut at the theatre at Florence, where, such was his character for possessing astonishing talent as a performer, which he had already gained from having assisted at some private concerts, that one of the most crowded audiences ever witnessed within its walls were collected to welcome him. Amongst them was Lord Burghersh. On that occasion, so wonderful were the abilities he displayed, he was presented on the stage, in the presence of the audience, with a gold repeater and chain, and a gold medal, by the *then* Grand Duchess of Tuscany (sister of Napoleon), in whose suite he was immediately engaged as first "*concerto*" player, and afterwards, in the same capacity by Fernandez III., brother to the Emperor of Austria, by whom he was subsequently recommended to his niece, the Princess Leopoldina, sister to Marie Louise (the wife of Napoleon). This princess afterwards becoming the wife of Don Pedro, he accompanied her to the Brazils, and arrived at Rio Janeiro in 1817, where he was installed musician to the Emperor. At Rio he remained until 1822, and then quitted for Monte Video and Buenos Ayres. In both of these places he established Philharmonic Societies and Italian Operas, which were conducted under his personal direction. Whilst at Monte Video he married a young lady of the name of Ribot, the daughter of one of the first families at Marseilles. In 1826 he proceeded with his wife and family (four children) to Valparaiso and Chili, where he remained for three years, and then bent his course to Peru, where he also founded Philharmonic Societies. From Peru he proceeded to Lima, and having there formed a similar institution, sailed for Calcutta, calling at Manilla and Singapore. During his sojourn at the latter place, he gave four concerts, which were attended by all the residents of respectability. He arrived at Calcutta towards the end of that year. Of Masoni's reception in the East we gave a description in our former account, and we also added an account of his having reached our shores.

So great, so astonishing, was the progress that young Masoni made whilst under Campanelli, that his master frequently said, as (strange to relate) he also did to Paganini, that "there was a peculiarity of style, a facility of execution, and a beauty of conception in young Masoni's playing, which,

except in the instance of Paganini, he had never met with." When the subject of this article shall have made his appearance before the public, they will have an opportunity of deciding whether the early prognostications and opinion of the tutor have been verified. In the case of Paganini we should apprehend that no doubt can exist but that in him the expectations of the instructor had been fully realised. We have, on several occasions, heard Masoni in private, and are as little disposed to deny that in him also the anticipations of Campanelli have been brought to a perfection far beyond anything he could, in his days, have imagined, as that the *Maestro* who has lately quitted England surpassed any performer ever heard in this country until his exhibition.

In some respects the powers of Masoni excel those of Paganini; but in one particular the two are as opposite in their constitution as it is possible for two human beings to be,—we allude to their dispositions. What the latter *artiste* was, we presume every person to know; avaricious, and selfish to an endless extent—his idol, money. The former, on the contrary, is full of amiability, mildness of manner and demeanour, willing, and indeed anxious, to serve a fellow-creature, *ergo*, charitable—and the excess of his desires, the establishment of his fame in England, and the realisation of a moderate competency for a wife and seven children in the event of his being prematurely summoned to his last account.

For such a man we cannot but look forward to a popularity equal to that at which his predecessor had arrived, accompanied by the esteem and respect of a British public, which the singular conduct of Paganini alone prevented his securing. During the first evening Masoni had the honour of playing before their Majesties, he introduced a composition of his own, entitled "*Introduzione e Polonesa*;" an Overture, also from his own pen, "*La Graciosa*," both of which elicited the most marked encomiums of approbation from the Queen and the royal party. His execution of Rossini's "*Non piu Mesta*" and variations, was the triumph of the night, and that in which his peculiarity of powers was more clearly developed. Sir G. Smart accompanied him on the piano-forte, and we hear that he pronounces Masoni's performance to be unrivalled. The piece was executed in a style which for pathos, precision, and brilliancy, has never been equalled. Paganini's pizzicatos, harmonics, tenths, and chromatic double shakes were the points in which he stood pre-eminent, but Masoni appears to surmount these difficulties as triumphantly as his predecessor. Masoni's arpeggios, and the rapidity of his staccatos, are indeed astonishing and extraordinary; and in these two respects he certainly excels Paganini.

The Musical Bijou; an Album of Music and Poetry for 1833. Edited by F. H. BURNBY.

This is the sixth volume of this series of publication, and although in its illustrations it is not so good, yet in its musical and poetical department it far exceeds those which have preceded it. We congratulate the proprietors, Messrs. D'Almaine and Co., on having Mr. C. Jefferys, one of the most popular and effective "originators" of songs of the present day. From our knowledge of his style we should say that at least six out of the twelve songs are from his pen. They are full of point and sentiment; in particular we could mark one which our fair readers will term a "delicious" song: it is entitled "We have lived and loved together," and is adapted to an exquisite melody, recently from the pen of the celebrated Herz. We doubt not that the general popularity of this beautiful ballad will equal that which we know it to have obtained in the higher circles. This, however, is merely one of the many extremely pretty compositions with which this sixth Number of the *Bijou* teems. We have, in addition, verses from T. H. Bayley, Mrs. Cornwell Baron Wilson, G. Croal, &c., &c., and music which claims Herz, Horn, G. A. Hodson, Rodwell, Bishop, A. Lee, Knappton, E. Merriott, Blockley, Sir J. Stevenson, Huntén, Weippert, and Rosenberg. The book, looking at its contents, is one of great value, and a credit to its spirited proprietor.

May we meet there.—The words by J. A. LAW, Esq.; the music by J. F. DANNELEY.

Mr. Danneley has evidently very considerable talent as a musician; but he does not as yet appear to have arrived at that point of tact which enables a composer to produce as great an effect as his conception is capable of. In the song before us, as well as in the three following, there are passages of very great beauty; but from want of the skill to which we have alluded, they do not burst upon the hearer with the power they really possess. A little less hurry in their concoction would probably remedy this defect. Notwithstanding this drawback, these songs are exceedingly pretty, and worthy a place in the collection of our musical friends.

The Dying Summer's Day.—The words as above, and the music by the same.

The remarks we have just made apply also to this composition, but in a less degree. There is a more playful strain running through this song, which, in addition to the words, are of a character likely to please the multitude, and are, therefore, calculated to be more extensively patronised.

Come, rove with me.—The words by C. MACKAY, Esq.; the music by J. F. DANNELEY.

This production is rather of a superior class to those of which we have been speaking; and although there is an unevenness in

the way in which it is strung together, yet it is extremely effective and pretty. There is a buoyancy and lightness about it which cannot fail to please every person.

The Waves of Orwell.—A Duet. The words by the late Mrs. J. CORBOLD; the music as above.

The duet before us does not please us in any one point. There are attempts in it which would have been far better left alone, because in their failure the whole composition, which otherwise would have been good, has been destroyed. There are, however, many who probably may not view the work in the same light as ourselves, and by whom it may be deemed worthy of an extensive patronage. We trust it may be so, for the sake of the publisher.

Norma; arranged as a Dramatic Divertimento for the Piano-forte.

Few of our musical readers are ignorant of the striking effect which Madame Pasta produced in this opera of the *Maestro* Bellini at the King's Theatre; and in this performance our readers will find much of the beauties of that *artiste's* exquisite singing recalled to their imagination.

Instructions for Singing. By S. NELSON.

After a minute perusal and several trials of the various methods herein contained, we venture to pronounce the work as one of value for young songsters, as the utmost simplicity in the explanations and different examples has been followed.

The Flower of Scotland.—The words written by CHARLES JEFFERYS; the music composed by N. J. SPORILL.

An elegant little song, which will become the greater favourite the more frequently it is heard.

The Lily of St. Leonard's.—A Ballad. The words written by CHARLES JEFFERYS; the music composed by ERNESTO SPAGNOLETTI.

There are but few composers of ballads for the use of the drawing or music room who have been more successful (be it remembered, he was one of the first pupils of the Royal Academy of Music). The melody of the ballad now before us is of so pretty and tasteful a character, that we can entertain no doubt of its soon rivalling the most favourite of its predecessors.

The Queen Bee.—A Ballad. The words written by CHARLES JEFFERYS; the music composed by LOUIS LEO.

Another very pretty ballad of the light and pleasing class, and is that sung by the fascinating Mrs. Honey, in the entertainment played at the Adelphi, entitled "the Butterfly's Ball." We should like to see the composer's talent developed in a work of a higher grade, feeling convinced that his powers, pretty as this ballad is, would be displayed to great advantage. The author of the poetry can at a few minutes notice furnish him with

a fit and proper subject whereon to exercise his calling of "notation."

The Single Married, and the Married Happy.—A Song. The words written by CHARLES JEFFERYS; the music composed by N. J. SPORILL.

The words of this song are replete with feeling and good sentiment, and the music to which they are wedded is exceedingly well calculated to produce the effect intended.

The Bride.—A Divertimento for the Piano-forte. By T. RAWLINGS.

A few months since, we had the pleasure of calling attention to the very elegant ballad, the subject of this divertimento, from the conjoint pens of Nelson and Jefferys. Mr. Rawlings has most successfully availed himself of the popularity of that publication to found upon it an extremely clever divertimento.

Naul.—A Sacred Divertimento. Arranged from Handel's Oratorio. By N. B. CHALLONER.

Amongst the numerous clever productions of Mr. Challoner, this "arrangement" is entitled to rank with any of its predecessors for the talent and tact he has displayed in its concoction. The title-page is graced with some excellently executed specimens of the lithographic art.

The Bonnie wee Blue Bell.—A ballad. The words by J. L. CLENNELL; the music by Miss CLENNELL.

We had occasion, in November, to speak in terms of high commendation of a production of Miss Clennell's, entitled, "Sing me a song of thine own, maiden," in which an excessive degree of taste and elegance was displayed, and happy are we to find by other emanations of her muse that such is her distinguishing feature. The ballad at present on our instrument, and through which we have just run, is equally deserving of praise. It is simplicity, grace, and beauty—a beautiful *timbre* in itself. A very clever and effective experiment has been made by the fair composer in the 14th and 15th bars, by an inversion of the melody.

First Set of Foreign Quadrilles.—Arranged for the Piano-forte, by E. MARRIOTT.

These are a most effective and well-arranged set of quadrilles, selected from the works of Weber, Mayseder, Boieldieu, Bellini, and Herz.

The Knight of the Silver Horn.—A Romance. By JOHN BLOCKLEY.

We have seen many of Mr. Blockley's productions which have pleased us far more than that now before us. As a table song, it may, we think, prove effective.

Lo Zingaro Quadrilles. Composed and arranged by ALEXANDER LEE.

Of the English composers of the present day, Mr. A. Lee is, perhaps, the most tasteful and successful as a writer of ballads; and few petite operas, perhaps, have taken a stronger hold on the public than that bearing the name of these quadrilles, which are arranged from the following popular airs, introduced into the said opera:—"Bells upon the wind," "Where, where is the rover?" "The Gypsy's wild chaunt," "The Queen of the Greenwood Tree," and "The wild Mandoline." The set is very pretty and effective.

I saw him on the mountain.—A Ballad. The poetry by JAMES BIRD; the music by JOHN BARNETT.

This ballad is not one of Mr. Barnett's best compositions, yet it is effective and pretty.

The Sun shines brightly.—A Cavatina. The poetry by L. O. CUMMING, Esq.; the music by J. BLEWITT.

We look upon this *cavatina* as one of Mr. Blewitt's most successful, and we hope it may prove so in the home acceptance of the word. The air is full of novelty, and is ingeniously contrived. He has also wisely abstained from overloading it with accompaniments. We do not, however, altogether approve of the latter four or five bars and the terminating symphony: they are of too *foreign* a character for an English production, with words of the class of which its poetry is composed.

Fine Arts.

Finden's Gallery of the Graces—Parts VIII. and IX. Till.

This is really a treasure of a publication.

The Spirit of Norman Abbey—illustrated from Byron, by E. C. Wood, engraved by K. Finden, is full of enchanting witchery; eyes and mouth portray loveliness most captivating to mortals.

Caroline—illustrated from Thos. Campbell, drawn by F. Hone, exhibits woman in her most amiable loveliness.

The Gondola—from I. K. Hervey, drawn by C. Brown.

"The star of the north shews her golden eye,
But a brighter looks forth from yon lattice
on high!"

The beautiful eye and animated demeanour of this very striking figure do the utmost credit to the artist and the engraver, W. H. Mote.

Erinna, by L. E. L., drawn by F. Stone, engraved by Charles Lewis. The more this picture is looked at, the more it pleases. The graphic delineation is closely adhered to.

"It is a lovely face: the Greek outline
Flowing, yet delicate and feminine."

AMERICAN DAMSELS.—The girls in America are beautiful and unaffected; perfectly frank, and, at the same time, perfectly modest; but when you make them an offer of your hand, be prepared to give it, for wait they will not. In England, we frequently hear of courtships for a quarter of a century; in that anti-Malthusian country a quarter of a year is deemed to be rather "lengthy."
—*Cobbett.*

COPPER VESSELS FOR COOKERY.—A few days ago three young children of a French count died, in consequence of the negligence of his cook, in giving them food which had been left in a copper saucepan, the tinning of which was worn off.

HYDE PARK, KNIGHTSBRIDGE.—After years of negotiation for an opening to Hyde Park, Knightsbridge, between Lord Westminster and Mr. Golding the brewer, the idea has been abandoned. The intended new street will commence near St. George's Hospital, and the north side of the street will be the wall and premises of Mr. Tattersall; the south side will be bounded by Belgrave Chapel and Milton House, the residence of Earl Fitzwilliam. To effect these changes the Earl of Egremont's house, the Lady Emily Marsham's, and Mr. Lane's (the surgeon), are to be removed.

A FIVE-HORSE COACH.—Mr. Beaumont, one of the proprietors of the Emerald night coach from London to Birmingham, acting on the suggestion of his coachman, John Webb, has within the last two months commenced driving *five* horses instead of four, the first three running abreast. The experiment has been tried between Colney and Redburn, a distance of eight miles, a very hilly road, and the distance is performed in much less time, with more ease to the cattle, than could possibly be done previously, and it does not in the least add to the difficulties of driving. The experiment being found to answer will be put in practice on other stages.—*Derbyshire Courier.*

DR. ADAM SMITH.—This distinguished philosopher was remarkable for absence of mind, for simplicity of character, and for muttering to himself as he walked along the streets. As he was muttering very violently to himself, in passing along the streets of Edinburgh, he passed close to a couple of fishwomen, who were sitting at their stalls. At once putting him down as a madman at large, one remarked to the other, in a pathetic tone, "Heeh! and he's weel put on too;" that is, well dressed; the idea of his being a gentleman having, of course, much increased her sympathy.

CHIMNEY SWEEP.—A chimney requires to be swept. The master sweep attends, with a little boy. He fastens a blanket across the fireplace to prevent any soot from falling

into the room. Now watch the child. Trembling, he draws a black bag over his head and shoulders; the master grasps him by the arm and guides him to the fireplace; he disappears up the chimney. Now watch the master. He is motionless, his head on one side, listening attentively. Ask him a question; "hush," is the answer, with his finger on his lips. Presently a low, indistinct moaning is heard in the chimney. "William," says the master, putting his mouth to the edge of the fireplace, and speaking in a brisk, cheerful tone—"that's right, William." Another moan; and then—"I say William—brush it well out, I say." Down comes a quantity of soot, and the child is heard scraping the sides of the chimney. Presently silence; and then moaning again. "William," exclaims the master, "I say, Bill, you've almost done, ha'nt you?" No answer; the child's head being, remember, in a thick bag; but the brush is heard once more, and the master holds his tongue. Silence again; and the moan of the child returns. This time the master shouts—"Bill, Bill, I say, Billy, how do you get on?" and so on till the end of the work; whenever the child cries, or is silent, his master shouts to him "Billy, I say Billy, my lad." This is a mild case, without oaths, threats, or blows. Ask the master why he tormented the half-smothered boy by speaking to him whilst his head was in the bag up the chimney: he will say—"For no reason that I know of." Believing this answer to be false, you press for another, when the master says:—"We always speak to 'em, when they're up the chimney, for fear they should run sulky and stick." Run sulky and stick! droop, faint, and die of suffocation. Examine the boy when he comes from the chimney. If his knees and elbows are not raw and bloody, they are covered with horn like the knees of the mountain goat; his face, neck, and breast are wet with the water that flowed from his eyes, which are red with inflammation; the veins of his temples are swollen into cords; and his pulse is at a high fever mark. In a word, he has been tortured.—*England and America.*

ADMIRAL NAPIER.—The sum of 125,000*l.* has been awarded to Admiral Napier's fleet as prize money, for the capture of the Miguelite fleet; it is to be paid in three instalments, at intervals of six months.

THE LATE MR. ADRIAN HARDY, THE ENTOMOLOGIST.—Such an opportunity has rarely presented itself to the lovers of this branch of Natural History, to possess one of the finest, and, in a particular class, the most beautiful and rare collection of specimens in any part of Europe, by the recent death of the proprietor, the late Mr. Adrian Hardy, of Haworth, Chelsea, well known to all persons who have dipped into the sub-

ject. The deceased had devoted not fewer than forty years to this peculiar study, in the selection and arrangement of his specimens. So high, indeed, did this gentleman rank in the estimation of men of science, that when a rarity, even though it were but a butterfly of the smallest dimensions, was taken, whether in Asia, America, Africa, and of course, in Europe, it was sure to be forwarded to him. The collection is to be disposed of, and some one of the scientific societies will do well to profit by the opportunity to gain in one day the labours of forty years.

PROVERBS OF THE ARABS.—A Prince without justice is like a river without water.—Listen, if you would learn; be silent if you would be safe.—Inquire about your neighbour before you build, and your companion before you travel.—The false appearances of a proud man make his ill-wishers envious; but could his friend behold his heart, he would have cause to weep.—Poverty without debt is independence.—The fool is a foe to himself: how can he benefit others?—By six qualities may a fool be known: anger without cause, speech without profit, change without motive, inquiry without an object, trust in a stranger, and incapacity to discriminate between friend and foe.

CONDITIONAL SPEED.—A gentleman of fortune residing in Buckinghamshire, who prides himself very highly on the superiority of his horses, was greatly struck by the trotting of a roadster belonging to a butcher in the neighbourhood. The owner refused to part with the animal, till an offer of seventy guineas proved irresistible, and the gentleman mounted his prize in high glee. To his utter astonishment, the brute would not exceed an ordinary amble. Whip and spur were vain *persuaders*: for weeks he persevered in the hopeless attempt; and at last he went in despair to the butcher, rating him in "good set terms" for having practised an imposition. "Lord bless you, Sir," said he, "he can trot as well as ever. Here, Tom," said he, calling to his boy, "get on his back." The youngster was scarcely in the saddle, when off the pony shot like an arrow. "How the d—s this?" "Why, he will just trot as fast with you, only you *must carry the basket*." This was a condition with which our friend could not comply, and he was glad to dispose of his *bargain* at a considerable loss.

INGENUITY AND PATIENCE.—A table-cover has lately been finished by a young man, named John Munro, Paisley, which affords a striking proof of what perseverance and skill can accomplish. It is seven feet square, and contains about 2,000 pieces of cloth. Sir William Wallace, Miss Scott, Kean, as Richard the Third, an Indian Chief, Madame Vestris, Ferrier, as Alonzo the Brave, occupy various parts of it, all neatly coloured and well shaped. Two large ships, in full sail,

occupy the centre, and four other vessels in adjoining compartments. A great variety of other devices are arranged in neat and well-becoming order, forming, on the whole, a piece of needle-work which, for beauty, has rarely been surpassed. It has occupied all his leisure time since 1829, and his whole time for the last four months.

ANTICIPATED CHANGE IN THE RATIO OF VALUE BETWEEN GOLD AND SILVER.—The ratio of value between gold and silver will, in all probability, be soon changed, and to a very considerable degree. The discovery of the prolific gold mines in South Carolina will produce this effect. Nearly 24,000 labourers are already employed in these mines; and we find that even the Russian gold mines in the Ural mountains have produced nearly equal to 1,400,000 sovereigns sterling in the last year. Perhaps the living generation may yet see gold plate more common than silver is at present, and gold spoons and forks may be deemed vulgar from their cheapness.

MATRIMONIAL RACE-COURSE MATCHES.—The Northern Meeting, held at Inverness, is attended by all the nobility and gentry in the north of Scotland, and most of the races are contested by "gentleman riders." A curious circumstance—as far as match-making is concerned—took place at this assembly in September, 1825. Young Davidson, of Tulloch; Grant, of Arndilly; Fraser, of Lovat; and Sir Francis Mackenzie, of Gairloch, started for a cup. At the end of the first heat, a handkerchief was dropped from the grand stand for the first-named gentleman. At the conclusion of the race (which he won) he discovered that the Honourable Miss Macdonald, second daughter of Lord Macdonald, had thrown the kerchief. In a few days he paid his addresses, and he became her "wedded lord" shortly afterwards. This was sufficiently romantic, but the oddity of the thing is quadrupled by the fate of the other three competitors being also sealed on the same day. Arndilly married Lord Saltoun's sister—Lovat took to wife the Honourable Miss Jerminham—and Gairloch married an English nobleman's daughter, whose name we forget at present. It would be no bad speculation, after such an event, to send a few demoiselles every year to Inverness.

UNHAPPY FATE OF FRANCIS, VISCOUNT LOVEL.—**STARTLING DISCOVERY.**—Lord Bacon in his history of King Henry VII. says, that in his flight after the battle of Stoke, he rode through the Trent on horseback, but not being able to gain the opposite bank, he was drowned; but there was a strong rumour at the time that he was starved to death in some hiding place, by the treachery or neglect of some person in whom he confided. Mr. Cowper, then Clerk of Parliament, in a letter of 1737, says, that he had heard the

Duke of Rutland—John, the first Duke—say, that “upon occasion of new laying a chimney at Minster Lovel in 1708, there was discovered a large vault or room under ground, in which was the entire skeleton of a man, as having been sitting at a table, which was before him, with a book, paper, pen, &c., and near him a cap, all much mouldered and decayed; which the family and the neighbourhood judged to be this Lord Lovel, the manner of whose exit had been involved in obscurity.” So it seems that this unhappy nobleman, who was Lord Chamberlain to King Richard, and possessed of estates equal to any peer in the kingdom, after escaping the perils of Bosworth and Stoke, died the most miserable of deaths under his own roof.—*Earl of Egmont: Sharpe's Peerage.*

LEMONADE versus LIFE.—The Marquis de Brosset once passed through Metz, going to his regiment; he entered a café generally resorted to by officers. These gentlemen, displeased at seeing a man not in uniform amongst them, resolved on annoying him. The Marquis called for a glass of lemonade; it was brought; one of the officers upset it. A second was called for, brought, upset; and a third shared the same fate. The traveller thereupon rose: “Gentlemen,” said he, “short reckonings make long friends. I have to pay for three glasses of lemonade, for which I must have in return the lives of three of you. I am the Marquis de Brosset—that is my card and route.” At this the party felt silly, and sorry for having insulted a comrade; but they were obliged to go out with him. Three of them, one after the other, fell dead beneath his arm. Then M. de Brosset wiped his sword, bowed to the rest of the officers, and continued his route.

THE BROOM GIRLS.—A large portion of the industrious class of Germans who emigrate to England for a limited period, and endeavour to realise a little money by the invitation to “buy a broom,” have returned to their own country in the neighbourhood of Frankfurt, each of them having five or six sovereigns in pocket, which, according to their habits of frugality, is enough for their sustentation at their humble homes during the winter. They cross the water at Dover, and then travel the remainder of a long journey by land, supporting themselves, in their progress, on a little bread, stewed peas, and water.

THE DEAF AUDITOR.—Meanwhile, Maitre Florian, the auditor, turned over attentively the leaves of the written charge drawn up against Quasimodo, and presented to him by the registrar, and, after taking that glance, appeared to be meditating for a minute or two. Owing to this precaution, which he was always careful to take at the moment of proceeding to an interrogatory,

he knew beforehand the name, quality, and offence of the accused; made premeditated replies to answers foreseen; and so contrived to find his way through all the sinuosities of the interrogatory without too much betraying his deafness. The written charge was to him as the dog to the blind man. If it so happened that his infirmity discovered itself here and there, by some incoherent apostrophe or unintelligible question, it passed with some for profundity, with others for imbecility. In either case the honour of the magistracy did not suffer; for a judge had better be considered either imbecile or profound than deaf.—*Effingham Wilson's Edition of Victor Hugo's Notre Dame.*

THE AGES OF THE EUROPEAN SOVEREIGNS.—The following list shews the age of all the Sovereigns of Europe:—William IV., King of England, 69 years; Charles John, King of Sweden, 69; Pope Gregory XIV., 68; Francis I., Emperor of Austria, 66; Frederick IV., King of Denmark, 66; Frederick William, King of Prussia, 63; William King of Holland, 61; Louis Philip, King of the French, 60; William, King of Wurtemberg, 52; Mahmoud II., Emperor of Turkey, 48; Louis, King of Bavaria, 47; Leopold, King of the Belgians, 42; Nicholas, Emperor of Russia, 37; Charles Albert, King of Sardinia, 35; Ferdinand II., King of Sicily, 23; Maria II., Queen of Portugal, 14; Maria Isabella Louisa, Queen of Spain, 3 years.

A LONG YARN.—One pound of cotton (says Mr. Gordon), which formerly could only be spun into a thread of 108 yards long, can now, by the application of steam, produce a thread of 167 miles in length.

VELOCITY OF BALLOONS.—The velocity of 80 miles per hour is that at which the aeronaut Garnerin was carried in his balloon from Ranelagh to Colchester, in June, 1802. It was a strong and boisterous wind, but did not assume the character of a hurricane, although a wind with that velocity is so characterised by Rance's Table. In Mr. Green's aerial voyage from Leeds, in September, 1823, he travelled 43 miles in 18 minutes, although his balloon rose to the height of more than 4,000 yards.

EMIGRANTS.—The number of families who have emigrated to New South Wales and Van Diemen's Land since the formation of the Board of Emigration to the end of September, and who received loans from Government, was, to New South Wales 397 families, of 1,538 persons, 7,831*l.* expended; Van Diemen's Land, 422 families, of 1,571 persons, and 8,406*l.* expended. The number of emigrants from the United Kingdom to the British colonies in America in the year 1832 was 66,339; to the Cape 196; to Australia 3,733; and to the United States 32,872, making a total of 103,140.

"May I be married, Ma?" said a pretty brunette of sixteen to her mother. "What do you want to be married for?" returned her mother. "Why, Ma, you know that the children have never seen any body married, and I thought it might please 'em."

THE OLD WITCH OF FERMOY.—A correspondent in the *Liverpool Journal* of Dec. 7, gives the following *verbatim* account from the lips of an Irish peasant resident on the scene of her "freaks and phantasies:"—"There once lived in the kingdom of Munster, nigh-hand the town of Fernoighe, a most elegant, fine young gentleman, as rich as if he had the wealth of the Injees. Early in his life 'twas God's will his father and mother should die, leaving himself the master of a beautiful grand castle and a power of goold, and a deal of servants. After the mourning, which lasted a whole twelve months—to be sure he went into company as usual; but the people were all surprised by his introducing along with him an ugly ould woman that was humpy (more misfortune to her), and only for his being sich a grand gentleman, the never-a-one would speak to her, good or bad; so out of compliment to him, she was left in all parties and company. Itself he could not go to a ball only she must be stuck to his skirts. If he went out airing in the carriage, that was the finest ever was seen with mortchal eyes, herself must be clung up alongside of him, equal to his shadow, until at long last people began to think all was not right; for on some friends asking him about her, he swore she was an angel, and every thing else that was beautiful. Well, it was no good for 'em to beat him; the more advice he got the worse he was, and they thought for certain it must be some bewitchment of magic or other devilment that come over him. So they made a bargain, some of them, to go to his castle, and they no sooner determined on it than away they went and never rested till they got to his own room, where he was

down on his knees before the ould witch. Never a word they said, but one come to his head, and another to his heels, and carried him down stairs, and shoved him into a carriage, and druv away as if ould Nick was after 'm, and never stopt or staid till they came to Cork's own town all the way; and they druv up the main street till they come to Judy Kelly's, who kept a very decent house, the sign of the 'Bagpipes,' long before M'Dowell's, or any of the great inns that's there now was heard or thought of; and getting a warm bath, they stripped off every tack of clothes, and soused him bolus bolus into the water, and scoured him all over; while others ran away with his clothes, even to his garters, and cut 'em up in bits to see what deviltry was the manes of his misfortune, when what would they find through every stitch but bits of *erubs*,* wove in and out as curious as if they were made in the clothes. Well, when they had dressed him again in span-new clothes, away they whisked him back to Fernoighe; but they had to search high and low for my lady before they found her, for she was greatly in dread herself would kill her when he came home, he'd be in such a fret. The never-a-one of him would believe, good or bad, that the like ever kem over him to love such an ugly old hag; and what did he do, but he tuck a houl't of her be the poll, and thrum her out of the windy into the river; but sure if he did, herself swum ashore equal to a duck, being she was a witch, and you could'nt drown a witch. As soon as she got to the other side of the river, and landed ashore after her swim, she went on her two knees down, and you may b'lieve me 'twasnt a blessing she gave him, or any thing belonging to him, only the worst o' what could happen to him ever after. From that day out, there was no tale or tidings, good, bad, or indifferent, of the Ould Witch of Fernoighe."

* Herbs.

Paris Chitchat, &c.

(From our own Correspondent.)

COSTUME OF PARIS.

PARIS, DECEMBER 26, 1833.

My dear Friend.—I have just had the extreme pleasure of receiving your toute amable, toute charmante letter, and proceed to answer it without delay. I shall execute all your commissions, and give you in my next all the renseignements I can gather on the subject of our carnival balls. You must excuse my letter being very short to-day, as I shall have occasion to write to you again, a day or two hence. I shall therefore proceed without further delay to the fashions.

Dresses of brocade silks and satins, *Persian satius* and *pompadours*, are more worn than any others; they are made completely *à l'antique*, with sleeves *à double sabot*, and ruffles *à la Louis XV.* Dresses of black blonde, embroidered in large detached bouquets, or *à colonnes* in natural flowers, done in coloured silks, and worn over black satin, are the most distingué dresses that can be worn at dinner parties; they are also very elegant for balls; they lose their effect if worn over white or coloured under dresses. For morning wear, dresses of foulard silk, *poux de soie*, *pékin*, and satin, are esteemed

the most elegant. The corsages are tight to the bust, the sleeves by no means so immoderately large at top as they have been, and perfectly tight from the elbow to the wrist. The skirts are very full plaited round the waist, and little or no space left plain in front.

HATS.—The fronts of the hats are rather longer at the sides than they were; and a small *rouleau* or piping is put over the very edge of the front, which gives it a pretty finish. The crowns are *en casque* (rounded at top), and the velvet or satin is put on in folds lengthways or across. Velvet hats *font fureur* just now. Black velvet, lined and trimmed with orange, and two very long ostrich feathers of the same colour, or a bouquet consisting of four short feathers. The ribands worn on the hats at present are very rich and handsome: they cost fifteen francs a yard, and are called "pompadour ribands." A dark green velvet hat trimmed as above, with a riband a shade or two lighter than the velvet, is very elegant: the feathers and ribands must match exactly. This difference of shade between the hat and garnitures does not answer so well in any colour but green. Some of our elegantes, instead of feathers, have a bouquet of velvet flowers, which have a pretty effect. Satin hats are the next in estimation to velvet. An orange satin, lined and trimmed with black, and a couple of long feathers, one black, the other orange, is *très bon ton*. Rose and black, Haiti blue and black, dark green and black, and pea green and black, are the colours most worn in hats.

FLOWERS.—The velvet flowers just mentioned are mostly fancy flowers, and are of mixed colours, as black with orange, green, or rose; roses, dahlias, marigolds, and sweet pea are also made in velvet. Natural flowers (artificial) are also much worn, or bouquet of *soncis* (marigolds), china-asters, dahlias, or roses, are the flowers most in vogue.

TURBANS.—Turbans are coming in very much this winter: those called the "Moa-bite turbans," are the most worn: they are made of gaze de soie, embroidered cachemire, embroidered tulle, gauzes, gold and silver tissues and lamas; and are ornamented with birds of Paradise, esprits, and diamond aigrettes.

FANS AND BOUQUETS.—The fans in fashion just now are called "*Eventails à la Valois*," they are as large as those worn formerly by our great-grandmothers, and are exquisitely painted and gilt; the subjects on them are taken from the heathen mythology. The bouquets for carrying in the hand are very prevalent: the centre of the bouquet is formed of white flowers; the coloured ones are placed all round.

CRAVATTES.—Those of black tulle, embroidered in coloured silks, are still much worn, but the newest of all are called "Pom-

padours;" these are merely about two yards of the widest and richest satin riband, put simply round the neck, and knotted in two knots, one after the other (no bow), forming a sort of braid; the ends are brought beneath the ceinture, and reach at least as low as the knee. Sometimes the ends only pass the ceinture about three or four inches, but those with the floating ends look the most distingué; they are particularly adapted for concert or opera dress, or dinner costume, with a white dress. The ceinture should match the "Pompadour" as nearly as possible.

FURS.—Palatines or long fur tippets are much more prevalent than boas, although the latter are worn. The furs in highest estimation are marten, sable, and swansdown.

CLOAKS.—The most elegant material for cloaks is called "*satin de laine*," or worsted satin. It resembles plain fine Merinos (not twilled) broché in satin flowers. Black and orange, black and blue, black and green, black and red, green and violet, green and crimson, and brown and orange, are the most beautiful colours in this material: it is *à reflets* (the colour changes according to the light in which it is seen). Some cloaks are loose, merely fastened at the neck with a small cordelière and tassels: others are fastened round the waist. Some are with sleeves, some without. The sleeves are frequently made to put on and take off in the following manner. Arm-holes are cut in the cloak, which are concealed by the cape; to each arm-hole are four straps with buttons in them; the sleeves have four corresponding straps with button-holes, by means of which the sleeves are put on or taken off in an instant, and with the utmost facility. The capes are invariably square, and are deep and very full; the collars of velvet. These cloaks are well wadded and lined with silk or satin. They have one or two pockets on the inside to carry the handkerchief, fan, purse, &c.

COLOURS.—The colours still in vogue are those of last month; orange, Haiti blue, cheiry, rose, moss-green, pea green, vert-bouteille, violet, lavender, mauis, and every shade of brown, from very dark to very light.

Adieu! Ma chère amie. I cannot write more to day. Mon mari te presente ses hommages, je t'embrasse de tout cœur.

Toute à toi,

L. de F.

DESCRIPTION OF PLATES.

(1.) **TOILETTE DE BAL.**—The plate gives an exact representation of the style of coiffure adopted in France during the reign of Charles VII. The front hair is drawn in smooth bands as far as the temples, where it is braided, and turned round two or three

times, and fastened in the centre by a small gold ornament. (See plate.) Another braid, forming a large bow of hair, falls towards the back of the neck. (See plate.) The back hair is turned up *en chignon*; a thick braid, with a row of pearls twisted over it, goes round the head, and finishes by being twisted in the *chignon* at the back. (See plate.) A golden arrow, placed at the back of the head, fastens the braid and *chignon*. A string of pearls entirely encircles the head, and crosses the upper part of the brow. Dress of white tulle, corsage plain, and perfectly tight to the bust. Sleeves *à double sabot*, with immensely deep ruffles *à la Louis XV.* A rich mantille of blonde ornaments the corsage; at the back and front the mantille is very narrow, and in a single fall; but on the shoulders it is excessively deep and full, and in three falls. The skirt of the dress is ornamented *en tablin* with guirlandes of small roses, with buds and foliage. Five full-blown roses, increasing in size as they go down, are placed at distances down the centre of the front of the skirt. On the shoulders, in place of the *neuds de page*, are two full blown roses, and two others make a finish to the ruffles at the inner part of the arm. (See plate.) White satin ceintures, fastened in two *coques* (bows without ends) at the back. The necklace consists of a double chain of pearls, to which is suspended a small, flat, scented bottle, that is hid beneath the ceinture. White silk stockings *à jours* (open work); white satin shoes,

white kid gloves, blonde scarf, and fan *à la Valois*.

The sitting figure gives the back of the dress and coiffure.

On the table is a newly invented lamp called "lamp hydraulique;" the form is that of a high vase standing on a pedestal (see plate); it is of bronze gilt *à or moulu*. The shade is of green paper.

(2.) *TOILETTE DE CONCERT OU DE SOIRÉE*.—A toque of *gaze de soie*, surmounted by a rich plume of ostrich feathers, and ornamented with bows of gauze ribands. The toque is extremely high at the right side (see plate), and quite shallow at the left. A large bow of wide gauze riband is placed close to the forehead at the right side, and fills up nearly the entire side of the head. The hair, in full curls, is a good deal parted on the brow, and falls particularly low at the left side. Dress of embroidered satin, with corsage *à l'antique*, and sleeves *à double sabot*, with ruffles *à la Louis XV.* The corsage has a *revers* or sort of mantille of satin, the same as the dress, cut out at the edge in points (see plate), and trimmed with narrow blonde. A tucker of narrow blonde appears also round the bosom of the dress. The mantille is very deep in the shoulders, and slopes off gradually until it becomes quite narrow in the centre of the front and back. The skirt is excessively full. Black satin shoes, silk stockings, white kid gloves, pearl necklace and earrings.

Births, Marriages, and Deaths.

BIRTHS.

Dec. 21, at Brighton, the lady of Lieut.-Colonel Loftus, Grenadier Guards, of a son. Dec. 27, the lady of Henry Chitty, Esq., of the Middle Temple, of a daughter. Dec. 2, at Richmond, the lady of Henry G. Wells, Esq., of a daughter. Dec. 26, the lady of T. Thompson, M.D., Keppel-street, Russell-square, of a daughter. Dec. 25, Mrs H. Bagster, of Guildford-street, of a son. Dec. 16, Mrs. Firth, of York-place, Walworth, of a son. Dec. 15, at East Bergholt, Suffolk, the lady of E. Godfrey, Esq., of a son. Dec. 11, in Queen square, Bloomsbury, the wife of T. Chandless, Esq., of a son, who survived but a few days. Dec. 14, Mrs. R. Johnson, Crescent-place, New Bridge-street, of a daughter. Dec. 13, in St. Andrew's-place, Regent's park, Mrs. J. Leman, of a son.

MARRIED.

Dec. 26, at Westbourne, the Rev. R. Eden, M.A., Fellow of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, and Head Master of Hackney Grammar School, to Emily, daughter of the late John Cousens, Esq., of Prinsted-lodge, Sussex. Dec. 26, at Leyton, Essex, Mr. J. E. Clemmens, of Holywell-row, Finsbury, to Jane, the eldest daughter of the late T. Edmonston, Esq., Brick-lane, Christchurch. Dec. 17, at Bridgwater, the Rev. J. Allen Giles, A.M.,

Fellow of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, to Anne Sarah, youngest daughter of the late Frederick Dickenson, Esq., of his Majesty's Victualling Office. Dec. 17, at Warnford, the Rev. A. A. Hammond, of West End Lodge, near Southampton, to Elizabeth Malpas, eldest daughter of the late T. L. O. Davies, Esq., of Alresford, Hants. Dec. 17, W. H. Heathcote, Esq., third son of Sir Gilbert Heathcote, Bart., to Sophia Matilda, the only daughter of T. Wright, Esq., of Upton Hall, Notts, and half sister to Sir R. Sutton, Bart.

DIED.

Dec. 22, at his house in Kensington-square, H. Penny, Esq., aged 66. Dec. 23, at Brompton, in her 22d year, Jane, the only surviving daughter of the late Rev. D. Felix, of Chelsea. Dec. 24, at Cheltenham, after a long and painful illness, P. Cianchettini, Esq., aged 66 years. Dec. 24, Mr. T. Sherwood, of Newgate-street, aged 63. Dec. 23, at Kidderminster, Sarah, the wife of J. Morton, Esq. Dec. 23, of apoplexy, Mr. Jones, of Upper Baker street, aged 76. Dec. 21, Lieut. W. Freebairn. Dec. 8, at Rotterdam, Mary, wife of James Macdonald, Esq., and third daughter of Alex. Ferrier, Esq., Consul to his Britannic Majesty. Dec. 15, in Nottingham-place, Sophia, eldest daughter of V. Fane, Esq.

THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE
AND
MUSEUM



OF THE BELLES-LETTRES, FINE ARTS, MUSIC, DRAMA, FASHION, &c.

IMPROVED SERIES, ENLARGED.

FEBRUARY, 1834.

MEMOIR OF MADEMOISELLE DE CAMARGO.

BORN ANNO 1730. DIED ANNO 1770.

(With a beautiful full length Portrait, taken from the Life, the chef d'œuvre of the celebrated Lancret.)

Al! Camargo, que vous êtes brillante!
Mais que Salle, grands dieux, est ravissante!
Que vos pas sont légers, et que les siens sont doux.
Elle est inimitable, et vous toujours nouvelle:
Les nymphes sautent comme vous.
Et les grâces dansent comme elle.—VOLTAIRE.

Marie Anne Cupis de Camargo was born at Brussels, on the 15th of April, 1710, of a noble Spanish family, both on the father's and mother's side. One of her ancestors, of the name of Cupis, an *attaché* to the Court of Austria, settled in Flanders, where he married a Spanish lady of noble descent, of the family of Camargo, which name he added to his own, and since that period both names have been adopted by his descendants. Her father's family of de Cupis had given many cardinals to the conclave, and her mother's brother, de Camargo, was actually at the time when our heroine was the *prima*.

The grandfather of Mademoiselle de Camargo was killed in the Austrian service. His young widow, who had been left with an infant son, finding herself reduced by the death of her husband, to very limited circumstances, resolved, as soon as the child was of a proper age, to place him in a situation to enable him to provide for his future maintenance. With this intent she had him instructed in the arts of music and dancing, in both of which he became a tolerable proficient. He married a lady without fortune, the issue of which marriage is the subject of the present memoir, the eldest of the family. This Don Ferdinand Cupis de

Camargo fled to Brussels on account of some heresy, notwithstanding his relationship to the President of the awful tribunal of Spain. His faithful wife accompanied him, but they were able to save only their lives. Don Ferdinand was a ruined man; and as he had a young and rapidly increasing family, and was in a destitute condition, he resolved to make an effort to gain support for his family, notwithstanding the nobility of his descent. So late even as the time when Mademoiselle de Camargo was *prima donna* of the French stage, a branch of his family was Grand Inquisitor of Spain; and the reader can refer to the ecclesiastical history of that country to prove that Don Juan de Camargo succeeded Don Diego de Caspedes in 1720, as the thirty-fifth Grand Inquisitor, in the holy office.

The young Marie-Anne, who seemed to be intended by nature for a dancer, evinced at the earliest age the most extraordinary disposition for the profession to which she was destined. It is said, that, while yet in the arms of her nurse, she could not hear the sounds of a violin without manifesting the most unequivocal symptoms of delight, and becoming animated by such gay and lively movements, that it was predicted on all hands that she would one day become the greatest dancer

in Europe. Light as a bird, she danced as soon as she ran alone, and her fairy-like figure was the admiration of every one.

When about the age of ten years, the agility, lightness, and elegance of her movements attracted the attention of the Princess De Ligne, who offered her father to bring her to Paris, promising to procure the best instructions for her at her own expense. This proposition was joyfully accepted; and the celebrated Mademoiselle Prevot was prevailed upon by the Prince D'Ysenghen, and his brother the Count de Middlebourg, to receive her as a pupil. Marie-Anne profited so rapidly by the instructions of Mademoiselle Prevot, that at the end of three months she returned to Brussels, and made her *débüt* as first dancer at the theatre of that town. She was shortly afterwards engaged, at a high salary, by M. Pelissier, manager of the Rouen theatre; but in consequence of his failure, the theatre was closed, and Mademoiselle de Camargo, and two other candidates for public favour, Mademoiselles Pelissier and Petitpas, were engaged at the grand opera in Paris. The fame of the young Camargo had already reached the metropolis; never was "debutante" received with such marks of enthusiasm; the theatre, every night crowded to suffocation, literally rang with plaudits. Nothing was spoken of in the higher circles of Paris, but the Camargo. She led the fashions: there were gowns, hats, colours, coiffures, à la Camargo. In her time powder first became general in France: her shoemaker was known in a very short time to have realised an immense fortune by making shoes for the ladies of the court, who were all ambitious of being *chausées* by the cordonnier of the fair dancer; the shoes she always wore had immensely high heels.

The wonderful success that Mademoiselle de Camargo had obtained in her profession, became at length displeasing to her instructress, and Mademoiselle Prevot, who resolved to humiliate her, insisted on her taking parts in the "ballets." But this, so far from having the desired effect, only contributed to increase, if possible, the popularity of the dancer. In one "ballet" she had to figure in a dance of demons: the famous Dumoulin, who personated his Satanic Majesty, was to dance a *pas seul*; but at the moment when the orchestra commenced his air, he was no

where to be found. Madlle. Camargo, who stood on one side of the stage, among a group of demons, saw that the effect of the whole would be destroyed by his absence; with one bound she sprang forward, assuming one of her beautiful attitudes, and, although unprepared, danced an extempore *pas seul* with so much lightness, elegance, and grace, that the spectators were transported with admiration. This circumstance served to increase the ill-will and envy of Madlle. Prevot to such a degree, that she positively refused to permit her to dance an *entrée* in which the Duchesse de Berri had commanded she should appear. The celebrated Blondi entering the theatre for the rehearsal at the moment, found the young favourite bathed in tears, and in perfect despair at the thought of offending a princess of the blood. He told her, that if she would quit her harsh and envious mistress he would himself instruct her, and promised that on the following Tuesday she should dance the *entrée* in question. The progress she made under this great master realised the high expectations that had been formed for her. Under his guidance, she united what was called LA DANSE NOBLE with brilliancy of execution, to the elegance, grace, lightness, and soul-inspiring gaiety of her own style of dancing and acting. In fact, her liveliness on the stage was so natural and so unaffected, that she never failed infusing a portion of it to the most grave and melancholy of the spectators.

From this period, Mademoiselle Camargo was queen of the opera. With the natural desire of eclipsing her cruel and envious mistress, she made an astonishing progress in her profession; besides which, she inherited from nature the most brilliant advantages of person and disposition. Her conformation was most happily suited to her talents; her feet, ankles, bust, arms, and hands were of the most perfect form, and her lovely face expressed a comic archness and gaiety that harmonised with her aerial figure, and she danced and moved with a lightness most singular at that epoch. She was the first that in dancing beat four *entrechats*; this was in 1730, before pirouettes were known. Thirty years after, Mademoiselle Lany beat six, and in modern times Taglioni has been known to execute eight; but this may be attributed to the greater freedom of dress, and the more natural form of the

shoe. The reader will see, by examining the authentic portrait annexed to this memoir, that the fair Camargo was forced to represent nymphs and goddesses, in all the barbarisms of stiff stays, powdered hair, and shoes, the heels of which were so monstrously high, that, in walking, the female figure was literally poised on its toes. Modern improvement had not then imagined such a thing as appropriate costume on the stage, and the most laughable effects must have been produced by its violation. Ridiculous as it was, the elegant Spaniard was obliged to submit to the laws of fashion in this their most insane freaks.

The expression of the face and figure of Marie-Anne Camargo was that of great vivacity, and every movement on the stage seemed full of laughing gaiety. In public, she was all life and energy; in private life, she was pensive and silent. The contrast was indeed striking. This is to be attributed to the cruelty of a man, whom she had inspired with that sort of savage passion which seeks the suffering and degradation of its object, rather than to promote happiness. And as the beautiful Camargo was averse to every other suitor, and turned the coldest ear to all the flatteries of a host of adorers, perhaps the melancholy that seemed strikingly at variance with her natural genius, might be attributed to the mental agony her wicked persecutor made her suffer.

Before we proceed to narrate the insulting conduct of her insolent lover, it is necessary to mention that, with the profits of her first early success on the stage, she sent for her father and family from Brussels, and, like an excellent daughter, devoted her earnings at that tender age to their support. A brother of her's became a musician, and she became the instructress of her young sister Sophie, who afterwards made her *débüt* as a *danceuse* with considerable success. La Camargo, after the arrival of her father in Paris, lived constantly under his care, and never went to the theatre without his protection. The poor girl had the utmost need of it.

Even in the present day actors and actresses are denied Christian burial; but at that time the great lords of the French court exercised an absolute authority over the whole establishment of

the theatre. They treated the actress as Sultans do their purchased slaves; and till the fair Camargo became *prima donna*, there was never found an actress that had either the power, or, indeed, the virtuous inclination, to resist their lawless wills. But Marie-Anne Camargo never forgot that though sad necessity had reduced her so low, she was as nobly born as the highest amongst them, and though her noble father had relinquished lands, titles, and distinction, yet he had been born and reared in a palace, and her nearest relative swayed the destinies of a great and renowned people. The niece of the then Grand Inquisitor of Spain, noble as she was in mind as in blood, would not submit to be the guilty paramour of the Count de Melun, although he was a prince of the blood royal of France. "If he loved her," she said, in answer to all the seducing proffers with which he assailed her, "and felt inclined to woo her for his wife, she would give him a candid answer, and perhaps might try to return his affection, but to other dishonourable addresses she had nothing to offer, except scorn and abhorrence."

For three years the Count de Melun pursued the beautiful Camargo; and, at last, enraged at her firm resistance, he had recourse to an unmanly and cowardly exertion of his power, as a mighty noble and prince of the blood. He carried off the Camargo and her young sister by force from the opera-house, and detained them several days at his hotel, in spite of all their endeavours to gain their liberty, and the remonstrances of their unhappy father.

There is a memorial extant addressed to the prime minister, Cardinal de Fleury, dated 1728, from the father of the unhappy lady, which is one of the most extraordinary state papers, connected with the theatre, that ever existed. The original is in the possession of M. Beffara, in his collection of curious and historical papers relating to the *Académie Royale de Musique*, and is an authentic proof of the scandalous abuse of the power of the French nobles in the earlier half of the last century.

"Ferdinand de Cupis humbly represents to his Eminence that he is a Spanish gentleman, who can prove sixteen quarters of unsullied nobility; that he was ruined in his fortunes, and exiled,

through no breach of honour or moral conduct, and his poverty was further aggravated by being in a strange country, burdened with the maintenance of seven young children, whom he had no means of rearing in a manner suitable to their birth; that the petitioner, in consideration of their wants, was forced to forget their nobility and make them submit to a degradation more bitter to him than death, and to permit Marie-Anne and Sophie to become opera dancers, on condition that he and his wife always accompanied them to and from the theatre. The eldest, Marie-Anne, was always as much noted for her modesty of demeanour, and duty to her parents, as she was for her skill in her profession; the other was likewise tractable and dutiful, but is only a child in her thirteenth year.

"During the last three years, Monseigneur, the Count of Melun, has made use of every art of seduction to corrupt Marie-Anne, and when he found that nothing could shake her virtuous resolution, he descended to means unworthy of himself and me, by proposing a price (to me, the father of Marie-Anne!) to consent and assist in the infamy of my child; and when he found that his abhorrent attempts were treated with the contempt they deserved, he found means to conceal himself in her chamber one night, and when she raised an alarm, so that he was expelled from the house, he basely threatened to deprive her of her appointments at the Opera. At last, on the 10th of May, he carried off both my daughters, by means of a number of his servants, and detained them against their will, at his hotel at Paris, situate in the *Rue de la Culture St. Gervais*, for four days. The petitioner implores your Eminence to wipe off the dishonour inflicted on an unhappy noble in the person of his daughter, by enforcing the laws confirmed by his Majesty, and established by his august predecessor, which punish the crime of abduction by death. Or, in case the extremity of the law should not be deemed expedient to be pursued on a person of Count de Melun's high blood, that his Majesty will force Monseigneur to marry the eldest daughter, and portion the other, as the only means of repairing this flagrant act of injustice; and the petitioner will ever pray for the health and preservation of your Eminence."

It is scarcely necessary to add that the Cardinal laughed at this spirited remonstrance of an injured family. The outrage of Count de Melun, to whatever extent it was carried, remained unpunished. among the other infamous acts of the French noblesse, for which they paid so fearful a reckoning at the Revolution.

Marie-Anne Camargo pursued her profession with increased brilliancy in public, but in private life she was scarcely ever seen to smile after this occurrence. A sorrow was seated at her young heart that never could be removed. Romancers would dwell on the penitence of her insolent lover; but remorse seldom visits the corrupt profligate of real life, and whether he finished his atrocious career in his early days, or laid his dishonoured head beneath the guillotine in his old age, there is no record to inform us.

Madlle. de Camargo had also a fine clear voice, and sang with much taste. On many occasions, particularly in the "*Spectacle de la Cour*," for her talents were held in the highest estimation by the King and royal family, as well as by the members of the court, she took part in operas as well as in ballets. In 1734, La Camargo quitted the theatre, but re-appeared six years after in "*Les Fêtes Grecques et Romaines*," an entertainment got up purposely for her. The public found her still the same, and lavished upon her the same testimonials of admiration and applause. In 1751 she finally quitted the stage.

Madlle. Camargo executed every style of dancing in the highest perfection. She far excelled all her contemporaries in what is called "*la danse noble*" (the serious style), in minuets, *passe-pieds*, *entrées de Graces*, and *les lours*; while gavottes, rigadoons, tambourines, and other lively dances, she executed in a style peculiar to herself, introducing into them a variety of steps of her own invention. In the minuet she has never, if equalled, been surpassed.

In the beautiful portrait which we subjoin to this memoir (the *chef d'œuvre* of the celebrated Lancret) she is represented dancing a *pas seul* of her own invention, known to this day by the name of "*La Camargo*."

Louis XV., in testimony of his admiration of her talents, granted her the pension formerly enjoyed by Madlle. Prevot; and on her retiring from the theatre, in 1751, she obtained another from the opera

of 1,500 livres a year: her salary had never exceeded 2,500 livres, yet from this she saved sufficient to support herself and her father's family, and to bestow large sums in acts of beneficence.

Madlle. de Camargo died on the 28th of April, 1770, after a most brilliant career, universally regretted by her friends and the public.

In private life Mademoiselle de Camargo was accounted a model of charity and benevolence, modesty, and good conduct. Never at any period of her life was the slightest word whispered to the aspersions of her fair fame. This conduct, as may be supposed, gained her the esteem and friendship of the higher classes, who were all desirous of testifying how highly she was appreciated by them for her unblemished reputation. The extraordinary Camargo was the first actress ever heard of on the French stage, that preferred a life of celibacy from an innate sense of virtue, and that high spirit which chose to show him who despised her for her profession, that if he did not choose to make her his wedded wife because she was an actress, she could, like the lady in *Comus*, pass through the ordeal of the temptations of the French stage free from the slightest taint of dishonour. One day walking in the Tuilleries, she was met by Madame la Maréchale de Villars, who,

having joined her near the great basin, entered familiarly into conversation with her: in a short time they were recognised by some of the promenaders, and the enthusiasm became so general, that the gardens re-echoed to the cheers of the admiring multitude.

The splendid ballet opera of *Manon Lescaut*, which was brought out at Paris in 1828, revived the memory of the beautiful Camargo. The public mind was raised even to a state of frenzy. The character assigned to represent that lady, gained for her so much popularity, that attention was drawn particularly to her own individual life and history. In the past year also, another piece was written, in which she was made the heroine, and considerable success attended its production; but it is altogether a departure from her real history. Tales and romances have likewise been written on her story, but the romantic adventures of her life may furnish food enough even for the lovers of the wonderful, without calling to aid the powers of fiction.

It is worthy of remark that ladies of Spanish descent seem peculiarly successful on the Opera stage. Besides Camargo, we can note Mercandotti, and the peerless Malibran, whose father and mother both were Spaniards.

STANZAS ON THE BIRTH OF MY YOUNGEST BROTHER.

Infant, sweet blossom of the morn,
Unspotted flow'ret bright,
Whence com'st thou, from what unknown
shore,
From what fair realm of light?

For sure, so fair a babe as thou
Couldst ne'er have sprung from earth;
Thou art too lovely and too sweet
"For aught of mortal birth."

Com'st thou from regions pure of air,
By spirits nursed and bred?
A sylph by birth, a sylph by race,
On purest ether fed?

Or spring'st thou from the ocean's caves,
A genius of the sea?
Know'st thou the Nereid's coral rocks
Unknown to all but thee?

O, if thou'rt neither sylph nor sprite,
What art thou? say, fair child;
There's something strangely sweet in thee,
So fair, so soft, so mild.

But ah! adieu this playful strain,
Thou art a child of earth—
Though lovely, pure, and fairer than
The rest of human birth.

But that which sheds the brightest ray
Of beauty round thee, love,
Is innocence, the innocence
Of cherubim above.

'Tis this that lends a brighter hue
To thy soft roseate cheek;
'Tis this that gives a deeper blue
To thy soft eyes so meek.

Lovely is earliest infancy,
Lovelier than riper years;
Because the robe of innocence
A spotless infant wears.

M. M.

LITERAL TRANSLATION OF A POPULAR BALLAD

SUNG AMONG THE SOLDIERS OF THE ARMY OF MEHEMET ALI, THE PACHA OF EGYPT.

(From the modern Arabic.)

[This ballad deserves attention, not from its poetic merit, but because it is a faithful picture of the manners and customs of the energetic but barbarous people who are threatening destruction to the Turkish empire,—the warlike Arabs of Egypt.]

BALLAD.

I am a native of Galioub: since my first remembrance I have seen the Nile overflow my native fields sixteen times.

And I had a neighbour named Sheik Abdallah, who had a daughter that had never shown her face to any man but me. Nothing could equal the beauty of Fatma; her skin was firm, and smooth, and cold, and her black eyes were as large as a *findgian* (a coffee-cup). We had but one heart between us, and I had no rivals. Just as we were going to be married, our Bey (may the ban of Alla be on him) had my hands tied, and strung me by the neck to a chain, that held fifty others, and his Aga (may the ban of Alla be on him) drove us all off to the camp. As I was poor, nothing was listened to, but I must serve in the Pacha's army. May the ban of Alla be on him, too!

The tambours, the trumpets, and the fifes so rung in my ears, that I soon forgot my cottage, my goats, and my chadouf (a machine for raising the Nile water), but I could not forget the sun of my life, the light of my thoughts, my poor Fatma. They made me a present of a fusil, and the dress of a *nizam*. They taught me to turn my head to the right and to the left, and to hold one foot in the air, and, being a clever boy, I soon learned *divan dour salem dour* (present arms), and many other fine things.

And they sent me with my regiment to Mecca. Then I saw the Caaba. We fought among the deserts, the rocks, and the mountains,—we killed the enemies of the Prophet*, and I became a Hadgi (a privileged pilgrim to Mecca), for I saw Mecca the desired, Alla be praised.

Then they made me a corporal, and, after three years' war, they put us on board ships, and they wafted me back to the country of the blessed river (the Nile); they encamped us on the banks, and I was troubled to be so near Galioub and Fatma without daring to visit them.

Then the fever of chagrin seized on me, and being sick they put me into the hospital of Abouzabel; and the Frandgi doctors (European physicians in Ibrahim's service) were worse than my disease, for they starved me in order that they might sell my rations of food. May Alla confound all these too!

Day by day I grew more sick and sad. I was ready to die. Then the mischief-loving Frandgis compounded for me a drug: its very smell made me worse, and nearly stifled me. I already had this cup of abominations at my lips, when I heard a sweet voice cry under the windows, "Hassan! Hassan! *ia enni!*" ("Hassan, Hassan, my dear, or my life,) my eyes!"

Then for joy I flung the cup of Frandgi physic at the nose of the nurse. I felt a renewing of the blood, and that I was cured; the fools of Frandgi doctors thought it was their evil-smelling physic that healed me so speedily. "Give me my billet of health," I demanded, and they gave it me, lauding the wonders of their own skill.

I rushed directly out of the Hospital, the trembling arms of Fatma were thrown round me, and after our first rapturous greetings, she told me when she heard the regiment had returned, how she had hurried to the camp.

"And," said she, "when I wanted to enter the tented ground, a negro presented his bayonet, and cried '*dour*' (halt there). Now I knew not what this *dour* meant." So the black cried the louder, and would have killed my Fatma, when she tried to force by him, but a Turkish officer came up and demanded what she wanted. "I want my Hassan, my betrothed," said she, "whom ye have taken away for three years. May Alla confound ye all!"

Then the officer sneered and turned his back on my Fatma. The poor girl was retiring confused, when she by good luck saw the wife of my serjeant coming towards

* Ibrahim's expedition against the Wahabites, in Arabia, is here alluded to.

the camp ; she made her plaint to her, and that good believer, may Alla reward her, told her thus :—

“Thy Hassan is sick to death, in the hospital, I will take thee with me near it, but thou must not enter there!” Then this dear light of my life ran by her side more swift than the gazelle, and came under the window of the hospital, and cried aloud, “Hassan, Hassan, *ia enni*!” and the sound of her sweet voice healed me.

And full of joy I carried her in triumph to my tent, and I went to my aga, my adjutant (here he names all the ranks).

And having obtained permission, we went to Galioub, where her old father, Abdallah, gave us the marriage benediction, Alla be praised.

Alla is great, and Mahomet is his prophet !

THERE'S REST.

Stanzas written at Night, on the River St. Lawrence, North America.

BY MRS. DUNBAR MOODIE (LATE MISS SUSANNAH STRICKLAND.)

There's rest, when eve with dewy fingers,
 Draws the curtains of repose
 Round the west, where light still lingers,
 And the day's last glory glows.
 There's rest in Heaven's unclouded blue,
 When twinkling stars steal, one by one,
 So softly on the gazer's view,
 As if they sought his glance to shun.

There's rest, when o'er the silent meads,
 The deepening shades of night advance ;
 And, sighing through their fringe of reeds,
 The plaintive rill's clear waters glance.
 There's rest, when all above is bright,
 And gently o'er the summer isles
 The full moon pours her yellow light
 And Heaven on Earth serenely smiles.

There's rest, when angry storms are o'er,
 And Fear no longer vigil keeps,
 When winds are heard to rave no more,
 And Ocean's troubled spirit sleeps.
 There's rest, when to the pebbly strand,
 The lapsing billows slowly glide,
 And, pillowed on the golden sand,
 Breathes soft and low the slumbering tide.

There's rest, deep rest, in that still hour,
 A holy calm, a pause profound,
 Whose soothing spell and dreamy power,
 Lull into slumber all around.
 There's rest for Labour's hardy child,
 For Nature's tribes of earth and air,
 Whose soothing balm and influence mild,
 Save guilt and sorrow, all may share.

There's rest, beneath the quiet sod,
 When life and all its trials cease,
 And in the bosom of his God,
 The Christian finds eternal peace—
 That peace the world can not bestow,
 The rest a Saviour's death-pangs bought,
 To bid the weary pilgrim know
 A bliss surpassing human thought.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE PAST YEAR, *As connected with Literature, Public Improvements, &c.*

BY MRS. HOFLAND.

In the beginning of a new year, although existence with each individual goes on in its usual routine, yet we all feel called upon for the exercise of reflection and meditation upon the great purposes of life, and the important changes which belong to its close—together with recollections of those events in our own history, during the year that is past, which have been interesting or important.

Many have to remember that, during that time, they have cemented an union which must affect the happiness of every future year of their lives; and many more know too well that, during the past year, with them the dearest ties have been severed—the links which bound them to *time* dissolved, and that henceforth it will become their wisdom and consolation to look more earnestly than before towards that *eternity* where alone they can renew them, and enjoy them unceasingly. Leaving alike the joyous and the pensive to that train of thought which shall lead the former to devout gratitude, and the latter to pious resignation, we proceed to look back upon the past year, so as to recal cursorily its productions and improvements, and thereby awaken our attention to all that is most worthy of abiding in our memory and influencing our conduct.

In the serious literature of the country nothing particularly striking has come before the public eye, but a good deal that is, nevertheless, excellent. Sermons are now truly religious discourses, calculated to enlighten the young and inquiring mind, and to strengthen the faith of the advanced Christian, and are far superior to the splendid nothings which half a century ago issued from the press under that name, with no other pretensions than those of a cold morality, seasoned by high-sounding oratory.

Periodical works have been probably as good, or better, than for several preceding years, for their proprietors are compelled to exert every medium of rendering them attractive, in consequence of the cheap, but yet effective rivals, who in their numerical force have obtained considerable power, if not towards the monthly, yet certainly the *weekly* publications; but we believe the two

leading ones are as flourishing as ever. Of the new candidates for public favour, (many of whom have ended their brief existence in the last twelve months) the original "Penny Magazine," the "Saturday Magazine," and the "Encyclopedia," are decidedly and properly the favourites of the public. For those whose situations in life, or whose narrow means enable them only to snatch "a mouthful of knowledge," these works are indeed invaluable, and we should rejoice to see them in every poor man's house, both as a proof that he had a taste for learning, and the medium of gratifying it, but yet we are much of the opinion of the accomplished author of "England and Englishmen," that to a man of education they are only tiresome affairs.

With the exception of the above work, Mr. Lytton Bulwer has not honoured the year 1833, and much in our opinion does it lack one of his spirited novels or interesting romances, if we may so term "Eugene Aram;" nor have the promised volumes of the *crudite D'Israeli*, or any new composition from his admirable son, come within the same period. The "Tales of a Chaperon," and one or two others, as "Mary of Burgundy," the "Parson's Daughter," and "Love and Pride," make up the deficiency in a great measure; but we cannot think that the "Tales of Fashionable Life" under any title, and even when very cleverly written, do this. They are trashy, unsatisfactory food to the mind at the best, and, in their satirical vein, rather expose the weakness they ridicule for the purpose of exciting contempt, than of removing the evil which deforms their fellow-creatures, and renders them objects of abhorrence in the eyes of tens of thousands who can never judge for themselves as to the actual conduct of those above them. If the writers in question belong to the grade they satirise, surely they

* Circulating lending libraries were in this parish (St. Andrew's, Holborn,) found extremely useful in their influence among the poor. A volume of *Voyages and Travels* has kept many a man from steering to the beer-shop, and Miss Edgeworth's *Tales* were ruin to "a drop of the cratur" even in Saffron Hill. On my telling her this when she was last in England, she said "it was the sweetest reward her exertions had ever brought her."

ought not to give such bitter pills as they thus administer, for no other purpose than to prove the great family of nobility despicably dishonest, inordinately proud, contemptibly servile, and insolently tyrannical, without rendering them the means of purifying the sin they expose, and the imbecility they sneer at. On the other hand, if they have by permission crept into the ranks of the "Exclusives," on purpose to spy the nakedness of the land, (for naked it must be, if there is neither sound principles nor good intentions, whatever be its riches or its graces,) surely every one has a right to question the news communicated by him who "is an enemy in the camp," and perforce practising those arts of base insinuation and unworthy artifice which he so freely attributes to those around him.

How long these novels may remain popular, there is no saying—unhappily there is a principle in human nature likely to render them permanent. Whatever deteriorates from those above us, is grateful to the palate even of the aspirants who most earnestly desire to enter the ranks of the calumniated; and persons of quality themselves are eager to see, or think they see, the peculiarities of their acquaintance exposed, even at the risk of being similarly exhibited themselves; a weakness to be accounted for on the score of having more time than employment, and that want of excitement which arises as a concomitant trouble to those who are emphatically "at ease in their possessions."

In point of fact, the aristocracy, both new and old, are very much like other human beings—education and circumstances have enlarged the sphere of their virtues and their vices, both of which are somewhat distinct from their fellow-creatures, but (their temptations considered) not larger, one way or other, than any other rank exhibits. So long as education consists in attainments and accomplishments, rather than the inculcation of sound motives and subdued tempers, religious humility and dignified integrity, mere men and women will be subject to the faults of nature and situation, whether they are countesses or country maidens, lords or leather cutters.

"Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow,"

"The rest is all but leather and prunella."

VOL. IV. No. 2.

Where right principles have been acted upon, when has frail humanity exhibited more of all that is good and amiable than our nobility (particularly our female nobility) have possessed, but not therefore *exhibited*? In how many instances has the strictest self-denial been practised by the loveliest and highest in the land, that the stream of secret bounty might cheer the hut of poverty, or relume the dwelling of misfortune?

A new species of literary amusement is now widely diffused amongst us, of which Captain Marriott may almost be termed the father, since the "King's Own," "Newton Foster," and "Peter Simple," are unquestionably at the head of their class; and, so far as we have seen, far surpass their imitators. Much as we admire the American novelist, who, perhaps, first rendered the sea scenes as captivating as they are interesting in their terrors, we yet think our own countryman entitled to the praise of originality in the above novels; since in the American we have the *sea*—in the Englishman the *seaman* before our eyes, and it is the service of the sailor, rather than the element on which he serves, that is rendered the great object of our attention. The semi-barbarous state of our jack-tars at the very period of its progress into comparative cultivation, thereby losing its stronger points of humour and pathos, together with its frequent ferocity and astonishing ignorance, ask for no common powers of discrimination, no common portion of genius; and in Captain Marriott we find perfect competence to his own intentions, and of course he has opened a new gold mine, or at least one which has not been wrought since the days of Smollet, and then it was through a very distinct race of savages to the present far more amiable though less characteristic fraternity.

One thing we are sorry to observe in this animated writer—he is fond of making the fathers of his heroes either imbecile or wicked. It is true, old Foster is a kind-hearted, absent, silly old man, for whom we have a regard; but the Honourable and Reverend Mr. Simple is very hateful. Let us, however, be merciful even to him: the *system* by which he became a minister is far more to blame than the individual. We can hardly feel surprised when we hear such a man say, "D—the church of England,

and d— those who made me one of her clergy!" Until that time comes when her livings are the reward of the good man who fulfils his duties, the learned man who studies to confirm her precepts, we must expect such ebullitions from younger sons, who accept livings that they may hunt and shoot, and old gentlemen who bow for livings that they may lounge and gastronomise.

Allowing that the late year has made no great figure in literature, yet we ought to rejoice that at length it has decreed a temple to art. This is one step in public virtue, and, as such, we hail it, malgre all the faults and expenses complained of in conjunction with it.

At a time when all the world is talking of retrenchment, it may be a bold thing to say a word on the other side; but it is, nevertheless, true, that we do think John Bull a very parsimonious personage towards his children in some particular points. He likes industry, but provides against any getting forward in a fair way too fast—is willing to reward the brave fellow who will give a blow or take one, but woe to the pale boy that pens a sonnet or pencils a landscape: in all the realms of roast beef and plum-pudding there is found no place for him, the genius of the family.

This species of avarice is spreading through every department of intellectual pursuit, and surely a more degrading meanness cannot be found. We have lately been horror-struck with reading three advertisements in the "Times," purporting to come from parents who had from two to five daughters to educate, and wished to engage some young lady capable of teaching "music, French, drawing, and every other accomplishment," for which, one observes, they should give a salary of 12*l.* per annum. Another modestly speaks of "a nominal salary," as "the young lady would be rendered very comfortable;" and a third says, "no salary will be given, as the lady will be treated as one of the family."

Let any mother amongst us look at such advertisements, and place ourselves in the situation of either such governesses or *their* mothers, in order that we may justly appreciate the treatment offered to those talented, industrious, and virtuous young women to whom such offers are made. Many of them have been brought up in affluence, educated at a consider-

able expense, and have no provision for future life, save that which their attainments may secure. From six hundred to a thousand pounds is, for this purpose, a necessary expenditure; and many a widow, from her scanty income, furnishes from year to year of poverty and anxiety, such a portion of it as may secure to her poor toiling daughters this means of securing a gentlewoman's bread. And what is the result? A situation in which her duties are more laborious than the lowest servant's, without the reward that servant claims and ensures. No! she is to be *made comfortable* in lieu of further recompense. What must that woman's heart be made of who could contemplate her fellow-creature's entering her house in any situation who was not to be made comfortable? "She is to be treated as one of the family." How else should she be treated to whom is assigned the most delicate and important task on earth?

And is she (I would ask, for whom you thus bargain,) after sitting at your table for years, not only teaching your children, but sharing your cares for them—giving the warm affections of her young heart to them, watching them in sickness, feeling for them in trouble, enduring patiently their foibles, yet firmly opposing their errors; becoming part and parcel of the family she serves,—is she, I would ask, to go from your *comfortable* mansion to the parish work-house? or, with her eyes worn out in your service, to take in plain work in a garret? Have you, in your abundant goodness, the power to secure her an almshouse? Or, is it possible for the possessor of so many accomplishments to be toiled down into a housemaid? What will you do with the creature you no longer require, and, therefore, no longer care for? The helpless old negro has a hut and a portion of yams; but the English mother, far more selfish than the Barbadoes planter, neither provides in youth nor age for the wants of one whom she employs in the noblest but the hardest occupation.

Heaven grant, that, for the sake of decency, if not of humanity, this year may never witness equal injustice and meanness, with this intentional stain upon the past. "The labourer is worthy of his hire" in every situation of life; and whilst menial servants enjoy high wages, and all the common expenses of life are

conducted on a scale often liberal even to extravagance, surely it is a cruel and unjustifiable deed ever to tempt the necessitous thus, even to their own undoing; and particularly unworthy on the part of ladies, who ought to feel for their own sex, and consider for them also.

"It is not enough that you should have my custom, but that you should gain by me," said the present King of the French to a young coal merchant whom he insisted upon paying *immediately*. Happy would it be if the same spirit of *consideration* for the welfare and comfort of others, ran through the whole circle of society, more especially that part of it who hold the dispensing power to the larger portion. The unkindness of thoughtlessness, the injustice of withholding trifling payments, and of incurring considerable and frequently unjustifiable debts, are the sources of interminable miseries through every gradation of situation, and are the more reprehensible because every one may avoid them. "Even-handed justice will command no chalice" to the lips of the humblest, which her own would recoil from drinking; and every one knows that although "honesty may be the virtue of a footman," it is one which a nobleman cannot be deficient in with impunity. To a far higher tribunal every one is amenable than worldly opinion or self-concocted precepts of convenience, for are we not commanded "to do unto others as we would they should do unto us."

At a period when London is filling with

the gay, the fair, and the wealthy—when bustle, splendour, and rivalry in luxury will pervade not only the ranks of fashion, but those of circle beyond circle, who advance towards them, we trust these reflections will not be deemed intrusive or inappropriate, which tend to diminish an affectation of useless parade, and the efforts of foolish ambition, in the fair readers of a work designed not less for their *use* than their *amusement*. The woman who has sufficient mental dignity to resist the temptations around her, will necessarily direct a judicious expenditure into its legitimate channels; and although no proud display takes place at her hospitable board, it is certain no petty saving, no oppressive dealing, no dirty contrivance to elude a creditor or baffle a dependant, shall be whispered to the circle whose envy she has excited, or sting her own bosom in the bed of sickness or the hour of misfortune. The respectability and the personal accommodation of her husband; the real welfare, not the fictitious splendour, of her children; the happiness of her friends, the power of rewarding merit in her dependants, and of extending the aids of charity and compassion to the poor and afflicted, will be to her a daily tribute of applause more dear in the quiet cheerfulness of her "sweet, sweet home," than the loudest huzzas which ever rung in the memory of those, who, in catering for the world of pleasure, have earned the condemnation alike of husband, children, creditors, and their own hearts.

THE REALMS OF AIR.

BY G. R. CARTER.

The boundless realms of air attract the meditative eye:
When clouds of silvery whiteness hide the sapphire of the sky,
Or stars pursue their silent course as beautiful and fair;—
How pleasing to poetic minds—the distant realms of air!

Sole monarch of a world unknown, the sun with light enshrouds
The purple summit of the hills, the bosoms of the clouds,
And viewless as the spirit there the moon serenely glides,
With queen-like brow, as if she held dominion o'er the tides.

Oh! what were Summer's glowing charms, or Autumn's hush profound,
Or Winter's stormy threats, with which the leafless woods resound,
Unless those heavenly realms unto the Christian's heart conveyed
The hope of an immortal home that time shall never shade!

Beyond the eagle's proudest flight, beyond the farthest sea,
Congenial souls shall meet again, from earthly trammels free,
And when the dawn of glory breaks upon the clouds of care,
Shall thrill, with mingled songs of praise, the boundless realms of air!

THE GOLDEN GOBLET,—AN IRISH FAIRY LEGEND.—No. III.

* * * * *

In Ireland, as in Scotland, among the lower orders, there is a prevalent belief in the existence and supernatural powers of the gentry commonly known by the name of "fairies." Many and strange are the stories I have heard respecting this mysterious and much-dreaded race of beings. Loud and frequent have been the expressions of surprise, and even of anger, at the hard faith which could not credit *all* that was narrated of the wonderful feats of Irish fairies. The most amusing thing was, that the more my disbelief was exhibited, the more incredible were the legends which were launched against my wilful obstinacy.

I have forgotten the full particulars of many of the traditions which were familiar to me when a boy, but my memory retains sufficient to convince me how utterly vain was every attempt to reason the superstitious out of their belief in the wild and the wonderful. I should have known that

"—Faith, fanatic faith, once wedded fast
To some dear falsehood, hugs it to the last."

But in these cases the fanaticism was harmless:—it was rather of the head than of the heart—of the imagination, than the reason. It would be a fortunate circumstance if all superstitions did as little mischief as *this*.

In my youth I was a sickly boy—but the debility of the body was not accompanied with debility of mind. Shut out from the athletic exercises of my age, I read a great deal—and retirement compelled me, for amusement sake, to reading and contemplation more than youth is accustomed to indulge in. My reading was very varied, embracing within its sphere all sorts of books, from the arcana of forbidden lore to the solemn mysteries of religion. The result was, that I imbibed a sovereign contempt for the superstitious traditions of my native land, and it is more than probable that I was not particularly chary in evincing my contempt at every opportunity, whether in or out of season. When the mind of a boy soars above the ignorance which besets his elders, who have neither the chance nor the desire of being enlightened, he is apt to pride himself, as I did, on the "march of intellect" which carries him along triumphant.

Many, very many years have elapsed since I happened to be a temporary visitor beneath the hospitable roof of one of the better sort of farmers, in the county of Cork, during the Midsummer holidays. As usual, I there indulged in sarcasm against the credulity of the country. One evening, I happened to be not a little tenacious in laughing at the very existence of "the fairy folk," and, as sometimes happens, ridicule accomplished more than argument could have ef-

fected. The good people could bear any thing in the way of argument—at least, of argument such as mine—they could even suffer their favorite theories and stories respecting the fairies to be abused: but to laugh at them—that was an act of the greatest unkindness.

My host was almost in despair, and quite in anger, when the village schoolmaster came in, an uninvited, and, at that crisis, a most welcome guest. A chair was soon provided for him in "the warm corner:—whiskey, which had never seen a gauger's face, and never been within a furlong of the gauger's stick, was instantly on the table, and the schoolmaster, for the hundredth time to my certain knowledge, lost no time in making himself acquainted with its flavour.

I had often seen him before. He combined in his character a mixture of shrewdness and simplicity: was a most excellent mathematician and an accomplished classical scholar: but of the world he knew next to nothing. From youth to age had been spent within the limits of the parish, over which, ferula in hand, he had presided for more than a quarter of a century,—at once a teacher and an oracle! Of course, he was deeply imbued with the superstitions of his native country, (for the superstitions of the north differ from those of the south,—nay, every district has its own shade of belief!) but he was especially familiar with the wild legends of that rocky glen (the defiles, near the Kilworth mountains, commonly known by the name of Araglin, once famous for the extent of illicit distillation carried on there,) in which he had spent the golden days of his youth and manhood, in the useful but noiseless tenor of a scholastic life.

It was to this eccentric character that my host triumphantly referred me for full information respecting the existence and the vagaries of the fairies. He wasted no time in prefatory proof of the former, but plunged at once into the heart of his story, and told the following tale:—

"You know the high hill that overlooks the town of Fermoy? Handsome and thriving place as it now is, I remember the time when there were only two houses in that same town, and one of them was only in course of building! Well, there lived on the other side of Corran Thierna (the mountain in question) one of the Barry's, a gentleman who was both rich and good. I wish we had more of the same stamp among us now:—'tis little of the Whiteboys would trouble the country then. He had a fine fortune, kept a fine house, and lived at a ~~gl~~ashing rate. It does not matter, here or there, how many servants he had; but I mention them, because one of them was a very remarkable

fellow. His equal was not to be had, far or near, for love or money.

"This servant was called Con O'Keefe. He was a little old man, with a face the very colour and texture of old parchment, and he had lived in the family time out of mind. He was so small that no one ever thought of putting him to hard work. All that they did was, now and then, from the want of a better messenger, or to humour the old man, to send him to Rathcormuc post-office for letters; but he was too weak and too feeble to walk so far—though it was only a matter of two miles; so they got him a little ass, and he rode on it, quite as proud as a general at the head of an army of conquerors. 'Twas as good as a play to see Con mounted on his ass—you could scarcely make out which had the most stupid look. But neither man nor beast can help his looks!

"Con was not worth his keep, for any good he did: but, truth to say, he had the name of being hand and glove with the fairies, and, at that time, Corran Thierna swarmed with them. They changed their quarters when the regiments from Fermoy barracks took to firing against targets stuck up at the foot of the mountain. Not that a ball could ever hit a fairy, but they hate the noise of the firing, and hate the smell of gunpowder, quite as much as Beelzebub hates holy water.

"But it is reckoned lucky to have a friend of the fairies in the house with you, and that was the reason why he was kept at Barry's fort. Many and many a one could swear to hearing him and the 'good folk' talk together at night, on his return from Rathcormuc with the letter-bag. My own notion is, that if he had any thing to say to them, he'd be too wise to hold conversation with them on the high road, for that might have led to a general discovery. He was fond of a drop; and, when the whiskey was in, he had such famous spirits, and his tongue went so glibly, that, in the absence of other company, he was even forced, as he trotted home, to talk to himself.

"One night, as he was going along pretty fresh, he thought he heard a confused sound of voices in the air, directly over his head. He stopped, and sure enough it was from the fairies, who were chatting away like a bevy of magpies; but he did not know this at the time.

"At first he thought that it might be some of the neighbours wanting to play him a trick. So, to show that he was not afraid, when the voices above and around him kept calling out 'High up! high up!' he put in his spoke, and cried out, bold as a lion, 'High up, high up with ye, my lads!'—No sooner said than done. In a twinkling he was whisked off his ass, and was 'high up' in the air, in the very middle of the

"good people,"—for it happened to be their festival night, and the cry that poor little Con heard was the signal for collecting their numbers for the night. There they were, mighty small, and moving about quick as motes in the sunshine. Although Con had the reputation of being acquainted with them all, you may well believe that there was not a single face among the lot that he knew.

"At length, off they all went, when the leader—a little morsel of a fellow, not bigger than hop-o'-my-thumb—bawled out, 'High for France, high for France, high over!' Off they went, through the air—quick as if they were on a steeple chase. Moss and moor—mountain and valley—land and water were all left behind, and they never once halted until they reached the coast of France.

"They made for the house (they call it *chateau* there) of a great lord—one of the signors of the court—and, without leave or license, bolted through the key-hole into his wine cellar. How little Con was squeezed through, I never could understand, but it is as sure as fate that they took him with them into the cellar. They soon got astride of the casks, and commenced drinking the best wines, without waiting to be invited. Con, you may be sure, was not behind any of them, as far as the drinking went,—the more he was allowed, the better relish he had for their tipples. The 'good people' wondered at his great thirst, and pressed him to take enough, and I'll be bound that Con was never the man who'd wait to be asked twice. So they drank on until night slipped away, and the sun—like a proper gentleman as he is—sent in his first bright beams a sort of gentle hint that it was full time to return. So off they went, and, in half an hour or so, they had crossed over the wild sea, and dropped Con ('pretty well, I thank you,' by this time,) on the precise spot where they had found him the night before. While in the cellar he had been drinking out of a beautiful golden cup, and, by some mistake or other, it had slipped up the sleeve of the large loose coat he wore, and he brought it with him. [Not that Con was not very honest, but, being in his cups, where was the wonder if he 'took a cup too much?']

"Con was soon awakened by the warm sunbeams playing on his face. He thought, at first, he had been dreaming, and he'd have thought so until this day, but, when he got on his feet the golden goblet fell on the road before him, and made it clear that it was no dream.

"He said his prayers directly, between him and harm. He put up the cup and went home, where, as his little ass had returned the night before without him, the family had given him up as lost or drowned.

Indeed, some of them whispered that he must have gone off for good, with the fairies.

"Now, does not this convince you that there must be such things as fairies? Sure, it is not more than twenty years since I heard himself tell the whole story from beginning to end; and he'd say or swear with any man, that the entire of it was true as gospel. And, sure as my name is Dennis O'Caun, I do believe that Con was in strange company that night."

"But, Mr. O'Cann, we must have more proof than little Con's own declaration."

"To be sure you shall. Was not, then, the golden cup at Barry's-fort, and to be seen—as seen it was—by the whole country?"

"Certainly, if the cup is to be seen, the case is altered materially."

"But I did not say that the cup is at Barry's-foot, only that it *was*. The end of the story is, indeed, quite as strange and curious as the beginning."

"When Con O'Keefe came back from his wonderful excursion, no one would believe the story he told them; for though it was whispered that he was great with the fairies, yet, when the matter came to the test, they did not give credit to it. But Con soon settled their doubts; he brought forward the cup, and there was no gainsaying that evidence."

"Mr. Barry took the cup into his own keeping, and the name and residence of the French lord being carved on it, he determined (as in honour bound) to send it home again. So he went off to Cove, without any delay, taking Con with him; and, luckily, as there was a vessel going off to France that very day, he sent off Con with the cup, and his very best compliments."

"The cup was the favourite goblet of the French lord,—a rare piece of family plate, given to one of his ancestors by one of the old kings of France,—and nothing could equal the hubbub and confusion that arose when it was missed. His lordship called for some wine at dinner, and then great was his anger when the cup could not be found. In his passion—and he swore like any trooper—he took a solemn oath that he would never taste a drop of any thing

stronger than pure water, until the cup was on his table again; and that if it was not forthcoming in a week, he'd turn off every servant he had, and without giving them a character."

"High and low the cup was searched for, but without finding it, as you may suppose. At last the week came to an end—the servants had all their clothes packed up, to be off in the morning. His lordship was getting dreadfully tired of drinking cold water, and the whole house was, as one may say, turned topsy-turvy, when, to the delight and admiration of all, in came Con O'Keefe, from Ireland, with a letter from Mr. Barry, and the golden cup, safe and sound!"

"To be sure he was welcome. His lordship made it a point to get 'glorious' that night, and, as in duty bound, the whole household followed his example, with all the pleasure in life. You may be certain that Con played away finely at the wine—you know the fairies had made him 'free of the cellar,' so he knew the taste of the wine by that time; aye, and relished it, too. Without a shadow of doubt, they all had high life below stairs to perfection that evening."

"Con was sent back with many fine presents for his master, and a long purse of gold for himself. From that day to the day of his death, he never met with the fairies again, nor took 'a cup too much,' except in the real Irish acceptance of the word—the cup being figuratively put for its contents."

"And, Mr. O'Cann, do you believe *all* this fine story?" "Why, in truth, there are some parts that require an elastic mind to take it in: but there is no doubt that Con *was* sent over to France, where there was a great to-do about a golden cup. If the tale be true—and I tell it as Con used to relate it, especially when overcome by liquor, and when they say truth is sure to be spoken—it is proof positive that there have been fairies, and that not very long ago."

There was no combatting such arguments as these, based upon an "if," so I did not attempt the task, and the schoolmaster in triumph remained master of the unploughed field of ignorance.

R. S. M.

THE LONELY WRECK.

BY G. R. CARTER.

No more like a giant awaked from his sleep,
Shall the vessel unfold her white sails on the deep;
No more shall the thunder that slept in her sides,
Proclaim the dominion she holds o'er the tides:
Her proud flag is humbled, and silent her deck,
And the winds sing a dirge around the lone wreck.

As wild as the seamen, with billows surrounded,
O'er the trackless expanse of the waters she bounded;
And when her commander for battle array'd her,
She dared the attack, and destroyed the invader;
But the days of her triumph are ended and past,
And the stormy winds moan round her quivering mast.

What rapture awoke in the hearts of the brave,
As, at first, they beheld her consigned to the wave!
When the skies, on whose bosom the golden clouds lay,
Empurpled the peaks of the mountains with day.
How changed is the scene!—she's encircled with foam,
And her crew are estranged from their country and home.

A wreck more sublime than the ship or her crew
In the drama of Nature we frequently view.
How often some genius assumes the deep lyre,
Till its chords are instinct with expression and fire;
But death chills the spirit that broke forth in song,
Ere its heart-thrilling music is heard by the throng.

MEMOIR OF CHARLOTTE CORDAY.

BORN 1768—DIED 1793.

Amongst the many extraordinary females who, from time to time, have been conspicuous in the world, through their heroism and patriotic devotion, none, perhaps, is more worthy of notice than the subject of the present Memoir.

Marie Anne Charlotte Corday, or, as she is usually called, simply *Charlotte Corday*, was born at Rouen, in the year 1768. Her father was descended from a noble family, and had himself formerly been Master of the Horse to the King. At the death of her mother, which happened when she was very young, she retired to Caen, in the department of Calvados, to reside with one of her female relations, although her father was still living at Argentan, in the department of Orne. Of her early history very little is known. All that appears certain, is, that every attention was paid to her education, in order properly to expand the naturally strong powers of her mind. Gifted with a beautiful form, and a modest, yet at the same time dignified carriage, she seemed calculated to inspire the beholder with admiration.¹ Her moral character ever remained unimpeached, even by those whom she had rendered her enemies by her anti-jacobinical doctrines. The occupations in which she delighted were chiefly mental, and rather of a serious cast. Her reading embraced not only the literature of her own country, but extended also to

that of the ancient Greeks and Romans. It was the study of the history of this latter people, (as will be seen by a letter she wrote a short time previous to her death to the proscribed Deputy Barbaroux, which will be found in a latter part of this paper,) in which she seems to have formed but too favourable an opinion of Brutus, that first instigated her to the murder of Marat, from whom neither herself nor any of her family had ever received any personal injury. It was only the accounts she heard of the daily enormities perpetrated by this monster, who was continually exciting the blood-thirsty mob of Paris to excesses towards the respectable and higher orders of the community, that inspired her with the desire of freeing her country from his yoke. Her mind, which was as yet wavering, was shortly afterwards strengthened in its resolution by the following circumstance:—

At the instigation of Marat, and some others of the leading Jacobins, a number of the Deputies belonging to the National Assembly, who were unwilling to second them in all their revolutionary schemes, were at first treated by them with the utmost contempt, and afterwards cast into prison, without even the form of a trial, or any grounds being alleged for such a proceeding. Those towns, therefore, whose Deputies had met with such unjust and barbarous treatment, came to the de-

termination of sending an army to Paris, for the purpose of rescuing their Deputies, and afterwards putting an end to the tyranny of this odious faction. The provinces of Normandy and Brittany in particular entered into this alliance; and Caen, in which town Corday then resided, was chosen as the point of assembly for the expedition. In the mean time, however, the greater part of the Deputies, who had been imprisoned, found means to escape into Normandy. There, by the personal relation of the atrocities perpetrated by Marat and his party, they excited the inhabitants of the district still more to the execution of their project. No sooner was the office opened for the registry of those who wished to enlist in the patriotic undertaking, than thousands of young men, from all parts of the adjacent country, hastened to Caen to join in the expedition for the overthrow of the tyrants at Paris. At the sight of such a concourse of warriors, engaging in such a cause, the heart of a being like Charlotte Corday could not remain unmoved. The thought of so many brave men exposing themselves, perhaps fruitlessly, to the rage of a blood-thirsty faction, raised in her the most painful and sorrowful emotions. Already were present to her mind the despairing cries of disconsolate mothers, whom a cruel death had deprived of their only hope, the prop of their old age;—already she seemed to hear the lamentations of numberless maidens and widows, mourning the loss of their lovers and protectors. These dreadful prospects of the future, which her ardent imagination had presented to her in a tenfold terrible light, added to the frequent interviews with the proscribed Deputies at Caen, raised her abhorrence of the infamous Marat, whom she regarded as the author of the present evils, to the highest pitch. And now it was that, in the heroic spirit of female devotion, she determined at once, and without any assistance, to free her unhappy country from the author of its calamities, the death of whom, she imagined, would put an end to the impending civil war, and thus, by a voluntary sacrifice of herself, preserve the lives of thousands of her countrymen. In order to expose no one else to any danger, she kept her design, which she determined to execute singly, secret from every one, even from her father.

Under the pretence of undertaking a journey to England, she took leave of her

friends and relations at Caen, on the 9th of July, 1793, and travelled by the diligence to Paris. Soon after her arrival there she paid a visit to Duperres, one of the Deputies of Caen, and delivered to him a parcel, that had been entrusted to her by Barbaroux, one of the proscribed Deputies. She held a long conversation with him on the unhappy state of public affairs, but gave him not the slightest idea of the design she had in view. As any intercourse with her, however, in case of its becoming publicly known, might expose him to the suspicion of the Jacobins, who might, therefore, afterwards consider him as an accomplice in the plot, she tried, by every means in her power, to induce him to take his immediate departure from Paris; but without effect. He then expressed his wish of returning the visit on the morrow, which she, however, declined receiving, on account of that being the day appointed for the execution of her daring attempt.

As early as eight o'clock in the morning she went out, and having purchased a large knife, which she concealed in her bosom, she drove in a coach to Marat's hotel, where she was, however, refused admittance. Having calculated upon such a refusal, she delivered a letter to the servant for her master, in which she requested the permission of a personal interview, assuring him that she could give him information of a very extensive conspiracy. In the evening she again applied for admittance, but received the same answer as in the morning. Corday, however, determined not to be dismissed a second time, pretended to have very important disclosures to make. Marat was then in the bath, and overhearing the dispute, ordered the servants to admit her into his presence; when, after a number of preliminary questions as to her name, place of abode, and the object of her visit to Paris, he learned the conversation of the proscribed Deputies at Caen, observing at the same time that "their heads should soon fall under the guillotine." Scarcely had he uttered these words, which were a new proof of his murderous intentions, than Corday, drawing the knife from her bosom, stabbed him with it to the heart. He cried out but once faintly for assistance, fell to the ground, and a few moments afterwards expired.

The deed was no sooner committed, than, remaining motionless in the apart-

ment, she announced her name, and surrendered herself to the attendants, who hastened to the assistance of their master.

On Marat's assassination becoming publicly known, a number of municipal officers, and members of the Committee of Safety, hastened to his hotel, by whom Corday underwent a preliminary examination. One of the members, thinking to intimidate her, reminded her of the guillotine, to which she replied merely with a smile. Whilst hooted and insulted by the mob with the most dreadful imprecations, on her way to the Abbaye, she betrayed not the slightest emotion, having apprehended much worse treatment—nothing short of instant death from Marat's personal favourites.

On the 17th of July, at about eight o'clock in the morning, she was removed from her prison, and brought before the Revolutionary Tribunal. Her answers to the interrogatories of the court were all given in the most heroic spirit. Her deportment, during the whole of the trial, was modest and dignified. She not only surprised the audience by her wit, but also excited their admiration by her eloquence. She acknowledged the whole of the transaction, and the motives that had prompted her to it, with the most perfect candour; and even went so far as to justify her conduct, by declaring it was a duty she owed to mankind, and the world in general. From the following specimen of her answers, some idea may be formed of her character. After being questioned as to her name and age, and the principal points relating to the murder, the examination proceeded as follows:—

Q. What tempted you to murder Marat?

A. His crimes.

Q. What do you mean by his crimes?

A. The misfortunes which anarchy has inflicted on my country. Marat has rendered our national character depraved, and corrupted the morals of the people. For four years has this monster been a disgrace to us through his crimes; but, happily, he was not a native Frenchman.*

Q. Have you any associates?

A. Yes!

Q. Who are they?

A. All upright men in France! Are you, gentlemen, so little acquainted with the human heart as not to perceive that no other inspiration was needed—that it is much better to execute one's own will than a stranger's.

* Marat was born at the village Baudry, near Neufchatel, in Switzerland.

Q. Did Barbaroux know the cause of your journey to Paris?

A. How could he know it?

Q. Had you a design upon any other beside Marat?

A. No!

Q. Do you like the republican form of government?

A. Do I like it? Yes, I do; and am, perhaps, better acquainted with it than most persons; but the French have neither spirit nor energy to be good republicans. I see around me none but egotists, seeking to raise themselves on the ruins of their fellow-citizens. In the National Assembly I see ignorant and cowardly persons tamely looking on, whilst others are treading the laws of humanity under foot, and kindling civil war; I am therefore weary of living any longer amongst such a degraded people.

Q. Do you know this knife?

A. Yes; it is the same with which I slew the author of anarchy.

Q. What did you propose to yourself by the murder of Marat?

A. To put a stop to the commotions raging in my country; and then, if possible, to make my escape to England.

Q. But how could you form such a resolution as to assassinate a man whom you had never known?

A. I slew him to save the lives of a hundred thousand others! I was a republican long before the Revolution, and I never yet wanted energy.

Q. What do you understand by energy?

A. The sentiment which animates those who, disdaining the consideration of their own safety, sacrifice themselves for the good of their country!

We are sorry that the limits assigned to our Memoir preclude us from giving the remainder of the questions put to her by the judges; all of which were answered in the same collected and energetic manner as the foregoing.

Chauveau, the person appointed by the Revolutionary Tribunal to defend her, made no use of the arts generally employed by advocates in the defence of their clients, and which, in fact, on the present occasion would have been but of little service. His whole defence, with which, however, Corday expressed her entire satisfaction, consisted only of the following words:—

“The defendant (said he) confesses freely the dreadful deed of which she stands accused. She confesses freely that it had long been the subject of her thoughts; she confesses the horrible circumstances attending the execution of it; in one word, she confesses all. This,

citizens, is the whole of her defence. This intrepid calmness, this total denial of herself, this freedom from all remorse, as it were, in the very sight of death, however sublime it may appear, is not natural; it can only be accounted for from an excessive degree of political fanaticism. Upon you, citizens, depends what weight this moral consideration shall have in the scale of justice. I leave it entirely to your judgment."

The jury, having found her guilty, the judges immediately decreed the punishment of death. Upon this sentence, which she heard with the greatest composure, being pronounced, she gave a joyful exclamation, and then, addressing herself to her advocate, thanked him in the following terms:—

"Your defence of me, Sir, was skilful and noble, and the only one suited to my situation. I thank you for it from the bottom of my heart. That you have won my esteem by it I will instantly prove to you. Those gentlemen (pointing to the judges) have just informed me that my property is confiscated to the state; in my prison I have incurred a small debt, which I entreat you to settle for me when I am gone."

Having been reconducted to her prison, she partook of a roasted fowl with an apparently tolerable appetite. A few hours afterwards, when the executioner arrived to lead her to the place of execution, she wrote a letter to the Deputy Doulcet Pomtecoûtant, whom she had at first solicited to be her advocate, reproaching him for having refused such a request, and representing to him the noble manner in which Chauveau had acquitted himself of the task.

In the public reports of the day, two other letters are set forth, said to have been written by her in prison previously to her trial, one of which was addressed to the proscribed Deputy Barbaroux, which we have already alluded to, and the other to her father. From the first, which is dated the 16th of July, eight o'clock in the evening, and runs to a considerable length, we will extract a few passages, as tending greatly to confirm many of our foregoing remarks. The beginning contains a relation of the events that occurred to her from the time of her departure from Caen, up to the very moment of her stabbing Marat.

"I confess (says she, towards the conclusion of the letter,) that what made me fully determined to do the deed, was the courage and enthusiasm with which our volunteers enlisted on Sunday, the 7th inst. In short, I thought it a pity that so many brave men should have to march up to Paris to fetch the head of an individual, whom, after all, they might have missed. I did not consider him at all worthy of such an honour; the hand of a woman was, in my opinion, sufficient for the purpose. When I left Caen it was my intention to have immolated him on the summit of the Mountain* of the National Assembly, which, however, I found he had discontinued visiting." * * *

"At Paris they cannot conceive how a woman could, in cold blood, sacrifice her own life for the sake of saving her country. I expected nothing less than to be murdered on the spot." * * * "May peace soon be restored! There is now one tyrant the less, and without this we never could have obtained it. As for myself, I have enjoyed peace for these two days; the happiness of my country is mine." * * * "In my whole life I never hated but one being; and I have now shown what I am. Those who pity me, should rather rejoice that they will see me in the Elysian fields with Brutus and others of the ancients. The moderns have no charms for me, they are such despicable people. There are few patriots that know how to die for their country."

"To-morrow morning, at eight o'clock, is the time appointed for my trial; perhaps by noon I shall have lived to speak the language of the Romans. How I may conduct myself in my last moments I cannot say; and it is only the end that crowns the work. There is no occasion for my affecting insensibility to my fate, as at present I have not the slightest fear of death. I never valued life except for the utility it might bring with it."

The letter to her father, dated on the same day as the preceding, was as follows:

"Pardon me, my dear father, for having disposed of my life without your permission.

"I have avenged many innocent beings, and been the means of preventing the death of others. When the eyes of the people are

* Without some explanation, this term may be rather unintelligible to many of our readers. At this period of the Revolution two parties were predominant in France, viz. the Republican and the Jacobin party. The former, at the head of which was Brissot, were generally called Brissotines, though sometimes Girondists, from many of its partisans coming from the department of Gironde. The latter, or Jacobin party, went by the name of "The Mountain," from many of its members occupying the highest seats in the hall of the Assembly, and was headed at first by Robespierre and Danton, and afterwards by Marat.

opened, they will certainly rejoice at being delivered from a tyrant. The reason of my feigning a journey to England arose from my wish to remain *incognita*, but I soon found that impossible. I only trust that you will not be injured by what I have done; at all events you will find protectors at Caen. Farewell, my dear father; forget me, or rather rejoice at my fate. You know your daughter; no bad motive could have impelled her. Embrace my sister for me, whom I love with all my heart, as well as all my relations. Remember the words of Cornelle :—

'Le crime fait la honte, et non pas l'échafaud.'

"To-morrow, at eight o'clock, I shall appear before my judges."

About five o'clock in the afternoon, she was removed from her prison to the place of execution. On her way thither, which occupied upwards of two hours, she displayed the same firmness and composure that had rendered her such an object of admiration on her trial. The streets, through which the mournful procession passed, were lined with thousands of persons, some of whom, indeed, had the brutality to insult her ears with the most dreadful imprecations, for having deprived them of their chief, and the abettor of their crimes. But neither reproaches nor imprecations affected in the least the serenity and mildness which shone in her beautiful countenance. She mounted the dreadful scaffold, at the sight of which

many a bearded warrior had trembled, with the most undaunted firmness, and saluted the surrounding spectators, who now changed their former imprecations into loud acclamations. She adjusted her head herself under the dreadful machine; and, before the completion of her twenty-fifth-year, offered up her own life for the sake of saving thousands of her fellow-countrymen. When the axe had terminated her existence, the executioner seized her head, beautiful even in death, and showing it to the surrounding multitude, gave it several buffets, no doubt with the idea of thus getting into their favour; but even this rabble, accustomed as it was to every species of crime and barbarity, showed its indignation at the atrocity, by insisting that the wretch should be immediately punished.

Thus perished, by an untimely death, the beautiful and unfortunate Charlotte Corday. Her corpse was buried in the church-yard of St. Magdelaine, not far from the grave of Louis XVI.

To enter into any examination of the morality of the deed by which this self-devoted heroine sought to benefit her country is not our province: our readers must form their own opinion on the subject. In whatever light, however, her conduct is viewed, one thing is certain: that with her own sex her example is unlikely ever to find many followers.

THE CONTEST OF THE SPIRITS.

FIRST SPIRIT.

From my loved Italian shore,
Gladden'd by my smile no more,
From the gently heaving wave
In whose spray my form I lave,
From the rose and jasmine bowers,
Blushing with a thousand flowers—
From that sunny strand I hie;
Who on earth so blest as I?
My home is in the moon-lit spray,
Yet shun I not the eye of day:
I wander oft, unseen, unheard,
When fair Aurora's warbling bird
First tunes her lays—I love the land
Where, as if touch'd by genii's wand,
O'er all the smooth enamell'd plains
Unfading beauty ever reigns.
Dear, art thou! smiling Italy,
What spirit half so blest as I?

SECOND SPIRIT.

My dwelling is th' Atlantic wave—
There, upon a bursting billow,
Furious, raging, is my pillow.
There my dwelling-place I have:
Who, of all the sons of air,
Can subvert my empire there—
What is Italy's softened strand,
What her rose, or what her vine,
Tho' the sunbeam ever shine—
What's this *gay*, luxurious land,
To my echoing, foaming tide?
You, sprites of Italy, may hide
Your heads in your own southern flowers;
I am Ocean's lord—alone
I listen to its hollow moan.
Away, ye elves of perfumed bowers—
Mine be the stormy and the wild,
Be yours the soft, the fair, the mild.

THIRD SPIRIT.

My home is in the trackless air—
Wrapt in a shroud of moonlight fair,
Invisible I now have flown
To listen to old Ocean's moan—

No Afterthought when once a Wife.

To hear the Nereid's midnight song,
 To view each pure melodious wave,
 Bright in the moonshine—fled I have
 From my ethereal home, along
 The shore of earth. What spirit dare
 With me compete? Your homes are fair,
 But mine the loveliest is of all—
 Reply, ye elves of this high hall.

QUEEN OF THE SPIRITS.

Cease, blest sylphs, this contest vain—
 Glorious spirit of the main,
 Thy thund'ring waves are grand and bright :
 Gay spirit of the realms of light,
 Thy home ærial is and pure,
 'Tis exquisite; and be thou sure,
 Glad spirit of th' Hesperian land,
 Thine is the fairest earthly strand.
 Sweet are thy roses, rich thy vines,
 Thy fields where Phœbus ever shines.
 But see, the first bright tinge of day
 Crimsons the waves—Aurora's ray
 Colours the east—ye sylphs regain
 Your homes—the moon is on the wane.

M. M.

NO AFTERTHOUGHT WHEN ONCE A WIFE.

" These awful words, 'Till death do part,'
 May well alarm the youthful heart.
 No afterthought—when once a wife,
 The die is cast, and cast for life."

To those young ladies who are about to pronounce, or who have already pronounced vows, which nought save death can disannul, the following "hints" are suggested. To the former I would say, pause and reflect seriously ere you enter into a new state, whether you can conscientiously fulfil all the duties which it imposes upon you; and let the latter recollect that, as their destiny is irrevocably sealed, their duty now is "to bear and forbear," even should they not have drawn prizes in the matrimonial lottery.

A good wife should be perfectly free from affectation, vanity, and that thirst for universal admiration which, if not checked in the bud, may eventually lead to the most unhappy consequences. "The die is cast," and it becomes, therefore, her duty to devote her whole soul to the task (should it unfortunately prove one) of *pleasing HIM* who has chosen her from among the multitude to be the partner of his "joys and sorrows." Selfishness must not enter into her character, and she should at all times be ready to give up her own opinions to his—to consult him in every thing, and invariably, when he returns home from the business or pleasures of

the day, as the case may be, receive him with a smile of cheerfulness and delight. Let her especially beware of ever exhibiting either caprice or waywardness of temper.

Should he ever in a moment of irritation, whether from a just or unjust cause, utter an unkind word, as she values her own future peace, let her not by an angry retort add fuel to the flame already kindled. The wisest of men has said, "a soft answer turneth away wrath, but grievous words stir up anger;" and a look even, at such a moment, would be capable of sowing the seeds of endless discord. In such a case she must bear meekly with his infirmities of temper; and if he proves to be in the wrong, wait until he is calm ere she attempts her own justification. Above all things, let her beware of acquainting "her friends" with any matrimonial differences that may arise; for there is nothing more degrading to a woman's pride than, on that score, to be the object of pity amongst her acquaintances, the female part of which (like the *Commères* in La Fontaine's fable, who magnified one egg into two dozen or thereabouts.) will assuredly assist her to swell out the catalogue

of his misdemeanors to such an extent that she will think him "the vilest of the vile," and herself "the most injured of her sex." Thence proceed eternal quarrels and recriminations; for what man will forgive, or at least place any confidence in the woman who thus informs the world of those dissensions which should be hid in the inmost recesses of her own breast?

It should be the supreme pleasure of a good wife to make home as agreeable as possible to her husband: those numberless attentions to which the French give the title of "*petits soins*," and which the woman who loves knows so well how to pay, should not be neglected: she should consider nothing as trivial which could win a smile of approbation from him. Should he be fond of society, and his income permit him to indulge in it, she should assist him gracefully in doing the honours of his table; and as the household affairs would be exclusively her department, she should not trust to servants, but superintend every thing herself. However extensive her establishment, economy should be strictly enjoined, and extravagance even in trifles carefully avoided.* The neglect of this has been the ruin of too many families, and bitter must be the reflections of that woman, who, by her thoughtlessness on such points, has brought misery on all those most dear to her! If, on the contrary, her husband is fond of retirement, she must not, by constantly filling the house with company, give him cause of complaint, as there is nothing more annoying to a person of studious and retired habits than a never-ending influx of idle visitors.

Extravagance in dress is a growing evil, and should be checked ere it becomes "a subtle bosom sin." If women would re-

flect a moment, they would find that "a meek and quiet spirit" is their greatest ornament; that scrupulous cleanliness and neatness—that an innate modesty and elegance of mind, which characterises, or should characterise, every woman of education and good breeding, together with an amiable disposition, a cheerful and obliging temper, and an earnest desire to please, would gain and retain their husband's affections more effectually than all the tawdry trappings of fashion.

If a woman possess showy accomplishments, she should only bring them forward after marriage, to enliven her own fireside, unless her husband take a pride in seeing her shine in company; in that case his will must be law. She should pay a due regard to her health, and, if delicate, not exhaust his patience by constant complaints and unavailing murmurs, which would only tend to depress his spirits, without affording her the least benefit.

A proper sense of religious duties and a due observance of public worship being the foundation of every virtue in woman, and so necessary to her temporal as well as eternal welfare, cannot be too strongly inculcated. Wives in particular should attend to the advice of St. Peter, who tells them "to be in subjection to their own husbands; that if any obey not the word, they also may without the word be won by the conversation of the wives! while they behold your chaste conversation coupled with fear. Whose adorning, let it not be the outward adorning of plaiting the hair, and of wearing of gold, or of putting on of apparel; but let it be the hidden man of the heart, in that which is not corruptible, even the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is, in the sight of God, of great price."

MEMOIR OF CATHERINE THE SECOND, EMPRESS OF RUSSIA.

BY THE DUCHESSE D'ABRANTES.

There has been lately published at Paris, a biographical sketch of Catherine of Russia, the great bad woman of the north, written by the graphic pen of the Duchesse d'Abantes. This memoir exhibits the varied talents of Madame Junot in a new light. Sometimes she appears to forget the severity of unornamented truth rather more than we should wish, if we were searching for authentic information on such a subject. No one can, however, deny that Madame Junot is the first female

writer of France at the present day, and that her style is always sprightly and entertaining whenever she chooses to write. Her work proceeds thus:—

In the midst of the splendid *fetes* given soon after the conquest of the Crimea, and in celebration of the victory, a warning voice reached Catherine of Russia, which seemed to declare that the time was not far distant when she must render an account of her guilty life,

Gregory Orloff, who had been the

instrument of her usurpation, had for some years retired from court. Disgusted by the domination of Potemkin, and the succession of new favourites, Orloff had requested permission to travel. Laden with the riches heaped on him by his sovereign, he visited various countries in Europe. "Orloff was married; he had espoused the young Countess Zinowiew, his cousin, lady of the cipher of the Empress.* She was amiable and handsome, and this man enjoyed great domestic happiness, a blessing that he had little deserved. At Lausanne he lost his wife, after an illness of a few days. The passions of Orloff, always violent, seemed to be concentrated in the agony of grief he felt when he closed the eyes of this soother of his life. The frenzy of despair that succeeded her immediate loss, was followed by a settled melancholy; his attendants were deceived by this apparent quietude, and he took the way to Russia without any one perceiving that grief had unsettled his reason. The evening of his arrival, there was a grand *fete* at Tzarco Zelo; the halls resounded with joyous and animated airs, the waltzing groups went round the dancing room with celerity, and in the midst of this lively crowd, Catherine leant on the arm of Lanskoï, a new favourite, whom she really believed loved her from gratitude, and of whom she was doatingly fond. All of a sudden a man in deep mourning presented himself before her: he wore the first decorations of the Russian empire, and a crowd of foreign orders besides, but all oddly put on, and fantastically jumbled together; his hair was in the utmost disorder, his face ghastly pale. Catherine shuddered when she recognised Gregory Orloff.

" 'Ah well, Katinka,' he said, with a delirious laugh, 'you still have a taste for dancing then? Will you waltz with me? Don't let my black dress scare you?'

"And he looked alternately at his mourning habit, and at Catherine. All of a sudden, his countenance assumed an expression of wildness.

" 'Did you know that my wife was dead?' he shouted out with a terrible voice, 'did you know it, I say? And if you did know it, how *dared* you give a ball when my poor Zinowiew was scarcely buried? Eternal perdition seize you if you committed such an outrage.'

* One of the orders of her court: they wore her initials in gold and jewels.

"He glanced round him as if intent upon mischief. In a moment he seized a chair, and dashing it against the ground, broke it as it had been a wine-glass. Lanskoï advanced to protect the Empress—but she, who at the moment that she recognised Orloff had seen that he was out of his mind, immediately interposed, and, speaking with great softness, assured him that she did not know till then that his wife was dead.

" 'Yes, she is dead,' said Orloff, shaking his head and folding his hands, 'she is dead—angel that she was,—and, as for me, I remain behind. I am very unhappy, Katinka, for I loved that wife of mine very dearly—I loved her passionately!'

"And this savage Orloff shed tears of love and despair for the loss of his wife. All of a sudden he perceived Lanskoï, and began to laugh.

" 'Ah, ah!' he said, 'who is it we have here—a new favourite? Hum, you are very young, child! Poor ninnyhammer, how will you like to take a sudden tumble from this elevation?' He then redoubled his sallies of laughter, and added such insulting expressions respecting the Empress, that Lanskoï, whose sisters were present, sprang forward to expel him by force. Orloff looked on him with an expression of contempt, and extending an arm which would have demolished the elegant figure of the favourite at a blow, he said, 'another step and I will fling you out of this window'—showing him one close by.

" 'Orloff! Orloff!' cried Catherine in a tone of remonstrance: then addressing Lanskoï, whom she retained by force, she added, 'let him alone, don't you see he is mad?'

" 'Oh! to be sure: I am mad, am I?' retorted Orloff with a bitter laugh; and then he added, 'And who has made me mad? Is it not thee, Katinka? Was it not for thy sake that I became a regicide, an assassin, and stamped on my brow the sign of a murderer, which makes all men flee that look thereon? And now, woman, thou sayest I am mad.'

"He raised his arm, and his menacing attitude so terrified the Empress, that she uttered a cry, and sunk half fainting on a sofa. Her terror recalled Orloff to himself for a few instants, but he still retained his savage manners. He turned away from the Empress, and left the royal apartments

in silence, darting, as he went, on the festive groups, ferocious looks which chilled them with terror. To those young people who did not remember the demeanour of Orloff, when, in the meridian of his power, he used to traverse those apartments, the scene was inexplicable.

"For a long time Catherine retained the greatest terror of this formidable visitation. More than once again Orloff forced himself into her presence. She dared not forbid him the court, for, mad as he was, he awed her. The reproaches with which he loaded her, made every one shudder. At last, he was carried to Moscow by force. In a state of phrenzy he declared the apparition of Peter the Third was ever present to his eyes; that

this murdered monarch never left him for an instant. Wherever he was, he said, he pursued him, crying for vengeance. He died in despair, the beginning of April, 1785.

"Vladimer Orloff returned to the Empress her portrait, surrounded with diamonds, which his deceased brother, like all her other favourites, always wore on the breast-button of his coat. Catherine gazed on it for some moments in silence, then returned it to Vladimer, and desired him to give it from her to Alexis Orloff, with permission to carry it as his brother had done. In fact, Alexis had shared the crimes of Gregory, and, in his turn, was now to inherit the same rewards."

LINES FOUND IN THE CELL OF A MANIAC.

Supposed to have been written during a storm.

Rise, spirit of the whirlwind, dread demon of the blast,
And crush an abject wretch whose dream of hope is past :
Stern elements, I brave ye, for your hottest rage can ne'er
Equal my bosom's storm—increase the torture there.
Oh ! reason, consciousness, why do ye return at times
To tell me what I am—to tax me with my crimes ;
To remind me of the past :—and oh, why at times upraise
The curtain of futurity—shew unto my gaze
A hideous boundless space, the place for spirits curst,
Where seem shadowy fiends to hover, until my spirit burst
It's clayey limits ? * * *

* * * * *

Though dark, and dimly seen through a twilight's mystic gloom,
'Tis Hades, dread abode—'tis there I see my doom.
Hope, e'en cheering hope, from me, from guilty me hath fled,
Dead amongst the living, yet living 'midst the dead.
Come, madness, raging madness, come ; for thy worst horrors are
To the tortures of remorse to be preferred far.
I see the vengeance of my God, I hear his awful calls,
In the stormy winds that roar, in the thunderbolt that falls.
Rave on, ye elements, ye annihilating powers,
Dread noiseful comrades of my gloomy mortal hours :
For oh, 'tis sweet to me to hear the thunders loudly crash,
And mark the crimson lines that streak the lightning's flash.

TALES OF THE ENGLISH CHRONICLES, No. II.—THE GOLDEN RELIC.

BY MRS. GEORGE CROOKSHANK.

In the earlier periods of our history, beings of another world are recorded to have ridden on the wings of the wind—the incubus, or nightmare—and to have wandered about from parish to parish, blasting the corn and the cattle, or casting spells and afflictions over the objects of their indiscriminate enmity. Tradition almost invariably stamps the unhappy mortals, who, in the estimation of the vulgar, were qualified by age or loneliness to hold communion with such spirits, with the seal of the most wretched poverty; and whilst they were supposed to have over all subjected nature a boundless power and an uncontrolled influence, rarely was either exercised in the first law of nature—self-preservation; and few were those who knew where to calculate on the next precarious meal. Though the exceptions were rare, yet among these marked ministers of good or evil, there were some of a superior caste, who, whether they possessed or not the unearthly power attributed to them, were far removed, by nature and qualifications, from the ignorant race with whom popular prejudice had allied them, and to whom, from secret motives, they would instil the notion that they did belong. Of such was the individual of whom we are about to speak.

Dame Sageley had attained the requisite age, and with it the reputation, of dealing in withcraft. She was the only remaining descendant of a once opulent and numerous family, whose possessions extended principally over the wide wilds of Hertfordshire; but in early life much had been sacrificed by her brothers in the rage of the crusades, in which they fell; her husband and three sons were martyrs in the insurrection of Leicester, and with them sunk the remainder of the property.

Alone and desolate, Dame Sageley beheld the domains of her ancestors in the possession of strangers and foreigners; and the only compensation awarded to her in her old age, for the sacrifice of her family and fortunes, was a small house, surrounded by a garden, perhaps half an acre in extent, and a pitiful pension granted to her by Henry the Third, on the borders of the widely-extending forests which then spread down to the banks of

the little river Bulbourn, and separated them from Langley, the residence of that monarch, and the place where he then held his court. The humble village of Langley bears no vestige now of the favour in which it was then held; but at the period to which our tale refers, the long line of houses, whose monotonous bearing is now only occasionally broken by the rattle of a town coach, or the heavy drawl of some agricultural vehicle, was then the scene of merriment and festivity on occasion of the birth of a Prince, afterwards known as Edmund of Langley.

It was little probable that a female of Dame Sageley's reputation should pass unvisited by some one or other of the court party; but, secluded and uncompromising in her nature, she shunned the public gaze, and aware of the reputation which beset her, she as much as possible avoided a contact with the world, save in the little offices of charity and kindness to her poorer neighbours during periods of sickness or sorrow. To her cures of the diseased, and some small relief to persons in poverty, it is not unlikely she was indebted for the reputation of one who held communion with forbidden things. More than usual care had been bestowed on her own education, and even as a girl she had excelled in the limited knowledge of those rude days. Some acquaintance with the healing powers of simples, in an experience of little less than fourscore years, and through numerous vicissitudes of a changing fortune, which she had acquired, rendered her an object of reverence even to those by whom she was feared.

Latterly, another and imperative motive had increased her necessary vigilance for seclusion. A family to whom, in the decline of her falling fortunes, Dame Sageley had been indebted for kindnesses, had fallen into evil days, and of a numerous race one child only remained. Proscribed and hunted down, the shelter which under richer roofs had been denied to her, she found beneath the humble thatch of Dame Sageley. Years had rolled on, and the unconscious and smiling infant had become a fine girl, in the bloom of glowing youth and loveliness; and to preserve her lovely charge from the profane gaze of the visitors at the adjoining palace, to cultivate her intellect and enrich her mind

with whatever resources her own afforded, was the daily occupation of her aged protector; and well were her efforts repaid. To a quick perception and an ardent spirit, the young Gertrude added an intense-ness of application which seconded the efforts of her aged instructress; so that, long before she had arrived at years of maturity, she need not have shrunk abashed before the accomplished and highly-gifted ones of the land, though hitherto she had seen little more than the churls by whom their cottage was surrounded. Amongst her many accomplishments, she had been early accustomed to embody in song, without the aid of any accompaniment, the warm imagery of her own pure and uncontaminated mind; and to pour the effusions of her light heart on the evening breeze, or beneath the pale light of the broad silver moon, was her delightful task, when the ancient dame, beneath the latticed portal of her dwelling, where the eglantine, passion flower, and clematis were blending their harmonies of tint and odour, would press her withered hands upon her head, and, whilst she blessed her with all the fervour and energy of a parent, she would almost forget the sorrows of departed years.

Often, in the calm of the receding day, as the tones of her voice, now deep and sad, now light and mounting, floated over the waters that glided silent and slowly through the valley beneath, have the peasants hurried their steps, and deemed the sounds as not proceeding from an earthly voice. Busy courtiers, too, would linger and listen, and wonder whence such

melody proceeded: but when told from old witch Sageley's cottage, they would pursue their course with a smile of contempt not always unaccompanied with a slight tremor; for even the higher class, in those days, had some belief in supernatural powers being possessed by those who communed with the Evil One.

Bright and happy as were the days of the innocent Gertrude, evil was impending over her; and the light heart, that never knew sorrow but for others, was to be pressed down with its own: yet her aged protector forgot not the duty to which she had devoted herself; and whether her influence partook or not of earth, so it was exercised for good, what did it matter?

During the festivities which succeeded the birth of another heir of England, it had been her care more than usual to seclude her child, as she fondly called Gertrude, and the increasing concourse of visitors rendered such seclusion more than ever needful. Still, when all around were supposed to be within the palace, and peace was on the cottage and the fold, the exuberant and girlish spirits of the youthful inmate would burst forth into song. Frequently would Gertrude wish she could witness the gaiety of the neighbouring court; and sometimes, when the dame would endeavour to repress this wish, and tell her the fulfilment of it would too probably be her ruin, she would almost yield to melancholy; but even then she would indulge in her favourite talent and sing. At such a moment did she warble the following song, in a half-plaintiff tone of repining and melancholy:—

The sun is setting cheerily
On shrub and tree and meadow,
The doe, alarmed, goes bounding by
Beside her lengthening shadow.
Along its course the rivulet
Goes gliding on in gladness,
When I alone am sore beset,
And half inclined to sadness.

The spring-tide comes, and nature wears
Her gorgeous robe before us;
Her course the moon straight onward bears,
Along the blue depths o'er us:
But I, alas the day! am born
For selfish sorrow only;
Like the nightingale, on single thorn
I sing, for I am lonely.

The eagle soars along his path,
He seeks his rocky eirie;
And even the very night bird hath
A task that does not weary.

Above, below, in earth and air,
 All living things are joyous;
 They know no thought like those we bear
 Within us to destroy us.

For I, the simplest of my race,
 Without or grief or sorrow,
 I weary of the happiest place,
 And doat upon the morrow.
 But sorrows o'er me may be flung—
 Alas! I do not need them;
 For what is e'en the heart unwrung
 Without its native freedom?

The last murmurs of her voice had scarcely died away when a quick tapping was heard at the door. So unusual a sound startled the younger inmate; but Dame Sageley, whose blood ran in a more even current, expressed no symptom of alarm, and her calm look composed Gertrude's spirits, as she rose to admit the intruder. It was a youth, apparently of two-and-twenty; but the quivering blaze of the wood embers on the low hearth gave sufficient light to discover that the falcon he bore on his wrist bespoke him an attendant of the court, and his dress was in the extreme of the fashion of those days. He slightly apologised for his intrusion, but with the air of one who felt a consciousness that he was more accustomed to conferring than receiving favours. Notwithstanding a haughtiness of demeanour, his apology, though slight, was made with an air of courtesousness and good-breeding, such as in society is never without its effect. But the dame had seen too much of mankind, their deceit and hypocrisies, to be for a moment deluded by blandishment of manner or a smooth voice, and from the moment she addressed him he felt conscious it was so, and he spoke with less confidence and more respect. "Unaccustomed to the paths on his return from St. Alban's," he said, "he had lost his way, and the distant sound of a voice which he had followed had led him to their door, and he could not resist the temptation to behold the being from whom emanated such sweet melody." He had now only to repeat his apology and withdraw, the dame giving him no encouragement for further discourse. The lights of the palace, still glimmering on the opposite hill, were pointed out to him, with a civil but very cold salutation of adieu! and he turned from their door. Gertrude traced his hasty steps down the descent from their cottage till his figure was lost in the wood that skirted the Bul-

bourn on either side. She heard the splashing of his steps as he waded the ford—she saw him for a moment as he ascended the opposite bank—he was then lost to her anxious sight. Short as had been this interview with the young stranger, the susceptible heart of Gertrude already felt its influence. Her eye was still bent on the spot where he had disappeared. Unconscious of her own feelings, her thoughts were still wandering from her loved home. Still, in imagination, she beheld the stranger, when the hand of her aged monitor, gently resting on her arm, recalled her to herself.—"Child of my dearest affections," said she, "I read in your eye, and your silence, and your downcast look, the revolution that has taken place in your heart. To recal the past is impossible: our efforts must be directed to guard against the future. You know not yet what love is, but you have seen the being you fancy you could love—whom you think you already love. Nay, dear Gertrude, I blame you not; this passion is the curse, as it is the delight of youthful hearts, and the kindest and warmest are its most acceptable victims. I would warn you, Gertrude, but your own heart must be your defender against evil; yet, child, SHUN THIS YOUTH—he would be your perdition. Gertrude, when I shall be laid in the churchyard on the hill, you may, you will, need a protector—a guide. Take, then," she continued, "this small relic." You see it is a golden heart; it encloses your fate. Wear it next your heart. In the hour of danger, break it; and though the knowledge of its contents may rend your heart, it will save you from perdition."

The affectionate girl burst into an agony of grief, and throwing herself on her bosom interrupted her, saying, "Dear mother, speak not so sadly; I will think no more of this handsome stranger; still."

added the artless girl, sighing, "I wish I had not seen him."—"Ah, Gertrude, would to God you had not; would that I could preserve you wholly from that passion which causes the spring of life to pass away in sorrow, and the summer without peace; and makes us the victims of fate and affliction, till the mists of autumn wrap us in their gloom, and leave the bitter blasts of winter entirely to consume us. Retire now, my child, and let me reflect in solitude how we can avert this great evil." The next day the stranger came not: true, he had not promised: ah! was he not expected? He had not hinted an intention of doing so, and yet poor Gertrude felt disappointed. The gay girl had become grave, her smile was no longer the smile of a tranquil spirit, her daily occupations became wearisome, for her thoughts were upon the stranger, and she had resigned the serene slumbers of innocence and peace for tumultuous dreams. At length he did come; then days and weeks passed on, and still he continued a constant visitor. The aged dame forbade him not; she dared not, for she **KNEW HIM**. Still she encouraged him not. The energies of her nature seemed to be leaving her, or was it that her task on earth was nearly done, and that she felt it was so, and resigned herself calmly to the abandonment of her strength and the extinction of her intellects? She saw the young people daily companions; wherever retirement was to be found, in the intricacies of the woodland paths, by the winding of the river, by moonlight, or when the early sun was rising in the east, still they were inseparable. To delight her aged friend was now no longer the only object of Gertrude's songs; to watch her wishes, no longer the sole delight of her heart—the stranger was her all of hope, of thought, of love.

Gradually the good dame Sageley was sinking to that rest which her miseries on earth had long made her sigh for. Constantly she warned Gertrude to think only of the youth as of a stranger, or as a friend, or as a relative, "but as a lover, Gertrude, never! It would be your 'perdition,' and from that I would save you, yet, dare I, yet? No—oft my child, will sorrow dim your eye; frequently will the bitter sigh heave your bosom; my death will come, sickness may befall you, still break not the relic—love may cool, friend-

ship die, wearied hope sink to despair, still **BREAK NOT THE RELIC.**—But, Gertrude, when home, and friends, all, all are lost and sorrow seems wearied with persecution, and a marriage with **THAT YOUTH** promises to secure your happiness, then perdition is hovering o'er you. Then, and only then, break the relic, and you will be saved, though your peace may be a wreck—should you dare to marry him without doing as I, in these my dying hours, command you, soul and body you are lost."

Gertrude sighed, but was silent, yet she cherished the thought that he loved and would never prove false.

From exhaustion the poor old woman ceased her warnings, and the afflicted Gertrude retired, not to sleep, but to wonder at the dame's vehement and mysterious manner, and to think of the youth, whom in spite of every thing, she loved.

The following morning the poor dame was found a corpse, on her knees. Gertrude's tears were the tears of bitterness, and her wailings the agony of an almost broken heart.

Gertrude was now alone in the world, the being who professed to love her was unknown to her, save as an attendant on the Court; her own simple heart had acknowledged him for its lord, but in the pureness of her mind she shrunk from a continual intercourse which the presence of her aged friend had hitherto sanctified. By almost invisible degrees she imagined her lover had become emboldened by the decease of her loved mistress; he no longer stood in awe of that indefensible being,—of that superiority from which he had hitherto shrunk. At length he spoke freely, and then plainly, and when they parted—Gertrude burst into tears. In the violence of her sobs she felt the pressure of the relic, but she dared not have recourse to what she deemed its mystic influence. Sorrow visited her,—but there was now no chance of her marriage with the youth she loved.

Months passed away, and Gertrude had fled from her home. The attentions of her once humble lover were changed to persecutions; the memory of her departed friend clung heavily to her; every little neglect to which she felt she had subjected herself for the man from whom she now fled, returned with accumulated force,—and yet she loved him! The contrast of her once happy home, happy, though

so humble, was ever pressing upon her thoughts. The scene of their first meeting, the witness of their growing affection, all was remembered, but it existed no longer for her: it was lost for ever—yet she loved him! Her misery and degradation, wretchedness and poverty that lay before her, changed not her sentiments, so far faithful is the heart of woman! How unchanging when once she truly loves.

London was not then what London is now: at all times miserable enough for the unhappy, yet too often to it the unhappy fly as to their only shelter. But within its walls there was then no refuge, even in the streets. The beggar fled from the insufferable stench by night, and the precarious alms charity gave were but a poor compensation for the necessity of wading through its filth by day. Into many of the streets daylight scarcely ever penetrated, so closely did the upper stories approach each other by the projecting buildings, that they nearly met overhead—yet to London fled the wretched Gertrude. It was not long ere misery had worked its worst with her, save that it could not deprive her of her innocence. Her little property was expended, and her trifling personals had all been disposed of. Exhausted and hungry, the fragile form of the once lovely Gertrude had wandered from the city, and, with her head resting against a bank, she lay on the public footpath which crossed an open field where now Alder-gate-street is situate, without a roof to shelter her.

There are always wretches to oppress the desolate. A heartless rabble soon collected, making a mockery of her. She was almost too far gone to heed them; but as she raised her languid eye to some two or three figures that stood aloof, as though she would implore protection, though too feeble to ask it, she caught the eye of her lover, her oppressor, her pursuer. With the little strength that remained she sprung towards him, she clung to his knees, and by all his sworn affection she conjured him to save her. He spurned her from him, and ordered her to be seized, accusing her of witchcraft. She shrieked aloud. The mob receded, as if fearing contagion, to make room for her to pass, deafening the suffering girl with their groans and hisses. On her first being cast into prison, such was her debility, there was no expectation of her

recovery. Her sweetness of temper excited feelings of humanity in her jailors, and with their care she was sufficiently recovered to understand the nature of the situation in which she was so cruelly placed. Still she poured forth the gratitude of a thankful heart that even her present misery protected her from her lover's importunities. Alas! she was deceived. Her returning health and strength were duly intimated to him who had brought upon her all this misery. Emboldened, yet apparently softened, he came, yet again insulted her by offering the gilded infamy she had already rejected. He then essayed taunting her with her miseries, and pointed out to her that his simple word could extricate her. She reproached him not; but she said, depending on her own uprightness, she had measured his love by her own, and most bitter was her disappointment. He left her, saying she would repent when too late even for him to save her.

The next morning she was arraigned. On the bench of her judges sate her accuser. HE, the SON OF THE MONARCH—her lover—was there to accuse her. Then she felt the truth of all Dame Sageley had said—then she felt the mercy of her warning, but too late—bowed her head meekly, but made no reply to the accusations brought against her, though she felt all was false. She was condemned to six months' imprisonment; yet not even whilst they were bearing her away was her affection wholly subdued, though now she felt it hopeless. Heavily and wearily passed the term of her imprisonment, and latterly her lover had ceased his persecutions. At the conclusion of her punishment, with an aching heart she bent her steps to the scene of her childhood, of her hapless love. She shrunk from the great city. She felt chastened by affliction, if that which was pure could be rendered more so. She now looked on the past with less passion, and upon the future with more hope. She resolved to return to the cottage, her sole inheritance, and by labour and diligence procure a subsistence, and forget her persecutor. But what can represent her horror when, on reaching the long-cherished spot, she found the cottage that had sheltered her infancy, the cottage in which she had learnt all her lessons of piety and goodness, the cottage rendered dear by the hallowed remembrance of her deeply-lamented protectress,

that cottage, the scene of all her hope, of all her love, scathed, and a blackened ruin: the garden, too, was destroyed, and not a vestige of former beauty or comfort remained. Her heart at once told her who had done this; and then, and then only, she felt she loved him no longer! She had borne the death of her hopes, the persecution, the neglect, the scorn of him she loved, his insult, his contumely: but thus to strike at the root of all her fond remembrances, thus to render her homeless, she thought he must be a heartless wretch, indeed, and she ceased to love him, or thought she had. Nature and nature's wants will be heard in despite of the direst, deepest sorrow; and poor Gertrude found her bodily strength diminish as her mental powers became more vigorous. She thought of the relic. "Alas!" she said, "now I never shall need to break it. Want and ruin to all my hopes are before me; but now he, the son of a long line of monarchs, will never seek me, seek my hand. No, no!—The secret, therefore, will die with me."

Scarcely had these thoughts passed through her mind when she saw her lover, repentant and in humbleness of heart, before her. He knelt to her, and said, "Gertrude, best beloved of my soul, can you forgive? Will you now receive to your heart a wretched being who, through all, has loved you? Forgive my degrading offers, forget my persecuting cruelty, and share the brilliance of fortune your virtues deserve."

Love still was triumphant in the faithful heart of poor Gertrude. Her deceased friend and her admonitions were forgotten, the relic was not thought of; she sunk on his bosom, and in the fond forgiving weakness of woman, she forgave, and again trusted. That day week was appointed for their nuptials, and her lover placed her under the care of an honourable fe-

male. Swiftly flew the hours. He was seldom absent. Gertrude was almost too happy to reflect how one so lowly bred* would be received as the bride of the monarch's son. That she was to be the honoured and honourable wife of the man she loved seemed her only thought. The day previous, while trying on a golden chain he brought her, she took off the riband from around her neck to which was suspended the relic. * * * * * Remembrance flashed on her mind; she became pale, and tremblingly related to her lover under what circumstances it was given to her, and added—"I dare not now break it, for fear it should be the medium of dissolving our happiness, and prove it only a delusion." Her lover smiled contemptuously, and said—"Surely, my Gertrude cannot be so weak: let us break it, love, and prove the fallacy."

She yielded—he broke it. A paper fell out, with these words inscribed:—

"As you value the blessing of your dying friend, my long-tried and faithful Sageley, let not my child know the secret I now confide to you, except to save her from perdition. Keep her from court. SHE IS THE CHILD OF THE KING—I AM HIS VICTIM."

Poor Gertrude! she was spared further trial. From that hour reason left her.

Well her lover remembered, when he was but a child, the sorrowful tale of Lady H—, who left court in disgrace, and, it was reported, gave birth to an infant, never after heard of. Gertrude was that infant.

Had the virtuous-minded Gertrude resisted the weakness of her heart, and listened to the warnings of her aged friend, she would never have consented to confide her happiness to the man who would have destroyed her, she would never have had cause to break the GOLDEN RELIC and never have known the fatal secret.

THE PARTED GIRL.

The evening shades have gather'd o'er
Yon bark upon the billow,
Bright stars look down, and softly pour
Their light around each pillow;
Yet still there is one dark-hair'd maiden there,
Who lifts her eye to Heaven in prayer.

* Of her parentage she was ignorant.

Memoir of Laure de Noves.

The flowing wave is dipp'd in gold,
From the deep red setting sun,
And daylight's wings begin to fold,
For his race is nearly run;
Still that maiden looks on the burning sky,
And her bosom swells with heart-drawn sigh.

Faint mists are rolling o'er the tide
Of Atlantic's heaving breast,
And gallantly they onward glide,
Like a bird to its mountain nest:
Yet that pale girl thinks of a far-off land,
And longs to fly back to its happy strand.

A cloud wrapt in its crimson vest,
The lone, last one in the skies,
Where yon star wakes from its fairy rest,
To gaze as the daylight dies;
That cloud has call'd to the maiden's mind
The dear one she's left in her home behind.

It has wing'd from the white-cliff'd shore
Of Old England's sea-girt isle,
Where breathes a voice she hears no more,
And laughing lips she sees not smile;
Oh, her long dark lashes can't stay the tear
Which falls for the heart she loves so dear.

Ivy will die if torn away
From the oak to which it clung,
So that maiden's spirit, once so gay,
Will moan like a harp unstrung;
For she breathes, she sighs, she prays alone
For that lov'd lost form—the absent one!

E. G.

January, 1834.

MEMOIR OF LAURE DE NOVES;

USUALLY CALLED PETRARCH'S LAURA.

(Continued from page 35.)

[AN AUTHENTIC PORTRAIT APPEARED IN THE NUMBER FOR JANUARY 1.]

In continuing the biography of these two interesting persons, we gather from Petrarch's Latin letters that copies of his sonnets were conveyed to the fair inspirer of his poetic genius. Whether she could read them after she received them, is a point on which he has left us in doubt, as he mentions in his correspondence that Laura was unlearned, and, in the fourteenth century, reading even a native language was a somewhat scarce accomplishment. This celebrated beauty may, then, have shared in the general ignorance, without being liable to any particular reproach. On the other hand, Petrarch's admission of her want of learning may refer only to her inability to read his Latin poems. With the usual want of self-criticism apparent in great writers, Pe-

trarch held these in higher estimation than the emanations of original genius, which have rendered both him and the object celebrated immortal. An argument in favour of the supposition that Laura could read Italian is in the circumstance, that, out of the two authentic portraits of Laura* still in existence, she is in the one represented as reading a poem very attentively. It is now desirable to mention the source from which the portrait

* Before the close of the present half-yearly volume, we will present our readers with this second authentic portrait. Laura is not only habited in a totally different manner, but her portrait must have been taken when she was about fifteen years older than she appears to be in that accompanying the former portion of her history in the January Number.

is drawn that illustrated the first portion of this memoir.

This portrait is most satisfactorily proved to be that of the youthful Laura from the circumstance of the laurel tree, the symbol of her name, being painted by her side; also, by her being placed near the well-known portraits of Dante and Petrarch, reading a poem; and likewise because she is attired in the green gown, figured with violets, described by Petrarch. We have, too, the evidence of the tradition of the inhabitants of Avignon and those of the neighbouring districts, that Giotto painted it from the life. Giotto was the court painter at Rome, and when Clement the Fifth transferred the papal see to Avignon, Giotto became resident at that city, and lived on intimate terms with Petrarch and the family of the De Sades. Giotto left many very fine specimens of his art in a chapel, most singularly painted, at Padua, and likewise at Ferrara, Florence, Naples, and, above all, in the cloisters surrounding the Campo Santo, or Holy Field, at Pisa, where there are innumerable portraits of noble and illustrious persons of the fourteenth century, most of which, though in excellent preservation, are nameless, through the want of some distinguishing signs and tokens whereby to recognise them as historical characters. But the painted cloisters at Pisa have not, till lately, met with the attention from antiquarians which they deserve, being, as they were, wholly unknown in the last century. These cloisters are a most curious deposit of historical portraiture, mixed with odd scriptural designs. Giotto commenced the work at the instigation of Dante, who was living in exile at Ravenna when Giotto visited him. The great poet is known to have sat to him for his portrait: it is still to be seen in many places in the cloisters. Dante likewise mentions the painter Giotto with great affection in his *Divina Comedia*.

In 1348, that dreadful plague, called in history the plague of Florence, which, like the present cholera, first commenced in the east, reached the lovely shores of the Mediterranean. It broke out in the east of China, and is supposed to have destroyed a tenth of the human species. I made the circuit of the earth in three years. This scourge carried off half the inhabitants of Avignon. In the month of April its venom was most active, and on

the 3d of that month Laura, the Lady de Sade fell sick and made her will; on the 6th she expired, and was buried the same day in the church of St. Clara, at Avignon. She was then in her forty-second year. Seven months after, her husband, Hugues de Sade, espoused another wife.

Hugues de Sade, the husband of Laura, was by no means easy in regard to the adorations of which his wife was the object. Tradition declares that he was a jealous husband, without being an affectionate one; nor could the guarded coldness of the demeanour of his beautiful and faithful wife altogether avert his suspicions, which lasted during Laura's life.

There is still in existence a most interesting record of Petrarch's feelings when the tidings of the death of Laura reached him. This memorial, far more lasting than any monument, is contained in a manuscript copy of Virgil. It is still to be seen in the library of the King of France. This Virgil is full of marginal notes in Petrarch's hand, and in the same hand, inscribed on a blank leaf, is this simple and touching memorandum, written in Latin prose:—

FRANCISCO PETRARCA TO HIS BELOVED LAURA.

"Laura, distinguished by every personal excellence, and long celebrated by my verses, was first seen by me, yet in my youth, on the 6th day of April, 1327, in the church of St. Clara, at Avignon, at the hour of matins; and at the same early hour this light was withdrawn from us, in the same month of April, in the year 1348. I was at Verona, alas! at the time, quite unconscious of my loss. The mournful tidings, by letters of my friend Ludovicus, reached me at Parma, in the same year, on the 19th of May, in the morning. Her chaste, her beautiful body, was buried on the evening of the same day she died, in the church of the Cordeliers at Avignon (the same with that of St. Clara). Her soul, indeed, as Seneca said of Scipio, has, I am persuaded, returned to heaven from whence it came. In painful record of this event, I have written the above with a melancholy pleasure, and in this place, which is often present to my eye, to the end that, by reading it often, I may make a proper estimate of this fleeting existence. Then shall I be fully satisfied that there is nothing more in life that ought to occupy my affections. This last great tie being broken, it is time to leave this great Babylon,—the departure which, under the Divine blessing, will be welcome to me—welcome when I think of the vain cares, empty hopes, and unforeseen accidents of past time."

The 6th of April, here mentioned, was Good Friday.

We have been favoured with some original translations from Petrarch, in which a close adherence to the peculiar turn of thought in the Italian has been observed with remarkable terseness and accuracy. From these we have selected

two that cast a light on this peculiar era in the life of the author. The following sonnets, written during Laura's life, the reader will perceive, are literal translations, unfettered by the rhythmical arrangements of our language, which therefore give more especially the spirit of the Italian.

SONNET THIRD, DURING LAURA'S LIFE.

(Good Friday was the day he fell in love.)

Era il giorno, &c.

It was on the day when the sun hid its rays
Out of pity for its creator
That I was caught, and I did not guard against it;
For your lovely eyes, lady, enthralled me.

It did not seem to me to be a time to defend myself
Against the shafts of love. 'Tis for why I went
Secure, without suspicion: whence my misfortunes
Began amidst the general woe*.

Love found me quite disarmed,
And the way to my heart open through my eyes,
Whence tears made themselves a passage.

Notwithstanding, to my thinking, it was not honourable
To wound me with an arrow in that state,
And you, who were armed, not even to show the bow.

SONNET FORTY-SEVENTH, DURING LAURA'S LIFE.

Beneditto sia 'l giorno, &c.

Blessed be the day, and the month, and the year,
And the season, and the time, and the hour, and the moment,
And the fine country, and the spot, where I was deceived
By two lovely eyes that have bound me.

And blessed be the first sweet grievance,
That I had at being joined with lo he
And the bow and the arrows with which I was pierced,
And the wounds which went to my heart.

Blessed be the many songs which I
Sent forth, calling on the name of my lady,
And the sighs, and the tears, and the wishes;

And blessed be all the paper
Whereon I registered her fame, and my own thoughts,
Which are hers alone, so much so that nought else has a share.

Petrarch firmly kept the resolutions made by him. His after-life was wholly occupied by studies of a refined and spiritual nature. He consecrated the memory of Laura by verses still more elegant and admirable than those that celebrated her beauty when living.

This memoir would be incomplete if it was not accompanied by a specimen of

one of these gems in his own language. The following is considered by the Italians as the most perfect of his sonnets. It has been translated by Lady Dacre and Miss Agnes Strickland. The translation by the latter was published in the *New Monthly Magazine*, during the editorship of Campbell, and deserves to be pronounced exquisitely beautiful:—

Quel vago impallidor, che il dolce riso
D'un amorosa nebbia ricoperse
Con tanta maestade al cor s'offerse
Che li si fece in contra à mezzo il riso

* Here he alludes, not to any public calamity, but to the general mourning and prostration of heart which the Catholic church endeavours to produce on the public mind by means of her symbolical ceremonials on Good Friday.

Conobbi allor si come in paradiso
 Vede l'un l'altro; in tal guisa s'aperse
 Quel pietoso pensier ch' altri non scerse,
 Ma vide'l io ch'altrove non m'affiso
 Ogni angelica vista, ogni atto umile
 Che giammai in donna ov' amor fusse apparve
 Fora uno sdegno a lato a quel chi io dico,
 Chinarva in terra il bel guardo gentil
 E la undo dicea (come a me parva)
 " Chi m'allontana il mio fidele amico?"

There was a touching paleness on her face,
 Which veild her smiles, but such sweet union made
 Of pensive majesty and heavenly grace,
 As if a passing cloud had veiled her with its shade.
 Then knew I how the blessed ones above
 Gaze on each other in their perfect bliss;
 For never yet was look of mortal love
 So pure, so tender, so serene as this.
 The softest glance fond woman ever sent
 To him she loved, would cold and rayless be
 Compared to this, which she divinely bent
 Earthward, with angel sympathy, on me;
 Which seemed, with speechless tenderness, to say,
 " Who takes from me my faithful friend away?"

TRANSLATION OF " QUEL VAGO IMPALLIDOR," BY LADY DACRE.

A tender paleness o'er her cheek
 Veiled her sweet smiles, as 'twere a passing cloud,
 And such pure dignity of love avowed,
 That, in my eyes, my full soul strove to speak.
 Then knew I how the spirits of the blest
 Communion hold in heaven; so beamed serene
 That pitying thought, by every eye unseen
 Save mine, wout ever on her charms to rest.
 Each grace angelic, each meek look humane,
 Which love o'er to his fairest votaries lent,
 By this were deemed ungente cold disdain,
 Her lovely looks, with sadness downward bent,
 In silence to my fancy seemed to say,
 " Who calls from me my faithful friend away?"

Another masterpiece of Italian poetry, written after the death of Laura, seems composed during the dominion of impatience, and at a time when his feelings of passionate excitement overcame his better spirit of resignation:—

SONNET OF PETRARCH, WRITTEN AFTER THE DEATH OF LAURA, TRANSLATED BY MISS AGNES STRICKLAND.

Quanti invidia—

How much I envy earth, whose cold embrace
 Wraps the fair form for ever torn from me,
 And veils in darkness that enchanting face,
 Which, midst distraction, gave me peace to see.
 How much to Heaven itself I bear despite,
 Whose glorious portals evermore retain
 The radiant spirit, and impelled its flight
 Where others scarcely entrance may obtain.
 How much I'm jealous of the blest above,
 Who dwell for ever in her presence fair,
 By me desired with such devoted love—
 And to relentless death what hate I bear,
 Who, having slain in her my life and sense,
 Sleeps in her shrouded eyes, nor calls me hence.

The celebrated coronation of Petrarch with the poetic laurel, at Rome, was not the reward of these his most perfect poems, but was awarded him for a stiff Latin composition, an heroic poem, called *Africa*, which he and the learned world esteemed far more than his beautiful Italian sonnets. Posterity cannot be a judge in the matter, since the poem of *Africa* is unknown to them, it having died a natural death, or is still lying in manuscript in the cabinets of the learned, in Italy. This coronation took place before

He built his house, whence,
Among the hills, a glimpse
That sooth'd, not stirr'd."

"I have built," he says, in his Latin letters, "among the Euganean hills, a small house, decent and proper, in which I hope to pass the rest of my days, thinking always of my dead or absent friends." When the Venetians overran the country Petrarch prepared for flight. "Write your name over your door," said one of his friends, "and you will be safe."—"I am not so sure of that," replied Petrarch, and he fled with his books to Padua. He was right, for some Stradiot or Albanian soldier, in the service of the Ocean Republic, knowing little and caring less for poesies in *la dolce lingua di Toscana*, might have inflicted on him the fate of Archimedes.

The tradition of the peasants in the neighbourhood of Vaucluse declares that Petrarch used to roam about near the fountain and among the hills, dressed in a

the death of Laura. It made him in such esteem, that he was perpetually appointed envoy from the Pope to princes of Italy. We do not think it necessary to follow our poet in these journeys, nor to devote any space to his friendship for Rienzi, or to dwell on poems devoted by him to the cause of his friend and the freedom of Italy. In the latter part of his life, Petrarch retired to the house he had built at Arqua, in the neighbourhood of his favourite fountain of Vaucluse. It is thus described by Rogers :—

"Half way up
as by stealth, he caught,
of busy life,

sort of buff leathern coat, on which he used to write the sonnets, as he composed them, with a pencil of chalk.

Petrarch was happy in a serene, painless death. He had been gently declining in health for about six months. He was found dead in his library chair, with his head resting on his copy of Virgil, as if in an attitude of meditation. He had been so often seen by his servants in this posture, and so peaceful a smile dwelt on his features, that it was some time before they believed he was actually dead. He died in 1374, at his house at Arqua, aged seventy years.

The last sonnet written by Petrarch was wholly of a spiritual nature, and suited to his age and religious profession. We take it, as translated by Miss Agnes Strickland, from the *New Monthly Magazine*, for November, 1824 :—

The nearer I approach that final day
Which brings our mortal sorrows to a close,
More clearly I perceive how swiftly flows
The tide of time, and human hopes decay;
And to myself, in musing mood, I say,
"Now all my earthly ills, my love and woes,
From my freed soul shall pass, as falling snows
Melt in the sunbeam from the hills away,
And every fruitless wish shall fly with life,
Which I so long and rashly have pursued;
Nor smiles, nor tears, nor fear, nor worldly strife,
Shall on my sweet and perfect peace intrude;
And I by brighter light shall see more plain
For what fallacious joys we sigh in vain."

His friend Boccaccio survived him. Among other bequests, Petrarch thus remembers him in his will :—"To Don Giovanni, of Certaldo, for a winter gown at his evening studies, I leave fifty golden florins; truly, little enough for so great a man." His books he left to the republic

of Venice, laying, as it were, a foundation for the library of St. Mark; but Venice possesses them no longer. He left to Francisco Carrara, a Madonna, painted by his friend Giotto. It is still preserved in the cathedral of Padua.

The tomb of Petrarch is still in excel-

lent preservation. Lord Byron describes his visit to it, in his historical notes to the fourth canto of *Childe Harold*. "Arqua (for the last syllable is accented in pronunciation) is twelve miles from Padua, and about three miles to the right of Rovigo, in the bosom of the Euganean hills. From the banks of a little blue lake, the road winds into the hills, and the church of Arqua is soon seen between a cleft, where two ridges slope towards each other, and nearly enclose the village. The houses are scattered, at intervals, on the steep sides of three summits; that of the poet is on the edge of a little knoll overlooking two descents. Petrarch is deposited, for he cannot be said to be buried, in a sarcophagus of red marble, raised on four pilasters, on an elevated base, and preserved from contact with meaner tombs. It stands conspicuously alone, but

will soon be overshadowed by four lately planted laurels."

To this we add a circumstance little known, but really interesting. Petrarch had a favourite old cat, remarkable for her attachment and fidelity: she survived her master only three days, and the villagers of Arqua made her a grave at his feet. This tradition is preserved in a late Number of the *Revue de Paris*.

Petrarch's house, as well as his tomb, is entire; they are preserved with the most devoted and affectionate care. In 1667, Paul Val de Zucchi, the proprietor of Petrarch's dwelling and lands in Arqua, placed the poet's bust in bronze above his mausoleum.

To return to Lord Byron. Petrarch has never been more warmly commemorated than by the stanzas devoted to him by the noble poet, in *Childe Harold*:—

There is a tomb in Arqua; reared in air,
 Pillared in their sarcophagus, repose
 The bones of Laura's lover; here repair
 Many familiar with his well-sung woes,
 The pilgrims of his genius. He arose
 To raise a language, and his land reclaim
 From the dull yoke of his barbarian foes;
 Watering the tree that bears his lady's name
 With his melodious tears, he gave himself to fame.
 They keep his dust in Arqua, where he died,
 The mountain village where his latter days
 Went down the vale of years; and 'tis their pride—
 An honest pride—and let it be their praise,
 To offer to the passing stranger's gaze
 His mansion and his sepulchre; both plain
 And venerably simple, such as raise
 A feeling more accordant with his strain,
 Than if a pyramid formed his monumental fane.
 And the soft quiet hamlet where he dwelt
 Is one of that complexion which seems made
 For those who their mortality have felt,
 And sought a refuge from their hopes decayed
 In the deep umbrage of a green hill's shade,
 Which shews a distant prospect, far away,
 Of busy cities, now in vain displayed,
 For they can lure no further; and the ray
 Of a bright sun can make sufficient holiday.

Petrarch was celebrated in the dawn as well as in the meridian of British poetry. Chaucer was personally acquainted with him. These great men met at Padua during the splendid nuptials of Lionel of Clarence, "third son to the third Edward," and Violante of Milan. In the prologue to the *Clerk of Oxford's Tale of Gaulthe-*

rus and Griselda, Chaucer mentions that he obtained the tale from his friend Petrarch, and adds a noble eulogium to his memory, which we communicate to our female readers in the paraphrase of Ogle, which we have preferred to the antique words of the Father of English poesy:—

"A tale I bring"
 At Padua learnt, and of no vulgar muse.
 'Tis what Petrarch in friendly converse taught.
 Petrarch! who purely wrote and nobly thought;

Whose works and manners, delicate as sage,
 Charmed every sex and state, from youth to age.
 Thou sun of Italy! whose piercing light
 Dispelled the shade, forbade it to be night!
 Oh that on me thy rays had longer shone!
 Too soon departed! and too lately known!
 Now close entombed the glorious poet lies;
 To death a prey! a lesson to the wise!

Laura never had any tomb, but an unenscribed slab of stone in the family burial-place of the De Sades, in the Cordelier church at Avignon. It has been shown that she was hurried to the grave the day she died, and most probably in that time of terror was buried with scanty rites. The fickle heart of Hugues de Sade was soon transferred to another, seeing that a second wife was wooed and won in seven short months. Thus he left

the grave of the fair Laura unhonoured as her memory: but her resting-place was not forgotten. About a hundred and thirty years after her death it was pointed out to Francis the First when he visited Avignon. Francis became enthusiastic at the sight of it; he ordered three thousand crowns to be expended in sculpture, that a monument might exist worthy of her.

Francis himself wrote these verses for Laura's epitaph:—

En petit lieu compris vous pouvez voir
 Ce qui comprend beaucoup par renommée
 Plume, labeur, la langue et la devoir
 Furent vaincuz par l'aymant de l'aymée.
 O gentill ame! estant tant estimée
 Qui te pourra louer qu'en se taisant?
 Car la parole est toujours reprimée
 Quand le sujet surmonte le disant.

The intended munificence of Francis the First was never carried into effect, nor were the royal verses engraven on the nameless stone that covered Laura's remains. In 1533 the Archbishop of Avignon, and some learned friends, all great admirers of Petrarch, went to St. Clara's church and commanded the stone that covered the bones of Laure de Noves, the Dame de Sade, to be raised. This was in her family burial-place, in the chapel of St. Anne. They found her skeleton, and near it a little leaden box, containing a sonnet written on parchment, and sealed with green wax, likewise a bronze medal, on which was a female figure, with the hands folded on the bosom, and the letters M. L. H. J.

These discoveries were made for the perplexity of the worthy and erudite finders, and for the confusion of the whole learned world. The treasured sonnet was read and criticised by the learned junta who had torn it from the silent keeping of the tomb; and they pronounced it not to be the work of Petrarch, because it was evidently that of a *young* writer; this was, however, no proof, for we have seen that Petrarch became enamoured of Laura while he was very young, and Laura might have retained the first crude effusions of his passion that reached her hands,

and very probably she preserved it thus carefully in life and death, for she was no critic; and it might have had a value in her eyes that his more polished sonnets failed to obtain. As to the medal, it was likewise in all probability some hallowed token of saint or lover, cherished through life, and enjoined to be placed in her coffin. A luckless pedant, who was present at the exhumation, happened to record a stupid guess that the initials M. L. H. J. meant to say, "Madonna Laura, hic jacet." Here lies Madonna Laura. At this most commentators have raged amain, and all English haters of literary deceit, under the elegant modern term *humbug*, have railed and sneered at the whole affair. They ask triumphantly how it were possible for a medal to be designed and cast during the few hours that intervened between Laura's death and burial? and on the strength of this absurdity they have called in question even the existence of Laura. Lord Byron is seized with a most sardonic fit of spleen on the occasion. Yet in all probability these four initials did not signify any such meaning; they may stand for four hundred different sentences, and a little reflection will show that all the folly rests in this—that Maurice de Seve made a vague supposition, and had the egotism to perpetuate it as a fact, in his

Memoir of the opening of Madame de Sade's tomb. Had any deception been really intended in regard to these relics, a well-known sonnet of Petrarch's would certainly have been transcribed for the purpose, but the Archbishop and his learned company were as much puzzled with what they found as all critics since have been with their account of it. The place of Laura's sepulture is no longer in being: the church of the Cordeliers was demolished in the French Revolution.

DESCRIPTION OF THE PORTRAIT *

This portrait represents Laura in early life, and is extremely curious, when we remember that it perfectly coincides with the description left by her lover, in his Latin letters, of her appearance the first time he saw her. Her hair, which is

very light, is knotted up under a small cap, called *caille*, or *coquille*; her neck-lace is of pearls and garnets; the gown is the celebrated one of green silk, figured with little violet heads; the bosom, cuffs, and skirt of the dress are faced with lilac velvet edged with gold. The gown is drawn up to shew a brown satin petticoat bordered with gold, and a sort of long pouch, by way of a pocket, worn in the fourteenth century, called an *aumonière*, often placed outside the gown. The girdle is a loose knotted sash of lilac silk; the fringe at the ends, and a knot, form a sort of tassel. The shoes are long and pointed, of the *poulaine* kind. This girlish portrait of Laura will be succeeded by another equally authentic, but painted some years after, when she was in the full meridian of her beauty. †

REVIEW.

Literature.

Dr. Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia: a History of Europe in the Middle Ages.
Vol. 2. Longman and Co.

The continuation of the History of Europe in the Middle Ages comprises that of France and Germany, and the section embracing the intellectual and religious history is rich in anecdote. The learned author justly considers, that the actual truth of the facts related in monkish lore is a matter of slight importance, compared with the light these narratives throw on the manner of living and modes of acting in those times. He has a true feeling of what history ought to be, as may be perceived in the following observations:—

"The limits which are unavoidably observed in the present work, have placed the author under great disadvantages. If he dwells even slightly on each of the numerous points which a subject like the present must exhibit, he soon exceeds his bounds. If he passes rapidly over them, his work becomes a barren nomenclature, a dry record of facts, names, and date. This consideration ought, in all justice, to disarm the severity of criticism, although it does not always succeed in doing so."

There are some curious fragments of antique poetry in the appendix, from which we extract a spirited translation.

"The following is still more characteristic of the times, and more romantic. It is from Hartman Von Owe, who flourished also during the Swabian period:—

SIR COLGRIAND.

Far in the forest ere I got,
Methought mine was no pleasant lot.
Wild beasts unnumbered ranged around,
Worrying each other on the ground;
Wolves, bulls, boars, bears, in many a score,
Barked, bellowed, brooned, with hideous
 roar,
Wielding,* with hungry hate, the jaw,
The horn, the hoof, the tusk, the paw.

I checked my steed, to watch the fray,
And only wished myself away:
But soon I saw the ugliest wight,
That ever mortal had in sight,
And thought the beasts of better clan,
Than this same monster of a man.
His head was bigger than a bullock's,
Covered with tangled black and full locks;
On lip and chin, on cheek and crown,
His ears, like elephant's, hung down:
His eyebrows were as black as tinder,
His eyes as red as a hot cinder,
His mouth was a span or more,
And a huge hump his shoulders bore,
A fresh flayed hide supplied his cloak,
Armed with a club of stubborn oak:
He rose, stared at me, and drew nigh,
Whether with good or evil eye
I hardly knew; but not a word
Had either of us yet preferred:
I thought him dumb, perhaps, or slow;
But said,—“who are you, friend or foe?”

* Published last month, January 1.

† Most probably in March next.

FORESTER.

"I let alone who lets me so."

SIR COLGRIAND.

"And what is here your office now?"

FORESTER.

"I watch these beasts, prevent disaster:
They fear me, own me for their master."

SIR COLGRIAND.

"Then make them cease this ravenous cry."

FORESTER.

"They'll not annoy you while I am by.
And what's your business in a place
Which feet of men so seldom pace?"

SIR COLGRIAND.

"Accoutred in this knightly guise,
I seek adventure's bold emprise.
Some champions, who, in equal arms,
Will try a joust, and hazard harms."

FORESTER.

"You need not ride three miles for that:
Beyond the wood a spacious plat
Of grass displays its lively green,
No prettier meadow can be seen;
A little chapel decks the centre,
The sculptured porch, which 'neath you
emier,

Has at each end a marble prop,
A bell beside, a cross at top;
Its roof a linden over-shades,
The fairest tree in all these glades;
A clear cool fountain springs hard by,
Framed in with marble not breast high,
Whence the unceasing streamlet tinkles
Into a cistern it besprinkles;
An emerald basin you'll behold,
Chained to the brim with lunks of gold;
Scoop water in the glittering shell,
And fling it back into the well;
You'll find you've angered a stout elf,
As fond of fighting as yourself:
The woodman pointed, as a guide,
With his left hand, and turned aside."

I rode along with thoughtful mien,
And reached, in half an hour, the green.
O, 'twas a lovely spot; a view
O'er woody hills and rivulets blue.
A castle, towering from the plain,
The mistress of the fair domain;
The trees so still, the air so mild,
The sun so bright, the landscape smiled;
And, on the linden, birds were thronging,
All chirping, warbling, singing-singing;
Since world is world, was never heard
So sweet a concert from the birds:
Had I been with a funeral train,
My heart would have felt cheered again.

I saw the chapel on the lawn,
Just as the forester had drawn,
The fountain with its marble rim,
The glistening basin on its brim;
The morning star is not more bright,
While watching for the dawn of light.

When I beheld the emerald basin,
Methought to hesitate at facing
The upshot would be acting lightly,
Would seem unmanly and unknightly:

With rash resolve, in luckless hour,
I got the basin in my power,
Scoop'd water with the glittering shell,
And flung it back into the well

At once was quench'd the light on high;
Black storm-clouds gather'd in the sky,
The lightning flash'd, the thunder crash'd,
Wind, rain, and hail in eddies dash'd:
The scatter'd leaves bestrewed the ground,
The trees stood skeletons around,
The birds fled toppling on the blast,
The steed I held plung'd, look'd aghast;
But for the providence of God,
We both had perished on the sod.

Then silence all the scene o'erspread,
Save where the waters gurgling fled;
Slow sailed the parting clouds away,
Again the landscape shone in day;
But, from the castle's echoing mound,
A bugle-horn began to sound,
My ear a noise of engines smote,
The drawbridge bowed across the moat,
A stately knight, armed cap-a-pee,
Rode forth, and turned his steed toward me;
I girt my saddle, and re-mounted,
As if I on his coming counted.

I soon perceived this lordly elf
Had broader shoulders than myself,
A stouter horse, a longer spear,
A tougher shield; and I felt queer.

When he was ridden near enough,
He said, in accents loud and rough,
"I shall not deign to ask your name,
You are no courteous son of fame:
My forest you have half destroyed,
Have scared my game, and left it void;
'Tis meet we try each other's strength,
Defend yourself, or lie at length."

Spurring his charger to advance,
He firmly couched his heavy lance.
I levelled mine, displayed my shield,
And met him fairly in the field.

His breastplate I no sooner struck,
Than my lance splintered, by ill luck,
While he, with a resistless force,
Had thrust me backwards off my horse,
And left me sprawling on the plain,
Chap-fallen, stunned, and bruised amain,
Leading as lawful prize away,
The steed that bore me to the fray.
Poor I trudged back on foot again,
The whole long road explored in vain.

"This adventure is related by Sir Colgriand to the knights of the round table, in the presence of King Arthur. Sir Inian determines to avenge the disgrace of his nephew, and repeats the same enterprise with opposite success; he slays the elfin knight, takes possession of the castle, and marries the widow. The English romance is referred by Warton to the reign of Henry the Sixth; but, as this German version is of earlier date, both are probably from an original in Norman-French."

Enchiridion; or, a Hand for the One-handed. By GEORGE DERENZY, Captain, H. P., 82d Regiment. Renshaw and Rush, Strand.

This clever little book is an instance of the elasticity with which the mind of a brave man will rise superior to a calamity that would doom a less energetic character to a state of uselessness and dependence. Captain Derenzy has not only, with wonderful expediency, invented several ingenious instruments, as substitutes, by whose aid he contrives to dispense cheerfully with the right hand and arm he lost in defence of his country, but by means of the present work he affords the benefit of his experience to such of his fellow-creatures as have suffered a similar misfortune. To them we consider the "*Enchiridion*" a work of high utility, written as it is with brevity and perspicuity, and illustrated with various engravings, which render perfectly plain the species of instruments he describes, as well as the use of them. Among the engravings, we were particularly struck with the ingenuity of the invention of a knife and fork for one-handed persons, and with the mode of snuffing a candle with the left hand. The egg-cup, too, is a simple but essentially necessary contrivance for a one-handed man. We cannot leave this work without commending the strain of manly cheerfulness and piety with which it is written, shaming as it does the morbid discontent and causeless cynicism which is the fashionable vice of the day for those to indulge in who have met only with the mortification of a damp or dreary day—whimsies which "real pain, and that alone, can cure."

A new edition of the "*Enchiridion*" is now in the course of publication in Paris, which is our particular reason for now noticing a work published so long ago as the year 1822.

The Songs of the Loire, and other Poems. Baldwin, Cradock & Co. *The Music* by GEORGE & MANBY.

If the author of the *Songs of the Loire* is ambitious of the title of the Mocking Bird of English Song, he has richly earned it. In this volume he gives us imitations of almost every popular ballad that has been hackneyed through the streets of London for the last few years. When metre, tune, measure, and a general cast of thought are stolen ready made, easy enough it is to write poetry! witness one of his songs,—

"Roll on proud Gaffia's river
Through a land both rich and free,
Ianthe seek, and give her
The lyre I strung for thee," &c.

The parody is complete throughout. In the excitation of some private musical meeting, our author might have been excused in having poured forth new words to an old beautiful melody, and he might have sung them, or promoted the singing of them, without reproach; but he ought never to have put them forth as his own, without the thoughts and metaphors had been improved or original. In this instance the metaphor of a river bearing a gift and a message to a lady is preserved, but oh, how Moore's elegant and congruous image is destroyed! The mind of the reader is delighted with the natural truth of Moore's subject;—a wreath of flowers may be borne to the feet of a lady by the smooth current of a river, and be even improved in freshness and loveliness by their watery passage,—but a strung lyre! would it float? and if it did, in what plight would it arrive? Herein rests the difference between poet and poetaster, between the highest effort of poetical power—a beautiful song, and a mocking echo of its sound. People do not pause to define the difference between the two, but they nevertheless feel it.

We have also an imitation of Lord Byron's "*Maid of Athens*."

"Maid of Amiens! ere I go,
Tell me if in vain I woo?"

There is another to this tune,—

"How sweet to rove through Clisson's grove!"

If "*Hurrah for the Bonnets of Blue*" had never been written, we should not have seen among the "*Songs of the Loire*"

"Hurrah for the vineyards of France!
Hurrah for the colours of Gaul!"

But the worst plagiarism is the imitation of Darwin's gorgeous but less known invocation to Mayday, commencing an address to a "*Maid of Florence*":—

"Since thou wert born 'neath heaven's blue
skies,

Bright maid the lineaments unfold;
Unclose thy black voluptuous eyes,
And bind thy scented locks of gold."

Darwin's lines are as follows,—

"Born in the blaze of yonder orient sky,
Sweet May thy lovely form unfold;
Unclose thy blue voluptuous eye
And wave thy locks of beamy gold."

The plunderer has certainly marred what he has stolen; but does he think, because he recklessly appropriates every sweet measure that a fine ear brings chiming to his memory, no one will recognise the originals?

When we sit down deliberately to find fault, and set these faults in array against an author, be sure there is some good in him which makes his work worth the trouble of analysis, otherwise a general sentence of condemnation would be enough. So our mocking bird has occasionally a sweet song of his own—at least, what we suppose to be his own; yet when we meet such instances of literary bad faith as those we have quoted above, it makes us suspicious whether these our new favourites are not thieveries, stolen from a source that has escaped our memory. This may be; and if we do not quote with the admiration due to lofty thought and melodious metre the stanzas beginning "She who was named eternal Rome!"—"The city built on many isles!"—"Our ship, our gallant ship's at sea!"—"The mighty wind!"—"The wreath that crowns thy marble brow!"—and "The Alpine hunter's song," it is because we find them in a depository of stolen jewels, and are dubious whether they are the lawful goods of the man that claims them. If they are, the greater the shame for him, who can do better, not only to steal from other people, and to fill up the rest of his volume with such trash as—

"Ianthe! Ianthe!
I want thee, I want thee,
Come hither, come hither;
Thou may'st not go thither,
Before I have said
To my own noble maid—
Ianthe! how dearly I love you!
Ianthe! how dearly I love you."

Or—

"Thy name, then, Sir Knight, is Sir Harry Flight!"

And those eternal repetitions in the commencement of verses—a poetaster fashion of the last few years—such as "The fragrant flowers—the fragrant flowers!" "The purling streams—the purling streams!"—"The dark-eyed maid—the dark-eyed maid!" There are twenty-one poems in this little volume, commencing with this common-place mannerism. In some of them the repetition occurs at every stanza, and this is the

more to be regretted, because there are poetical beauties scattered among some of these careless strains, which a little reflection and correction might have polished into perfect songs.

If our author meets with a dozen reviews as honestly meant as our own, his next work will be replete with poetical beauty. The present degraded state of poetry is owing to influenced reviewers.

Puckle's Club; or, a Grey Cap for a Green Head. Tilt, Fleet-street; Hailes, Piccadilly.

This book is put forth in the most finished style of Whittingham's embellishment. The wood-engravings are first-rate, and the designs admirably expressive. For instance, "the Lawyer bribing a Witness," "Newsmonger," and "Envioso," are remarkable for the natural expression of the countenances. "The Antiquary," peering at an old stone, (he might pass for a geologist, only the science of geology did not exist in the last century,) is deserving particular distinction; and the "Critic" is as fine a block as ever was cut out of wood. As for the literature, we own we regret the revival, redolent as it is, of pipes, tobacco, pots of porter, and other insignia of genteel life in the last century. The editor had better have gone a century farther on, and illustrated the designs by well-chosen selections from sources that have supplied Puckle with the only clever passages in his Club—we mean the admirable characters drawn by Bishop Hall—and, if more were wanted, Butler, La Bruyere, and the translation of Theophrastus might have given him a noble supply. Many of these are as much forgotten as Puckle, and much less deservedly so.

Lives of the most Eminent Sovereigns of Modern Europe. Written by a Father for the Instruction of his Son.

These biographies form a little volume that is not only very pleasing, but contains information much needed in the grand work of education. The author is the late lamented Lord Dover. Excellent sentiments are contained in the address to his son with which the volume commences, shewing how heavy a loss his family and society in general have sustained in the premature death of this accomplished nobleman.

The sovereigns whom Lord Dover has selected as the greatest of modern Europe, are—Gustavus Adolphus, of Sweden; John Sobieski, of Poland; Peter the Great, of Russia; and Frederic, of Prussia.

An historical mistake (page 261) of some importance occurs in the life of Peter the Great, which ought immediately to be corrected by errata slips in the remaining copies, and in the next edition of the work. Lord Dover mentions *Anne, daughter to Peter the Great, wife to the Duke of Holstein*, and mother to Peter the Third, *as subsequently becoming Czarina of Russia*; but this princess, in reality, did not survive her father. The Empress Anne, who reigned after Catherine the First and Peter the Second, was Duchess of Courland, being the second daughter of Peter's elder brother, and partner in the empire, the Emperor Ivan. The Empress or Czarina Anne was, therefore, not Peter's daughter, but his niece; and what is singular, Anne had an elder sister, the Princess of Mecklenburgh, then alive, on whose infant son the empire was settled; but by a sudden revolution, after the death of the Empress Anne, this little Emperor was dethroned, and Elizabeth, the daughter of Peter the Great and Catherine the First, was raised to the throne. Ivan, after a life-long imprisonment, was murdered by the orders of Catherine the Second, the usurping wife of Peter the Third. The Emperor Peter the Third was the Duke of Holstein, son of the Princess Anne mentioned by Lord Dover, and the direct heir of Peter the Great. Thus the lineage of this Princess Anne ascended the Russian throne, and still possesses it, but she herself was never Empress or Czarina. The present Emperor Nicholas is great grandson to this daughter of Peter the Great.

It would have been desirable, as a work of education, if such a genealogy as we have considered it proper to trace in order to mark out this error, had been appended to the biography, particularly as it is brought down to the reigning Sovereign of one of the most noted kingdoms of the present times.

Each biography is ornamented with a portrait, engraved on wood. That of Peter the Great is well executed, and strongly resembles the best pictures of him.

VOL. IV.—No. 2.

A Tableau of French Literature during the Eighteenth Century. By M. DE BARANTE, Peer of France. Translated from the Fourth Edition. Smith and Elder.

The work before us contains sound and clearly defined criticism. It may be recommended safely to ladies who wish to select for themselves a profitable course of reading in French classical literature. M. de Barante enters into a luminous analysis of the most celebrated works, and judges with singular impartiality their peculiar character and the effect they had on their times. He possesses a high sense of moral rectitude, and, undeceived by the blaze of genius, does not scruple to condemn a deviation from the eternal laws of truth and purity, if a great author is found a transgressor in these important particulars. The moral tone of M. de Barante may be ascertained by his view of the character and writings of Rousseau:—

“ With Rousseau, the accomplishments of duty had never been the source of any enjoyment; he had not been able to find in it the employment of an ardent and sensitive mind. He was always met with in a false position, where his feelings were out of place; thus he imputed his misfortunes to human institutions. In the inner sanctuary they doubtless accused him of his faults; and he cherished by those means a sentiment of bitterness and hostility against that society in which his character and circumstances had prevented him from taking a suitable place. Then he would make man's progress to virtue, not by attention to duty, but by a free and passionate transition, followed by pride and independence. Such a route has no secure ground, and can only deceive us. Rousseau gave us his life as an example: it was filled with errors and defects, yet none professed virtue with more warmth and enthusiasm than he. When we do not submit our conduct to the prescribed rules, it is in vain that the imagination be inflamed by zeal for all that is noble and honest: we are no longer virtuous. It is a trait peculiar to civilised times, that those characters who insulate themselves from real circumstances and nourish illusions, live with sentiments the most sublime. The mind is exalted; it feels, with a marvellous vivacity, the passion for excellence; the imagination sees nothing but purity, knows nothing of evil; but, having disdained the trodden paths, not regarding duty as sacred, men wander from error to error without even perceiving it. Experiencing within themselves, in their utmost force, the most virtuous motives, they

cannot think them culpable. Sentiments appear to them to have more reality than notions. Rousseau, in the height of his impurity, believed himself to be the most virtuous of men; he was willing to appear before the tribunal of God with his works in his hand, and thought their pages would be found to contain that which would redeem all his faults. This disposition sensibly influences the nature of the talent. The man whose life is in accordance with his sentiments, expresses them simply and without effort; there is in his words as much elevation as there can be, somewhat of the assured and positive, that penetrates and carries us with them. But he whose virtue exists only in an overheated imagination, intoxicates himself in his notions, and attaches himself to them, so much the more as they are his only good: they are not wanting in truth; they have much of the sincerity of the feelings he expresses; it is his very soul revealing its emotions to ours. It persuades us, it moves us; we have a conference, but no account is rendered. What contradiction! We cannot repose in full confidence on his statements: they are true, but they are not plain. The highest character of genius, whose charm is eternal, is wanting. By this rule, Rousseau was far behind the eloquence of Bossuete."

The Emigrant's Tale—A Poem, in two Parts; and Miscellaneous Poems. By JAMES BIRD. Baldwin and Co.

Mr. Bird's last poem will fully sustain his rank among contemporaneous poets. The book before us is a tale on the popular subject of Emigration, portraying, in deep shades of interest, the distresses of the agricultural population, wholly unstained by party spirit. Many beautiful specimens might be given from this work, but Mr. Bird's touching powers of description are already known and duly appreciated.

We make therefore an extract from his sprightly *Metropolitan Sketches*, a new style of writing, in which he shows considerable skill, and which we would earnestly advise him to cultivate. Genuine comic talent is eagerly sought after in the present woful times for literature. Many writers attempt "comic sketches," but very few are successful. The "Monument" is very clever; "The Altar of St. George's Church, Hanover-square," "The Thames," and "The Bank of England" will be great favourites. "The Tower" is good, but we think more might have been made of it in the way of interesting allusion. "Whitehall" is deficient in historical accuracy. We prefer

THE NEW POST OFFICE.

Good morrow, dear Miss "General," how do you do?

How does your mother do, in Lombard-street?

I doubt, my dear, that since the birth of you, The poor old lady's ruin is complete; She's not the only mother that must rue To see a daughter's charms with her's compete; To see the public homage from her taken— By all neglected and by most forsaken!

And now I gaze upon thee at a time When every loyal Cit has ta'en his dinner, Save a sad few who weave the lofty rhyme, Who rarely dine at all, as I'm a sinner! They feed on cobwebs in their flights sublime,

While grow their persons and their pockets thinner.

Alack! how seldom the poor poet's fate is To cry at dinner time, *Ohe, jam satis!*

And now thy visitors begin to throng The busy streets—I see a timid girl Glancing around, as quick she glides along, Her bright eye peering through an auburn curl, While feels her hand the gauzy folds among, And draws forth slyly from the hills of pearl

A pure white folded sheet without a blot, Addressed "*To Strephon*,"—sealed—"Forget me not."

I mark, as quickly from the box she steals, Courteous and free, to give place to another,

She throws the speed of Mercury in her heels, As though she dread a scolding from her mother!

And now a more important bustler wheels Just round the corner—he seems bent to smother

The bunch of letters which he grasps so tight,

Till out he grumbles—"Let them go to-night."

And they will go—and on the coming day, Full many a country "Dealer" in sad tones Will read—"We take the liberty to say, In a few days our "Mr. Jasper Jones"

Will wait upon you in the business way; Stuffs, Bombasines, fine Norwich Crapes, Galloons,

Are *rez*—we hope more favours you will show us;"

Which means, "Fork out the money that you owe us."

* * * * *
Storehouse of countless minds! repository Of cogitations, numerous as the beams Of the bright sun in his meridian glory! Huge reservoir! to which unnumbered streams

Of art and science, sentiment and story,

Commerce, religion, politics, with themes
Of war, and love, are daily, hourly stealing,
To thee—the pet lamb of Sir Francis Free-
ling.

Prolific source of pleasure and of pain!

How fast and far thy rapid "mails" im-
part

O'er the extended earth, and ample main,
Both joy and sorrow to the human heart!
And sear like drought, or gladden it like rain,
That cheers the scathed and drooping
plant—thou art
Insatiate too! thy huge mouths eat and
drink

Whole reams of paper and whole tuns of ink.

There are several minor poems that are
both spirited and natural; among these
we particularly notice two—"The hur-
ricane roared through the starless night,"
and "I was walking alone on Dunwich
shore."

*Biographical Notices and Remains of
Alphonso Henry Holyfield.* Compiled
by the Assistant Secretary of the
London Missionary Society. William
Walker.

We do not consider it exactly our
province to notice every religious work
that is put forth, some being devoted
to the peculiar views of various sects,
and others more distinguished for good
intention than literary ability. When,
however, we meet with publications
similar to the present, estimable for
clearness and simplicity of style and in-
terest of narrative, as well as for pure
piety, we are happy to give our testi-
mony to their merits. How requisite it
is for *good* books to be made attractive
to general readers! Many hearts are
won to the cause of truth by the valu-
able qualities of a volume that was taken
up by only a thoughtless idler to dissi-
pate the tedium of a vacant hour. Such
are the memoirs of Henry Martyn, and
the remains of Henry Kirke White,
works whose literary merits are acknow-
ledged even by those readers to whom
the beauty of holiness is distasteful.

Alphonso Henry Holyfield was the
son of a man whose chief care was to
initiate his only child in scenes of pro-
fligacy. At seventeen, out of pure ab-
horrence of vice, whose hideousness had
been unveiled to him without stint or
limitation, he betook himself to a totally
different path of life. By the assistance

of heaven, he was enabled to persevere
in his Christian course through an ex-
istence embittered by ill health and pre-
carious circumstances. He died at the
early age of twenty-eight, leaving a
journal and correspondence, which, under
the care of the Editor, his excellent
friend, the assistant secretary of the
London Missionary Society, will confer
the same benefit on society as the me-
moirs of Martyn and Henry Kirke
White. Like them he was a true dis-
ciple of the Established Church, de-
lighting in her ordinances, and following
her discipline.

ELEMENTARY BOOKS.

1. *Analysis of Sounds, or a New Me-
thod of acquiring the Principles of
English Pronunciation.* By EMILY A.
NEWMAN. A. K. Newman and Co.
2. *Elements of English Grammar fa-
miliarly illustrated, for the use of
Young People.* By A. BOBBITT.
Senter.
3. *The French Genders and H mute,
with a Vocabulary and Exercises.* By
W. BENNER. Treuttel and Wurtz.

The first named of these useful works
is a modest and successful attempt to
reduce to rule the capricious pronuncia-
tion of our language. In the form of a
vocabulary, the authoress has proceeded
through the vowels, not in the usual
initial order of a dictionary, but by the
regular quotation of every word in which
the vowel that happens to be under ex-
emplification forms a leading part. To
these words are attached entertaining
and intellectual explanations. The
whole is exceedingly desirable, as clever
spelling exercises, for children; but we
should recommend the teacher, in this
case, to question the pupil upon the
meaning of the word, rather than im-
pose the drudgery of getting the expla-
nation by rote. This questioning will
induce the habit of thought.

In the second work under review,
Miss Bobbit has laid down a plain rule
how to remove many infantine troubles
from the minds of young children, by
the clearness and brevity of her gram-
matical definitions. We can sincerely
recommend her book to all persons en-
gaged in the task of education. The
parsing exercises are particularly good,
and the dialogue preceding them strikes

us as entirely new. Notwithstanding its extreme simplicity, it is an excellent lesson to the teacher as well as to the pupil.

The third is a little pamphlet on French Genders. This treatise has excited our surprise, to think how so much useful and indispensable information can be comprised in such narrow bounds. It truly forms a concise system for expeditiously obtaining an accurate knowledge of the genders of 15,548 French common nouns, besides comprehending the difficulties of *H* mute. After bearing witness that it completely fulfils this promise, we need say no more by way of recommendation.

Francis Berrian; or, The Mexican Patriot. By Mr. FLINT. A. K. Newman.

This is a popular work in America, which has been praised by Mrs. Trollope, in her "*Domestic Manners*," and is now reprinted in this country by the Leadenhall press, which, it must be remembered, had the honour of first introducing the works of Brockden Brown and the early novels of Cooper to the British public. We see much to admire in the style and descriptive powers of the author of "*Francis Berrian*." Although in conception of character and development of story he is many grades, indeed, below Brown, Cooper, and Paulding, nevertheless, if he were to confine himself to the delineation of real scenes and events, and totally to abjure the regions of fiction, we should, perhaps, rank him above the two last. As a proof of his descriptive powers and beauty of style, we give the following extracts:—

"Where can be found on the earth better principled, better nurtured, and happier families than those of the substantial yeomanry of that region? Even yet, after so many wanderings and vicissitudes, I recal in my dreams the hoary head and the venerable form of that father who used to bend the knee before us in family prayer, and who taught my infant voice to pray. I find pictured on my mind that long range of meadows which front our village church; I see my father at the head, and my mother and the rest of the family, according to their ages, following each other's steps through those delightful meadows, as we went up to the house of God in company; I see even now the brilliance of the meadow pink, and I seem to hear the note of the lark, startled and soaring from our path. There is the

slow and limpid stream, in which I have angled and bathed a thousand times; there was the hum of the bees on the fragrant white balls of the meadow button-wood which formed impervious tangle on the verge of the stream. Each of the boys had his nosegay of pond lilies, with their brilliant white and yellow cups, their exquisite and ambrosial fragrance, and their long and twined stems; each of the girls had her bonnet and breast decked with a shower of roses. Well, too, do I remember the venerable minister, with his huge white wig, his earnest voice, and an authority at once patriarchal and familiar. The small and rustic church was filled to overflowing with those who had there received baptism, and who expected to repose with their fathers in the adjoining consecrated enclosure; and there, opposite to the church, was the village schoolhouse, one of those thousand nurseries of New England's greatness. Dear remembrances! how often ye visited my dreams in the desolate land of the stranger!

"We had much fatigue, and encountered many dangers, and there were many quarrels and reconciliations, before we reached the mouth of Red River. That river discharges its water into the Mississippi by a broad and creeping stream, through a vast and profound swamp. It seems a deep canal, its dark surface ruffled only by the darting of huge and strange fishes through its sluggish waters; the foaming path of the monstrous alligator gar, the shark of rivers, a thousand little silver fishes leaping from the water, and sparkling like diamonds; numbeless, alligators traversing the waters in every direction, and seeming to be logs possessing the power of self direction; or, occasionally, these logs sinking one end in the water and raising the other in the air, and making a deep and frightful bellow, between the hiss of a serpent and the roaring of a bull; the lazy and droning flight of monstrous birds, slowly flapping their wings, and carelessly sailing along, just over the surface of these dark and mephitic waters, with a savage and outlandish scream, apparently all neck, legs, and feathers; a soil above the bank, greasy and slippery with a deposit of slime; trees marked fourteen feet high by an overflow of half the year; gulleys seventy feet deep, and large enough to be the outlets of rivers, covered at the bottom with putrifying logs, and connecting the river with broad and sluggish lakes, too thickly covered with a coat of green buff to be ruffled by the winds, which can scarcely find their way through the dense forests; moccasin snakes, writhing their huge and scaly backs at the bottom of these dark gulleys. Such was the scenery that met my eye as I advanced through the first thirty miles of my entrance of that region which had been so embellished by my fancy. I

looked around me, and the trees, as far as I could see, were festooned with the black and funeral drapery of long moss. My eyes, my ears, and my nostrils joined to admonish me that here fever had erected his throne. I went on board my boat at the approach of night; and when, to get rid of my thoughts, I laid me down in my narrow and sweltering berth, millions of mosquitoes raised their dismal hum, and settled on my face. Drive away the first thousand, sated with blood, and another thousand succeeds, and 'in that war there is no discharge.' A hundred owls, perched in the deep swamp, in all the tones of screaming, hooting, grunting, and in every note from the wail of an infant to the growl of a bear, sing your requiem.

"You rise from a sleep attained under such auspices, and crawl up the greasy banks to the cabins of the woodcutters. You see here inhabitants of an appearance and countenance in full keeping with the surrounding scenery: there is scarcely one of them but what has a monstrous protuberance in the stomach, sufficiently obvious to the eye, vulgarly called an 'ague-cake,' a yellowish white complexion, finely described in the language of the country by the term 'tallow-face.' There is an indescribable transparency of the skin, which seems to indicate water between the cuticle and the flesh; eyes, preternaturally rolling and brilliant, glare in the centre of a large morbid circle, in which the hues of red, black, and yellow are mixed. The small children bear all these dismal markings of the climate in miniature; dirty and ragged, as mischievous as they are deformed, they roll about upon the slippery clay with an agility and alertness from their appearance altogether incredible, for you would suppose them too feeble and clumsy to move.

"There is something unique, chilling, and cadaverous in the persons of both old and young: you would suppose that the grave was dug for them; but the more slender and uncertain their hold to life, the more gaily they seem to enjoy it. They laugh and shout, and drink, and blaspheme, and utter their tale of obscenity, or, it may be, of murder, with bacchanalian joyousness. Shut your eyes, and you would suppose yourself in the midst of the merriest group in the world; open them, and look upon the laughers, and see the strange fire of their eye, and you will almost believe the chilling stories of vampires.

"The first evening of my arrival in these waters, found us at the point where the Black, Red, and Tensas rivers mingle their waters in an immense swamp, cheered by the note of no bird of song, unenlivened by the flocks of healthful and edible fowls, as the geese, ducks, swans, and only vocal with the shrill notes of the jay, the cawing of

crows, and the wheeling flight of the numberless carrion vultures that prey on the dead fish that float to the shores.

On the verge of the bank where we lay, and with a little opening in the dead forest, was a family such as I have described: an inhabitant of such a cabin who lasts two years, may be thought fortunate and long-lived.

The wife and the mother in this family had once, I dare say, been pretty. She had had the ague four years in succession, and now had the swelling, the filthiness, the brilliant eye, the flippant tongue, and run on from story to story with more than the garrulity of an old Frenchwoman. On an emergency, I presume, she could have handled the dirk with dexterity. She informed me, that for a month in the preceding spring, they had been overflowed, and she was in the midst of a flooded swamp, thirty miles in diameter. They built a house on a raft of logs fastened together, and secured from floating away with grape vines. On this raft was stationed the family, oxen, pigs, dogs, chickens, and all. They had a barrel of whiskey to keep up their spirits. Each of these logs was covered with red slime, and as slippery as if greased. She took me for a cotton-planter, and said—'Now, you planters have but one house, and we wood-cutters have two. We have our floating house on the raft; and when the river falls, and that grounds, we build us another on the bank. Look you there—only three paces from my door, used to lie, of a sunny morning, a couple of thundering alligators; and my Franky, there,' pointing to a boy who seemed about four years old, who had the customary prominence in front, and was otherwise as mischievous and as ugly an urchin as you would wish to see, that there boy, with half a shirt, would needs be playing some of his 'rusty shines,' the funny dog, and so he crawled out, and gave one of them a rap on the snout with the broom-stick. The monstrous devil curled his tail, and gave Franky a slap, which tossed him in the air like a bat-ball; and the beast would have had the eating of Franky in a trice; but I heard Franky scream, as the alligator struck him: I seized a kettle of boiling water, and threw it on the horrid creature, just as he showed his white teeth to eat Franky, and this drove my gentleman into the water.'

If the reader should here recognise some features of Mrs. Trollope's own progress up the Mississippi, in justice to the author of "*Francis Berrian*," the reader must remember that his volumes were printed before Mrs. Trollope's famous work was written.

An Index or Key to the Service of the Church of England. Published by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.

Those who have not forgotten their childish troubles will remember their real perplexities in finding out the proper order of our really intricate ritual. Captain Derenay's "Index" ought at least to be bound up in the Prayer-book of every child that attends the service of the Church of England. It would likewise be of great use to strangers and foreigners.

Aurungzebe; or, a Tale of Alraschid. In 3 vols.

Notwithstanding numerous faults, the author of "Aurungzebe" succeeds at times in delighting his readers. Considerable imaginative powers are shewn in the story, particularly in the narrative, and description of lively action. He is excelled by few of the most skilful romance writers. He is not amiss in the development of character: his portrait of Aurungzebe, for instance, is a fine historical likeness; but he is strangely deficient in judgment and arrangement, for whilst he is enchanting his reader during the progress of a scene, he brings the issue to a most awkward and unsatis-

factory conclusion. This fault arises from inattention, and the absence of ordinary industry, not from the lack of genius. But he is elsewhere faulty; for the moment he makes his personages enter into dialogue, they can indulge only in conversation at once stupid and tiresome. Dialogue is, indeed, a fatal rock on which he suffers utter shipwreck; and if he desire complete success, he must steer clear of such hazards in his future voyages. The dialogues between Buccas and Ramjohnny are intolerable—interminably long, and unreadable in quality. The character of Buccas is too forced to be natural, and his actions too pantomimic to be pleasing or attractive to the acute observer. Yet, with all these defects, "Aurungzebe" is no common composition. It is true to history; and, in the most minute details of oriental manners and customs, the author has closely followed, particularly in his description of the court and camp of Aurungzebe, the graphic records of Bannin, the talented French physician of the mighty Emperor, who has left us a sprightly and authentic memoir of a residence at Agra. This information may be interesting to our readers, that Aurungzebe died on the Mogul throne, after having seen his hundredth year.

Paris Chitchat, &c.

(From our own Correspondent.)

COSTUME OF PARIS.

PARIS, JANUARY 26, 1834.

Selon ma promesse, I hasten, my dear Clorinde, to give you an account of one of the most splendid spectacles I ever witnessed, the last bal costumé. But I must begin by telling you how near I was being disappointed. M. de F— was not well; worse still—he was de mauvaise humeur! and would not hear of my going. However, my mind was made up, and, about twelve o'clock, when he thought I was sound asleep, I got up, dressed, ordered my carriage, and drove to some friends that I knew were going, and accompanied them to the scene of enchantment. Oh! ma chère, you can have no conception of the splendour, of the variety of the costumes, of the magnificence of some, of the singularity of others. I would not have lost it for I know not what! I know very well that you, who are so prudent, and have acquired so many punctilious English ideas of decorum, will lecture me on what you

will call my having deceived my husband; but, tell me, does not every Parisienne do the same? I mentioned it to all my friends at the ball, and they approved highly of it, and said they would have acted in the same manner; and I know for certain there were many there who did so. No *Frenchwoman*, believe me, gives up to her husband in such things, especially if she happens to be un petit peu coquette comme toi et moi! Besides, I told him next morning, and he stormed and raved for half an hour, and then forgot it altogether; indeed, if he had not, I should have had an *attaque de nerfs*, and terrified him into a fit of the gout. Now for the ball. Picture to yourself the immense Salle, almost lined with looking-glass, thousands of lustres rendering the scene more brilliant than day; the boxes and galleries decorated with festoons of gold and silver gauze, and all the avenues transformed into groves of odoriferous plants and shrubs. At one end of the room was an immense orchestra, consist-

ing of upwards of thirty musicians, dressed in complete suits of armour, mounted on horses richly caparisoned, and performing symphonies on wind instruments made after ancient models. After the overture of "William Tell," four Spaniards, the first male and female dancers from the theatre at Madrid, entered, and, dressed in the costume of their country, executed several national dances—the *bolero*, the *zapateado*, &c., &c. I cannot possibly give you an idea how beautiful it was. I shall certainly try and induce M. de F— to take me to Spain, where I shall see them in still greater perfection. The women wore over their chemisettes, which had loose sleeves tied in with ribands, small corsages laced in front, blue and scarlet short petticoats, and round their waists gauze scarfs tied in front: these they took off towards the end of the dance, and each having flung her's gracefully over her lover, led him away captive. Then followed an exact representation of French costumes, from the commencement of monarchy to the close of the year 1833. Each group, forming an age, or epoch rather, danced a quadrille. As they entered they were announced by a flourish of trumpets, and preceded by a herald attired in the military accoutrements of the period to which his party belonged; he carried a banner, on which was inscribed the epoch represented. The persons represented, belonging to every epoch, were the nobles or lord and lady of the manor, two persons of the *bourgeois* or citizen class, and two of the peasantry; then we had knights of the age of chivalry and romance, fully equipped and ready to break a lance with any who disputed the colour of their mistresses' eyebrow; minstrels who could a "tale of love" pour forth, and "send their hearers weeping to their beds;" warriors in armour, with sword, and helmet, and shield, and buckler; fair chatelaines, attended by their youthful pages. We had the velvets and brocades, the plumes and diamonds, of the gay court of the gallant Francois I.; the ruffles and laces of Louis XIII.; the long-trained robes of the seventeenth century; the elegant costume worn under the Regency; the splendour and éclat of the reign of Louis XV.; the poudrous wigs, the cues, and clubs, the extravagances of 1792 and 1794; the costume under the consulate, under the empire; *en fin*, every change to the last revival of ancient modes in 1833.

You ask me to give you a description of the newest walking dresses. Do you know, *ma belle*, that the task is a difficult one? I do not think we have had more than three fine days during the last two months. The weather is excessively mild for the season, but wet beyond any thing ever remembered in Paris; and you know our belles never walk but in fine weather. If you are

desirous of knowing what is worn in morning visiting costume I can tell you.

BLACK VELVET HIGH DRESSES, à *corsage plat*, are amongst the most distinguished. Satin *broché*, satin *moyen âge*, satin *Anglais*, and printed satins in dark colours, and by no means as rich as those worn in *grande-toilette*, are also very fashionable. Pékins, *poux de soie*, *cachemires*, *foulards d'Afrique*, and *des Indes*, and a new material called *Tudorienne*, after M. Victor Hugo's new piece, *Marie Tudor*. This is a tissue composed of silk and cachemire worsted, so exquisitely wrought that it combines the gloss and brilliancy of the richest satin, with the softness and pliancy of the finest cachemire. It is made in all colours, plain and figured. For all, except ball-dresses, the most general make is *en redingotte*, — high redingottes for morning, low for dinner, opera, or simple evening dress. For the former, the corsages are invariably tight to the bust; the sleeves, still very full at top, and nearly tight below. These dresses are mostly worn without a collarette or collar. A *very* short white lace scarf, beautifully embroidered, is simply tied round the throat; the ends sometimes reach to the waist, but never below. You will, perhaps, say, this is a very light dress for January; but let me be understood. If you walk out, or go in your carriage, you wear a cloak well lined and wadded, which you throw off on entering a hot room; at least we do so at Paris; and I think if the plan were adopted *aux bords de la Tamise*, it would be found a preservative against "colds."

The dinner and evening REDINGOTTES are, as I have said, in general made low. Some, however, are nearly high, leaving merely the throat exposed. The following is a description of a very elegant one that I have got. It is made of plain black tulle, lined with rose coloured satin. The corsage has a little fullness at the back; the fronts are very full, in five deep folds, slanting from the shoulder to the centre of the front of the waist. Long sleeves à *double sautoir*: the top puff excessively large and full, the lower one small, and immediately above the elbow. From the elbow to the wrist, the sleeve as tight as possible, and finished at the wrist by two rows of very narrow black lace. The corsage is finished at the neck by a small, square falling collar, of the material of the dress. The skirt, excessively full, has a double row of quilled satin riband down each side of the front. These rows meet on the waist, and are about a third of a yard apart at the bottom of the skirt. Between them, exactly down the centre, are five bows of gauze riband, going down gradually larger and larger. These, with the quilling of satin riband, give the dress the appearance

of being open in front, and brought together by the bows. A double row of the same quilling goes round the collar, and down the front of the corsage. The hat to be worn with this dress is of rose crape, made transparent as it is for evening. The front is *très évasée*, rounded off and very short at the ears. The *culotte*, rounded at top, is in folds, that finish under a bow of gauze riband, with long ends placed at the lower part of the *calotte* (crown), towards the back at the left side. The *garniture* consists of two feathers, one placed standing up in the centre of the front of the hat, the other placed beneath the *passe* (or front): it is put in at the front, close to the forehead, and, inclining towards the right, it curls over the edge of the *passe*, and finishes outside. Four puffs of gauze riband hide the stem of the feather underneath, and give a becoming finish to the hat.

VELVET HATS, trimmed with rich satin ribands, and with two or three ostrich feathers, are more worn than any others; the colours preferred are black and orange, black and green, black and blue, and black and rose. Hats of satin *dentelle*, a satin that has the appearance of blonde lace over satin, are *très recherchés*. The forms have undergone no change since last month; nor will there be any great variety now until Long-Champs.

EVENING COIFFURES.—There is no fixed style of coiffure adopted at present for the hair. Some wear immense tufts of curls at the sides of the head à la *Néigüé* and à la *Grignon*; others, the flowing ringlets of *Ninon de l'Enclos*. Some have adopted the coiffure of Marion Delorme; while others again, prefer the *bonnet à la Marie Stuart*, or the elegant *chapeau à la Dubarry*. Those who wish to be very simple, wear turbans of mixed gauzes, brown and orange, brown and scarlet, brown and rose, brown and blue. These turbans (by no means formal) are merely twisted on the head by a coiffure. Six or eight "argus" feathers are placed with much taste and elegance towards the right side of the front of the turban. It is to match these feathers that one of the colours should be brown.

The prettiest style of coiffure for demoiselles is a braid en couronne on the top of the head, rather far back. The front hair in full tufts of curls, very much parted on the forehead in ringlets, or in two braids *en fer à cheval*, coming down at each side of the face, and turned up again and fastened beneath the couronne. An arrow, richly ornamented, and a small gold chain crossing the brow, are pretty additions. These, or a wreath of flowers round the head, or one or two detached bouquets of roses, half blown, buds, or small mixed flowers, are the ornaments worn by young ladies. The in the morning is dressed as simply as

possible; the back hair braided at the top of the head, the front generally in one single long thick ringlet at each side of the face. Those who do not consider this becoming, wear full tufts of curls or *bandeaux tues*.

FLOWERS.—Flowers are still much worn. Those in favour are roses, china-asters, dahlias, auriculas, marigolds, and dark fancy flowers. Some are made in velvet, and answer extremely well for velvet hats. For evening, guirlandes and bouquets of small mixed flowers, or of rosebuds, are fashionable: and a wreath of oak leaves with gold acorns has the prettiest effect possible in dark hair. Feathers, birds of Paradise, and esprits are also much worn.

NECKLACES AND EARRINGS of jet are more *rich-reché* than any others. The next in estimation are ruby, coral, and garnet.

GLOVES.—Black silk gloves and mittens à *poirs* in rich lace-patterns, long and short, have quite superseded kid gloves, either in ball dress or dinner costume.

There is nothing whatever new in lingerie.

MANTELETS AND PELERINES.—There are some new pelerines and mantelets made of rich satin, black, orange, violet, or grenat, lined with a different colour satin; they are very large, thickly wadded, and *piqué* (quilted); the mantelets are trimmed with black lace, and the pelerines with swansdown, white or dyed, blue or rose. They are in general made with *capuchons* (hoods), and are the most useful things possible to put on on leaving a hot room or theatre; they are so very light, that they cannot possibly injure a dress: and with the *capuchon* drawn over the head, one has veritablement l'air d'un *petit chapeau rouge*.

COLOURS.—The colour of all others most in vogue is black; next orange, ruby, crimson, emerald and apple greens, moss green, chocolate, chestnut, nut brown, dahlia, violet, dark lilac, lie de vin, cherry, rose, blue Haiti, and sky blue.

Now, ma toute aimable, as you say your great balls have not yet commenced in London, I shall reserve ball dresses for another letter. Still, should you, en attendant, go to a ball perchance, your robe must have a corsage en pointe, sleeves à double sabot, with ruffles à la Louis XV., and the skirt of the dress must be open in front, and looped back at distances with diamonds, jet ornaments, flowers, or bows of riband, consisting of two coques, with a cameo in the centre. Your ceinture must be of the broadest gauze riband, with long silk tassels at the ends—bien entendu, tied in front. And your coiffure must be à l'antique.

I shall now close my *depêche*, wishing you every amusement the approaching season can afford. Mon mari, toujours

aimable pour toi, t'envoie un baiser. Adieu, donc ma belle et bonne amie, et crois-moi pour l'vie.

Ton amie sincere,
L. de F-

DESCRIPTION OF PLATES.

(No. 3.)—COSTUME DE SPECTACLE OU SOIREE.—Toquet or hat à l'Espagnole, of velvet. This hat is made very nearly on the model of a man's hat; the leaf is very broad at the sides, and diminishes towards the front and back; it is turned up at each side, and down again in the centre of the front, so as to form a point à la Marie Stuart on the forehead. A broad satin riband is passed round the top of the *calotte*, crossed in front, and brought round round again to tie at the back in a bow with long ends. A bird of Paradise is placed towards the right side, and inclines to the left. (See plate.) The hair, in full tufts of curls, fills up the sides of the leaf. Satin redingotte with low corsage, *à revers*. The redingotte, which is made tight at the back, crosses completely in front (see plate), and is in folds coming from the shoulder. A deep *revers* or pelerine, cut almost square at back, with a deep point or *dent de loup* on the shoulder, and coming *en schall* in front as far as the waist, gives a pretty finish to the corsage. The sleeves are excessively full at top, and have a deep pointed cuff turned up at the wrist. The skirt, which is very ample, crosses equally with the corsage, and is cut out in *dents de loup* (see plate), beginning small at the waist, and increasing in size as they go down: these *dents*, as well as the *revers* and cuffs, are edged with a very small rouleau, outside which is a double row of black lace, not very broad, nor yet narrow; it is put on with some degree of fulness. The ceinture is composed of the broadest gauze riband, tied in front in two very

small coques (see plate); the ends fall very low, and are finished by rich silk tassels. Chemisette of fine cambric, edged with narrow lace. Pearl necklace, gold earrings, black satin shoes, white kid gloves.

(No. 4.) TOILETTE DE GRANDE SOIREE OU DE CONCERT.—This plate gives the model of a new and most becoming head-dress in velvet, half hat and half toque. The crown, and half the front (as may be seen by the sitting figure), is perfectly a dress hat: the leaf, which is deep at the right side, is bent downwards nearly to a point in front (see plate), and finishes very small at the left side. A bow, with long ends of broad satin riband, retains a bouquet of feathers on the left side (see plate), and is then brought across the back of the crown to the right side, where it finishes by a full bow. Four or five tips of ostrich feathers are placed with a bow of satin riband under the deep side of the leaf. The hair is in *baudeaux*. Under-dress of black satin, with a deep flounce of blonde, and edged round the neck with a narrow blonde, over which is a full dress redingotte of rich satin *moyen âge*. The corsage is made tight to the bust, and has a piece cut out in front, so as to form a kind of stomacher in black. (See plate.) A *revers* excessively deep on the shoulder, narrower at back, and cut away nearly to a point in front (see plate), finishes the corsage. The sleeves, which are full at top, are tight to the lower arm. The skirt, open in front, is, as well as the *revers*, and front of the corsage, cut out at the edge *en feuilles* (in imitation of the indentures of leaves), and edged with a narrow rouleau. The dress is fastened round the waist by a ceinture of *ruban satiné gros grains*, that matches the dress perfectly. Rich necklace of pearls, with diamond ornaments; very long gold earrings. Black silk stockings *à jours*, black satin shoes, white kid gloves.

Fine Arts.

Finden's Gallery of the Graces. Part 10.

"The Shade of Sadness," painted by Boxall, engraved by W. H. Mote,

"In those eyes of tenderest light
A sadness, as of love, I see,"
is, in every respect, admirably executed and well depicted.

"The Passion Flower," drawn by D. McClise, engraved by Hollis, has much of freshness about it. It is also admirably engraved. The fingers exhibit the playful reality of life, and the entwining flower much elegance of arrangement. Much talent of conception

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is shewn in this, by no means an easy subject to delineate.

"The Wild Flower," painted by W. Boxall, engraved by Ryall,

"Her face, yet shaded by the pensiveness
Breath'd o'erit from her holy orisons,"—

"Imagination's phantom, lily fair,
In pure simplicity of humble life,"—
is executed with great skill, and is accurately delineated according to this description.

We cannot help noticing a general improvement in hands and fingers, of which we have before complained.

Harmonicon.

Songs of Provence, Nos. 1 and 2.—*The Miller of Provence.*—The words by CHAS. JEFFERYS; the music by JULIAN ST. PIERRE. L. Lee.

On former occasions we have had under our notice several works by Mr. Leoni Lee, possessing somewhat a similar character, except that "*Songs of Provence*" are more spirited than those now before us. This composer having met with well-merited patronage, is likely to ensure a continuance of it. Both the numbers are full of beauties. The title-pages, a thing, indeed, of but little moment to the scientific mind, are graced with some admirably designed and executed lithographic engravings, beautifully characteristic of the precise subject of each production, from the clever pencil of John Brandard.

Lays of Venice, No. 1.—*Haste to the Carnival.*—Duet. The words by CHAS. JEFFERYS, the music by CHARLES COOKE. Same publisher.

The second, third, and fourth numbers of this work reached us as far back as October last, and favourable notices appeared in November, whilst the first has remained unheeded till now. It is extremely pretty in melody, with simple but appropriate accompaniments, and is worthy of those which follow in rotation in the series.

Maiden of Dante.—A Duet. The words as above; the music by N. J. SPORLE. Same publisher.

Mr. Sporle is rising fast in our estimation as a composer, and evinces considerable discretion in not attempting to do too much. The duet is elegant and pleasing.

The Father's Prayer.—The words as above; the music by S. NELSON.

The Mother's Prayer.—Words and music by the same. Same publisher.

These "twin spirits," as authors, have here again written, according to custom, two most effective productions.

Come o'er the moonlit Sea.—A Duet. The words by CHAS. JEFFERYS, arranged, with an accompaniment for the Guitar, by LOUIS LEO. Same publisher.

So fashionable has the guitar, of late years, become, that a song, to be exhibited in its most attractive form, need be presented to us with such an accompaniment. Mr. Leo has happily, and most successfully, fixed upon this extremely popular duet from the "*Songs of the Gondola*" as a beginning.

Handel's Oratorio, Books 1 and 2, The Messiah.—Arranged for the Piano-forte by N. B. CHALCOTTER.

The authors, in bringing out this work in its present form, have thus described their intentions:—"This adaptation is offered for the use of musical amateurs (who are not vocalists) on the Sabbath-day, and care has been taken to form the passages more familiarly for the piano-forte than in

any previous arrangement, as well as to place the themes in an order that may historically agree with the passages of Holy Writ they have originally been intended to illustrate." So much are we lovers of Handel, that any arrangement, provided the subject be not altered, comes as a welcome guest to our table; but the one in question is admirably done, and will be found well worthy the attention of all devotees of sacred music.

The Gondolier's Good Night.—Arranged for the Piano-forte, by R. SCHRODER. Ditto.

This forms a delightful little exercise for juvenile performers on the piano-forte. The air is taken from Bellini's *Tu Vedrai*, in the opera of "*Il Pirata*."

Il Bagno, Racconto Pastorale.—By VACCAJ. An elegant production.

Ellia, m'Amia.—Arietta. By VACCAJ.

Signor Vaccaj's acknowledged taste and tact are very strongly manifested in this composition. It is pregnant with elegancies of the chaste Italian character.

I have Nobody now.—A Ballad. The poetry by the Ettrick Shepherd; the music by OSBORNE.

To beautiful words the composer has wedded some delightfully pathetic and expressive music. The ballad cannot fail of becoming a favourite.

Lady, fair Lady.—A Serenade. The words by GEO. HOWE, Esq., the music by E. TUCKER.

An elegant serenade, and which requires only to be known.

'Tis the best thou shouldst forget me.

Another pretty ballad, by the same authors.

Gustavus the Third.—The Overture arranged for the Harp and Piano-forte by BOCHSA. Mori and Co.

It were needless to dilate upon the excellence of the music written by Auber for this opera, inasmuch as a discerning public has decided, by an almost unparalleled patronage of its performance at Covent-Garden Theatre, that it is of that character which pleases their fancy. It has, then, only to be stated that there is such a piece extant, which will recall, when in their own houses, many of the pleasurable moments within the theatre. Bochsa appears, in the arrangement before us, to have devoted on this more than ordinary care and tact. He has also written accompaniments for the flute and violin-cello, so that a "quartette" party may be at once formed.

Gustavus the Third.—Select Airs for the Harp and Piano-forte, with (ad lib.) accompaniments for the Flute and Violoncello. Arranged by BOCHSA. Same publisher.

Following up the judicious intention of Mori, Bochsa has selected all the most favourite airs from the opera, and arranged them for the various instruments already named. The task is admirably performed.

Gustavus the Third.—*The Sailor's Chorus, Long live the King.*—Arranged as a quick march for the Harp, by BOCHSA. Same publisher.

M. Bochsa's talent has seldom shone forth more vividly than in this piece.

Petit Souvenir de Gustave.—"Answer, mighty Sorceress," and the *Air de Ballet "La Folie."*—Arranged for the Harp by BOCHSA. Same publisher.

Another striking evidence of the powers of this professor. This, as well as the preceding works, will prove very popular favourites of the ensuing season.

The Vocal Primer.—By J. JOUSSE. D'Almaine and Co.

In an extremely small and convenient form, Mr. Jousse has stored up more real and sound information upon the subject of the study and practice of *vocal* music than we remember to have seen in double the compass. The instructions are given by questions and answers; a mode of teaching, by-the-bye, peculiarly advantageous to young students. We can recommend this work to students in the art of singing.

The Musical Album for 1834. Falkner.

In this elegant production we find eight very pretty vocal and five instrumental compositions, all worthy attention. The whole of the music is by native professors; a circumstance which renders the work doubly deserving of patronage.

Go, happy Rose.—A Canzonette, from "the Hesperides" of Robert Herrick, 1648. Composed by T. H. SEVERN. Novello.

A very clever composition, and will, we doubt not, become a great favourite.

The Pirate.—Words by W. St. GEORGE KING, Esq.; composed by HAYDN COMRI. Willis.

A powerful production.

Thème et Variations, faciles pour le Piano, 4 mains.—By F. STOEPEL. Op. 19. Ditto.

This is a very agreeable composition for two performers, and proves to be, as said, *facile*.

Oh, when it is too late.—A Ballad. The words by T. H. BAYLY, Esq.; the music by ALEX. LEE. Duff and Co.

One of those exquisitely pretty ballads, so many of which have had their origin with Mr. Lee. There is much delicacy of style and expression in this composition.

Hurrah for brave Ross and his Crew.—A Song. By JESSIE HAMMOND, Esq.; the music by J. BLEWITT. Ditto.

This song, were it solely for the spirited lithographic title-page representing the first elevation of the chief "Tulloahin," in Boothia, upon the wooden leg made for him by Captain Ross, is deserving of general patronage as an illustration of history. The words are full of sentiment, and are well set by Blewitt.

Drama, &c.

KING'S THEATRE — OPERA ARRANGEMENTS FOR THE SEASON.—At length the much-disputed question, as to the party who would have possession, during the spring, was determined, and Laporte drew up his prospectus for the season, 1834. In the ballet department, no doubt can exist as to the transcendent powers possessed by some of the individuals whose names will be found subjoined. The season, at present, is arranged to commence on the 15th of this month, with Donizetti's opera of "Anna Bolena," a composition which, it will be remembered, Pasta, last year, made extremely effective, in which Made. Unger will make her *début*. The tenor part will be *done* by the young Russian prodigy, Ivanhoff. Mdlle. Taglioni also begins the season with us, and will remain for six weeks, when she leaves England for a short time, until April. In her absence, Mdlle. Duvernay, who raised herself to great favour last season at Drury-lane, will appear as a *debutante*. The ballet is "La Sylphide." Mademoiselles Blasis and Salvi, and Zuchelli (*a contra'alto*), will be here next month; Pasta, Grisi, Rubini, Tamburini, Lablache, Little Perrot, and the two Elsers, do not come till Easter. Laporte is now gone on his travels for additional talent. The names of those en-

gaged for the opera are—Mademoiselle Julietta Grisi (from the Italian Opera at Paris) Madame Unger (from the principal Italian theatres in Italy and Paris), Mdlle. Blasis (her first appearance these three years), Mdlle. Salvi (her first appearance in this country), Madame Tamburini, and Mdlle. Castelli.—*Tenors*: Signor Rubini and M. Ivanhoff.—*Bassi*: Signori Zuchelli, Tamburini, and Lablache.—For the *Ballet*: Mdlle. Taglioni, Mdlle. Duvernay, Mdlle. Teresa Elslér, Mdlle. Fanny Elslér, Mdlle. Adele, Mdles. Chavigny, Kipler, and A. Bourgoïn, and Messrs. Perrot, Coulon, Theodore, Leblond, and Henri Vallier. The ballet department will be entirely under the management of M. Taglioni. We trust the forthcoming season will prove more successful than the former.

DRURY-LANE AND COVENT-GARDEN.—At the former "The Wedding Gown," and "St. George and the Dragon;" at the latter "Gustavus the Third," and "Old Mother Hubbard," continue to offer nightly feasts. Thus may the performances, at these two houses, for the past month, be described. In confirmation, however, as *both* establishments are now in fact but *one*, we would add the following remark from the *Observer* of the 26th ult.:—"We are informed upon

good authority, that the average nightly receipts of Drury-Lane and Covent-Garden, during the whole of the last three weeks, have been very nearly 550*l.*; but that Drury-Lane has been, of the two, considerably most productive. Nevertheless, Planché's 'Gustavus the Third' still continues to draw profitable houses, and, while it does, it would be absurd to lay it aside."

VICTORIA.—Sheridan Knowles' admirable "Wife" has proved highly attractive "at the only theatre in the metropolis where it can be acted." A very successful one-act piece was brought out at this theatre on the 24th ult., entitled "The Blacksmith." The chief incidents in the plot are the separate arrivals, at Gretna Green, of a Captain Darlington with a young heiress, and of his man-servant, also with a runaway young lady, whom he has prevailed to accompany him to seek the aid of the Blacksmith to join two in one, in the supposition that he is an officer in his Majesty's service. The scenes that occur afford much amusement, and the audience greeted the Blacksmith in a manner to ensure his frequent re-appearance before the public.

ADLPHI.—The novelties at this house continue to meet with unprecedented reward. Since our last, a new piece, called "Lurline, or the Revolt of the Naiads," has been produced, and is nightly received by crowded audiences. It is the first adaptation to our stage of "La Révolte du Sérail," the particulars of which we gave in our last Magazine, under the head of "Parisian Theatricals." So attractive has this piece proved, that money has been nightly sent from the house from want of room. The officers of the Guard are amongst the most regular attendants. The "Naiads" go on swimmingly, and the bath not only overflows the stage, but the house. The Duchess of Kent has twice visited the theatre during the month.

OLYMPIC.—Here, as usual, "Madame" is nightly greeted by full audiences. LISTON, KEELEY, and herself, contrive to keep their friends in the midst of a "mass" of laughter.

SURREY.—At this house matters are proceeding with that success which the spirited manager merits.

SADLER'S WELLS.—Here things are also decidedly prosperous, and the manager's struggles for novelty properly rewarded. A new drama, called "The Tinker of Tadcaster," has been produced. It is founded on a story which appeared in one of the periodicals, called "The Coiners," and is put together with considerable dramatic tact. The acting was extremely good. "Evadne" followed, in which Cobham played the high-minded and fiery "Colonna" with dignity and power; and Miss Macarthy adorned the character of the pure and affectionate "Evadne" with pathos and nature.

CITY.—By permission of the assignees under Mr. Davidge's commission, this theatre has been opened for the benefit of the creditors to the estate, but the receipts are insufficient even to defray the actors' salaries. Several pieces have been most respectably sustained.

J. RUSSELL'S ENTERTAINMENT.—J. Russell, with his little bark, has twice weathered the storm, and obtained shelter at the Sans Souci theatre, where his entertainments were delivered to crowds of admirers, some thirty or forty years ago, by Dibdin the First. We expect to see fortune smile with equal favour upon his successor. Mr. Russell purposes opening this week.

PARISIAN THEATRICALS.

ITALIAN OPERA.—"Don Giovanni" has been successfully revived. The auditory rendered full justice to the magnificent composition, supported as it is by a host of talent. Mlle Sontag's Donna Anna was beautiful—her execution of the music without a fault, and she acted with grace and feeling; but on the whole we prefer Mlle. Grisi, whose face and figure are finer for the character; and her singing, if not so perfect, is but little inferior. Mlle. Ungheer, a German, sings and plays as one who thoroughly knows and loves the music she is singing. Her "Betti Batti" was captivating, and richly merited the plaudits. Mlle. Schultz, who, like Mlle. Ungheer, was also at home in the music of her great countryman, was scarcely less successful, and contributed her full share in producing the rapturous *encore* of the trio, with Grisi and Rubini. Tamburini, in Giovanni, showed himself an elegant and accomplished comedian, as well as a first-rate vocalist. Zuchelli sung admirably, but his figure and style were unsuited to the gallant libertine. Tamburini's "Fin che dal vino," and Rubini's brilliant execution of his single air, "Mio tesoro," called down unanimous *encores*. Santini's Leporello is the best part he has yet played or sung in Paris; the omission of a little of the buffoonery with which he overloads the character would be desirable. His voice and general execution in the duet, "O Statuo," and in the sextet, displayed a firmness of power and precision truly Mozartian. This performance has rapidly advanced Santini in the opinion of the *dilettanti*.

PORE ST. MARTIN.—A new and successful drama has just been added here to the list of the popular productions of M. Alexandre Dumas. Its title is "Angèle;" and the plot, which is marked by the usual peculiarities of this clever writer, is wrought up with all the high dramatic power which the public have so frequently admired, and so frequently lamented that it should be

displayed upon subjects not only unworthy the pen of a man of talents, but actually degrading to the drama. We should have been glad to have had to record, even for the sake of M. Dumas himself, that this monstrosity had been hooted from the stage: truth, however, obliges us to state the direct reverse: it was received throughout with approbation, and at its conclusion the name of the author was hailed with even enthusiastic plaudits. So much for the taste of the day.

THEATRICAL AND MUSICAL INTELLIGENCE.

VOCAL CONCERT.—On the 13th ultimo, the first performance by the Vocal Society took place at the Hanover square Rooms; the programme contained many compositions of the highest order. Braham gave "Mad Tom" with a power, pathos, and effect that he alone could do; he was rapturously applauded. Miss Clara Novello sang a fine scena by Spohr, and Mrs. E. Seguin another by Righini, in a manner that elicited great applause. Morley's madrigal, "I follow, lo!" and Weelke's "To shorten winter's sadness," were admirably performed, and *cucored*. Willman performed a fantasia on the clarinet in a most masterly manner. Several glees, choruses, &c. were sung with great effect. Mr. T. Cooke led an excellent band, among whom was Lindley, who is in himself a host.

THE MADRIGAL SOCIETY.—The annual general meeting of this society took place in the Freemasons' Hall on the 18th, Sir John Rogers in the chair, supported by Lord Burghersh, Lord Saltoun, Sir A. Barnard, Mr. Braham, and about 150 professors and amateurs. "Non nobis" was sublimely sung by 80 voices.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF MUSICIANS.—Lord Howe, as one of the directors of the King's concerts of ancient music, will preside at the 96th anniversary of the Royal Society of Musicians on the 14th of March.

Mason, the celebrated violin player, and also Mr J. B. Cramer, have been invited to dine with the Melodists Club on the 30th instant, being its first meeting this season. Braham, who was one of the founders of the club, will also be present, and Lord Burghersh will take the chair.

MR. C. INCLETON'S CONCERT.—On the 22d ultimo this gentleman, the son of Mr. Incledon, gave a vocal concert at the City of London Tavern, the large room of which establishment was crowded to an overflow. It is the occasion of the *début* of the grandson of the "English vocalist." In features we traced a family resemblance only to the author of his school, the advantage being on the side of the boy; but in many parts of the voice the *faculty* of the grandfather flashed across the recollection of all those who had

the good fortune to hear the "sovereign of nature's song." His voice owes much to Mrs. G. Wood, to whom considerable credit is due for the inculcation of a correct style and fruitful taste. Master George Incledon sang several pieces: a duet with his father, "Oh, Poland!" a manuscript by Nelson; the beautiful ballad, by Shield, of "A little boy, I left my home (*encored*); "Rose gently blooming," by Spohr; and Herz's duet of "I know a bank," with Miss Shirreff, were the most excellently executed, and were very warmly applauded. The following, a powerful galaxy of talent, assisted:—Misses Shirreff and Betts, and Mrs. G. Wood; and Messrs. Hawkins, Fitzwilliam, Hobbs, Terrell, E. Taylor, Bellamy, Hawes, and Broadhurst, in addition to himself and son. With such professors, it would be superfluous to say more than that that which was executed was done in so admirable a manner as to leave no wish ungratified. Sir George Sinart presided with his known ability at the piano-forte, and his performance of the accompaniments gave increased effect to the exertions of the *vocalistes*.

DOINGS AT NAPLES.—The kind solicitations of hospitable English friends induced me to spend the Christmas holidays at Naples, instead of proceeding to Rome; and as the Carnival will commence here on the 17th of January, I shall remain, in order to witness the doings during that gay period. As a farther inducement, my friends are anxious that I should give a public concert at the Great Fondo Theatre, which I feel inclined to do, in consequence of Malibian, Lablache, David, Calvaciolla, De Beriot, &c. having in the kindest manner promised me their valuable services. You can form no idea of the gaiety of an evening party in this city. Just before Madame Masi left Naples she invited all the principal singers belonging to San Carlo, and a number of amateurs of distinction, to a *sorée musicale*. Such a merry making party I never witnessed. We had much *good* singing, but you will be surprised when I tell you that Mazzinghi's comic duet of "When a little farm we keep," which I had the honour of singing with Malibian, carried all before it, in consequence of the exquisite manner in which she sang the *Do, Re, Mi* part of it; and when we repeated it, she executed the florid divisions so delightfully and so brilliantly, yet quite different from the first time, the company were enraptured. To give you an idea how free and easy they take it here, the *prima donna* requested Lablache to sustain F below, myself B flat, others the harmonic intervals above, and to place our finger on the side of our nose, to form a drone, while she imitated the squeaking tones of the horrid *bagpipes* (which din our ears in all corners of this place), in such a manner as to create the loudest laughter, particularly

when we all sunk our voices very slowly together, as if the wind in the bellows was nearly exhausted.—A new opera, by Paccini, has been brought out at St. Carlo, called *Irene*; or, *Le Asedio di Messina*, in which Malibran, Reina, David, and Lablache appeared. It proved ineffective, and was only performed three times. The second grand gala night exceeded the first in splendour. The opera house was lighted with 750 wax torches, and many of which were five feet high.—*Extract of a Letter from Mr. Parry, jun.*

The Royal Society of Musicians, at its Christmas general meeting, voted the sum of sixty pounds to be divided among several indigent non-claimants, one of whom was poor Marriotti, who held the situation of trombone primo at the Opera House for forty years, but who is now, at the age of eighty years, in very indifferent circumstances. Gratuities were also given to some of the oldest claimants on the Society in addition to their regular allowances, among whom is John Mahon, once a celebrated clarinet player, now in his 88th year.

A NEW PIANOFORTE.—A German of the name of Niggel has brought to London a pianoforte with two sets of keys, similar to Kirkman's old harpsichords. The lower keys produce the same tones and effect as the ordinary instruments of the kind, but the upper keys produce tones of a stringy nature, not unlike violins with mutes on. When a melody is performed by the right hand, on the upper keys, an accompaniment is played by the left, on the lower, and the combined effect is very pleasing. In shape and size this instrument resembles a horizontal grand pianoforte.

The Revolt of the Seraglio is in a forward state of preparation at Covent-Garden, and will be brought out as the next novelty. The run of *Gustavus the Third* has lasted so long, that it would be most unreasonable to expect it should do much more. When it ceases to be sufficiently attractive, the Revolt of the Seraglio, got up with much splendour and novelty of effect, is to take its place.

At Drury-Lane, Sardanapalus is also kept in reserve, and the successful production of Jerrold's Wedding Gown has rendered the absence of *Ellen Tree* (who is now returned to us), for whom the part of Myrrha is designed, of little consequence. The Wedding Gown and St. George and the Dragon, assisted by a one act interlude, have filled Drury-Lane every night, so that here also the lessee is in no haste to change the performances. Macready is prepared with his part of Sardanapalus; but it is by no means certain that it will immediately succeed the Wedding Gown, as another piece, which has excited a great deal of attention in Paris, is talked of, and may be resorted to.

All the recent proceedings betoken great activity and energy on the part of the lessee, and his exertions deserve to be rewarded.

The original design of performing Mehul's sacred opera of Joseph and his Brethren at Drury-Lane, during the approaching Lent, has been abandoned, for an undertaking which possesses all kinds of capabilities. The lessee has secured Braham, who is to be paid by a nightly salary.

Poole's comedy, in one act, (and it is certainly the neatest and completest piece of genteel comedy of modern times,) has just been published. We notice it chiefly to remark upon the author's candid avowal in the preface that he took the plot from the French stage; and, moreover, that he had the courage to adopt a piece which was unequivocally condemned on its first representation, although acted by the best performers Paris boasted. He saw at once that the cause of the failure was feeble, pointless, and slovenly dialogue. In his version he has amply remedied this defect. The plot in French and English is precisely the same; and Poole's triumph, therefore, is the triumph of neat, pointed, and appropriate dialogues. We wish he had told us, into the bargain, who was the author of the original.

The latest advices state that the Woods are drawing capital houses wherever they go, and that Mrs. Wood is a great favourite in private society. Power also had met with every encouragement—more than he had looked for, considering that he was immediately preceded by Master Burke, who was so extraordinary a favourite.

Some few years since, previous to Mr. Theodore Hook's embarkation for the Mauritius, his wit and general literary talent procured for him the *entrée* to the green-room of the Haymarket Theatre; and a literary friend, in writing to a favourite author and actor, addressed him thus:—"My dear W——, can you, by hook or by crook, give me your bones to-night for your new piece?"—To which laconic note the actor made the following brief reply:—"I cannot! My Piece has withdrawn—my Bones have walked off—Hook is out of town—and Crook is gone to the d—!"

The dignitaries of the church at Richmond ask 100 guineas for the erection of a tablet in the church to the memory of poor Kean; and the same disinterested body modestly demand 20 guineas for a monument against the church! A monument to the memory of a waterman, replete with "high-sounding words," eulogistic of his "life, character, and behaviour," stands near it, while the remains of the "Mighty Meteor" are suffered to moulder without—No! Some kind painter and glazier who has been passing, with a brush full of paint, and in the plenitude of a generous heart

for past histrionic gratifications, has daubed "Edmd. Kean!" "*O tempora, O mores!*"

GEORGE COLMAN THE YOUNGER.—The people of Hull wished to have a piece written in honour of Capt. Ross. Mr. L. Rede went down and prepared one. When finished the Licensor (though the Captain himself is stated to have had no objection to it) forbade the use of the word Ross. Verily George Colman is doing all he can to get the ridiculous office he holds abolished.

At Liverpool there have been three theatres open—the Liver, Queen's, and Sanspareil. The proprietors are talented actors; Mr. Raymond decidedly, with the exception of Power, is the most gentlemanly *droll* Irishman on the stage. Hammond, his coadjutor, is of the John Reeve school, possessing much humour. Every department is well filled. T. P. Cooke has been down for a fortnight, drawing excellent houses.

It is said that Mr. Morris intends commencing his next season on Easter Monday; a period far earlier than the Haymarket Theatre has ever before opened.

From the various reports which have recently reached us, theatricals in the provinces are on the mend. The fortunate change, we are informed, has been proved at Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, Bath, Sheffield, Canterbury, Maidstone, Dover, &c.

Sheridan Knowles, has been delighting the good folks of Canterbury, Maidstone, &c. with his performances, in his own plays of the "Hunchback," "the Wife," and "William Tell."

Miss Pelham has been acting with Mr. Sheridan Knowles at Canterbury and Maidstone, with great success.

Young Burke was to quit America for this country the latter end of the last or the commencement of the present month.

The lessee of Covent Garden has very generously given up to Mr. Egerton (the Secretary) and the Committee of the Covent-Garden Theatrical Fund, the use of the room near the stage-door, for the uses of the charity. A similar boon will, it is anticipated, be extended by the same individual at the other house, to the Master and Committee of Management of the Drury-lane Theatrical Fund.

There are no fewer than twenty-one theatres now open every night in London and its vicinity (Sundays excepted), many doing very well, and most of them making a living. In the list we find—Drury lane, Covent-garden, Victoria, Surrey, Olympic, Adelphi, Sadler's Wells, London Bridge, Pavilion, City (Milton-street), Clarence, Ducrow's in the East, Fitzroy, New Queen's, Westminster, Bell-street (Paddington), Orange (Chelsea), Sans Souci, or Vaudeville, Minor (Catherine-street), Wilmington-square,

and the Garrick. In addition to these there are several private establishments which are open twice and thrice a week.

Mrs. Gore's new comedy, of which much has been said in praise, has, we hear, been withdrawn from the Victoria, not that any dispute has arisen between the lady and the managers, but because the fair author imagined that, in the present state of the company, it could not be produced so advantageously as at the Haymarket; at which house it is, according to an existing arrangement, to be brought out shortly after the opening.

Kenny, too, is also waiting for an opportunity of bringing forward several emanations of his muse—a tragedy, a comedy, an opera, and a farce, he has ready; but as matters stand, there does not appear to be much chance for him.

Miss Mitford is likewise prepared with more than one tragedy, in addition to her *Charles the First*; they are in a complete state for rehearsal. Finding, however, that the taste of the day is in favour of compositions of a lighter class, she has written a village opera, the music to which has been set by an English professor. Although it is finished, we do not hear of its speedy production.

MISS ATKINSON.—This young lady, we find, is doing great things at Bath. From the subjoined extract from the *Bath Chronicle* of Thursday the 23d ult., no doubt can exist but she will speedily become an established favourite with the residents and visitors of that delightful city:—

"On Monday night was presented *Cinderella*, in which Mr. Sappio appeared as the 'Prince,' Mr. H. Phillips as the 'Baron Pomplino,' and Miss Atkinson as 'Cinderella.' The audience was provided with a feast of the richest harmony. Both Sappio and Phillips were in prime voice, and were enthusiastically applauded. Miss Atkinson 'won golden opinions' from all parts of the house. Her voice is full of the sweetest and most liquid melody; we should think that it is also full of power, but as her newness to the stage naturally made her very timorous, she did not give us any very favourable opportunity of forming a judgment on this point. All her efforts were received with strong approbation, and they richly deserved it. We have not space for any extended remarks on *Artaxerxes*, which was produced on Tuesday night. It went off extremely well. Miss Atkinson's performance confirmed us in the good opinion of her abilities which we have before expressed. We are quite sure she will prove a most valuable acquisition to her profession."

Mori, Bochsá, and Mr. and Mrs. H. Bishop, have been delighting the inhabitants of numerous towns. This, if we remember rightly, make four tours during the past

autumn,—an interesting “event” in the musical world. The provincial journals are full of the praises of the party.

THE NEW PLAY.—There has been some doubting in licensing Mrs. Gore’s version of Scribe’s *Bertrand et Raton*, which she has called the *Minister and the Master*; but through the considerate kindness of Lord Belfast, the Vice Chamberlain, the obstacle has been removed. The objection originated with the Examiner of Plays, who is bound to point out whatever he thinks ought not to be published to the attention of the public which met with representation. It is not now necessary to waver with opposition. We have little doubt, after having read the original, that in English it will be successful. Mrs. Gore has executed her task with peculiar talent, although she was running a race with several other dramatists. W. Farien has the principal part, and it is expected the comedy will be acted immediately after the *Wedding Gown* shall have ceased its attraction.

ANOTHER NEW PLAY.—It has been said that opposition was made to licensing the *Revolt of the Seraglio*, an account of some objection to the bathing scene. We apprehend this to be a mistake. The propriety or impropriety of that exhibition must depend upon the stage management, and would not appear in the manuscript sent to the licenser. If it be much longer delayed the lessee of the two Winter Theatres may find himself anticipated at the King’s Theatre, as he has been, to a certain extent, at the Adelphi; but the production of it by Laporte will depend upon circumstances.

THE LENTEN PERFORMANCES.—The new Lent performance at Drury-lane is upon the story of *Jephtha and his Daughter*. Mr. Lacy is actively employed in its preparation; and in this department of the drama (if, indeed, it may be called a “department of the drama”) no man has perhaps greater skill and experience. Braham will, of course, have the principal character. Madame Feron is also engaged for it.

THE KEMBLEs IN AMERICA.—Accounts, unfavourable to the attractiveness of C. Kemble and his daughter in the United States, have been circulated in this country. They apply exclusively to New York, where a prejudice exists against the Park Theatre. There can be no doubt that the popularity of the Kembles has created many enemies among the native performers, if in no other class. Personally, it is impossible that Charles Kemble could excite hostility, but professionally he has stirred up the envy of not a few. Nor can Fanny Kemble be a favourite among the ladies of the stage; and others would be very glad to avail themselves of a little check in their career, to produce a belief that their attraction was at an end. Authentic accounts have not reached England of the result of the last engagement of

Charles Kemble and his daughter at the Park Theatre. For twelve nights’ performances, ending October last, he received no less a sum than 1,015*l.*, or about 90*l.* per night.—*Observer*.

Sham letters have been recently received, or said to have been received, in England, from Mrs. Butler, late Miss F. Kemble, and signed by her married name. She is still, however, announced in the playbills and theatrical advertisements of the United States as Miss F. Kemble. She and her father are followed with increasing interest and curiosity.

MR. C. KEMBLE’S RETURN TO THIS COUNTRY.—C. Kemble returns to England early in the summer, without his daughter. Letters from her to a female friend, in December, signed “Frances Anne Kemble,” state that she could not be married until May, just before her father’s departure.

MR. KNOWLES AND HIS NEW PLAY.—Mr. Knowles has materially altered his play of “*The Beggar of Bethnal Green*,” which he has reduced to three acts. It is to be brought out at the Victoria without delay, as the author’s engagement there closes, we believe, at the end of March. Knowles is to play the part of a lover of the Beggar’s daughter, and Egerton her father. After Knowles quits the Victoria he will probably visit the United States professionally, but he does not seem to have decided whether he will permanently settle on the other side of the Atlantic.

MR. CHARLES KEAN—Charles Kean left London at the close of last week for Dublin, where he has entered into a highly advantageous engagement with Mr. Calcraft.

“The *Revolt of the Seraglio*” is immediately to be produced at Covent Garden with great splendour. “The *Israelites in Egypt*” which was so successful last year, will again be performed in Lent.

MADAME MALIBRAN AND THE KING OF NAPLES.—Malibran is at Naples; there has been a “row” between her and the King. Some time since “*Otello*” was performed. The pathetic Desdemona had excited the tears of many who heard her; the King stopped the opera, and ordered the ballet to commence. One of the first lords of the court of Naples gave a *fete* to the *elite* of that capital, and invited his Majesty, “What do you give this evening?” said the King, after having graciously accepted the invitation.—“Sire, a spectacle, concert, and ball.”—“Very well; some good buffoonery, without doubt, for the spectacle?”—“Sire, the most amusing that can be had.”—“And who sings at your concert?”—“The courtier named the most fashionable singers of the theatre and city, but, like a skilful courtier, reserved the name of Malibran to close his sentence, and prove to his Majesty how much he wished to please him.—“Take care,” was

the King's answer, "that she sings before my arrival."—An eruption from Vesuvius could not excite more speculation in Naples.

ACCIDENT TO M. NOURRIT.—At the close of the fourth act of "Robert le Diable," the machinery which forms the vault of the cathedral gave way, and fell upon the head of Nourrit, and so completely stunned him that he was obliged to relinquish his character for the remainder of the evening. It was reported that Nourrit was killed, but we are happy to state that the accident is not likely to be followed by any serious consequences.—*Galignani's Messenger*.

A new drama, from the pen of Mr. Moncrieff, entitled Mount St. Bernard, or the Headsman, will be produced at the Victoria Theatre on Tuesday.

Madame Malibran, on her return from Naples, will perform a few times in London, and afterwards proceed to Paris, to perform at the French Opera.

The Dramatic Authors' Society shared

150*l.* last week, being the receipts of the last two months.

MR. DAVIDGE'S BANKRUPTCY.—The bankrupt has passed his final examination. The certificate was signed by every one of the creditors, and the commissioner passed a high eulogium on Mr. Davidge's conduct, who had done all that an honest man could be expected to do in his distressed circumstances.

MRS. WAYLEIT has arrived in town from a most successful trip to the Emerald Isle. On the 24th ult. she took her benefit, when, says the Freeman's Journal, "at an early hour in the evening, from the immense pressure of persons anxious to gain admission, it was found necessary to notify that the house was so full that accommodation could not be obtained. Hundreds of persons left the different avenues leading to the several entrances, who were unable to obtain admission. We understand the receipts amounted to upwards of 400*l.*"

NEWSTEAD ABBEY,

Written at Newstead, in 1814, by Lord Byron.

[NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED *.]

In the home of my sires, as the clear moonbeam falls,
Through silence and shade, o'er its desolate walls,
It shines from afar, like the glories of old,
It gilds, but it warms not—'tis dazzling, but cold.

Let the sunbeam be bright for the younger of days—
'Tis the light that should shine on a race that decays;
When the stars are on high, and the dews on the ground,
And the long shadow lingers the ruin around.

And the step that o'er echoes the grey floor of stone
Falls sullenly now—for 'tis only my own:
And sunk are the voices that sounded in mirth,
And empty the goblet, and dreary the hearth.

And vain was each effort to raise and recal
The brightness of old to illumine our hall;
And vain was the hope to avert our decline,
And the fate of my fathers has faded to mine.

And theirs was the wealth and the fulness of fame,
And mine to inherit too haughty a name;
And theirs were the times and the triumphs of yore,
And mine to regret, but renew them no more.

And ruin is fixed on my tower and my wall,
Too hoary to fade, and too massy to fall:
It tells not of Time's or the Tempest's decay,
But the wreck of the line that has held it in sway.

[Byron wrote. 'On leaving Newstead Abbey,' and 'Elegy on Newstead Abbey.']

* From the "Sherborne Mercury," January 23, 1834.

Miscellany.

ART OF DECIPHERING EFFACED COINS.—

The most surprising form of this experiment is when we use a coin from which the inscription has been either wholly obliterated, or in such a degree as to be illegible. When such a coin is laid upon the red-hot iron, the letters and figures become oxidated, and the film of oxide radiating more powerfully than the rest of the coin, will be more luminous than the rest of the coin, and the illegible inscription may be now distinctly read, to the great surprise of the observer, who had examined the blank surface of the coin previous to its being placed upon the hot iron. In order to explain the cause of these remarkable effects, we must notice a method which has been long known, though never explained, of deciphering the inscription on worn-out coins. This is done by merely placing the coin upon a hot iron; an oxidation takes place over the whole surface of the coin, the film of oxide changing its tint with the intensity or continuance of the heat. The parts, however, where the letters of the inscription had existed, oxidate at a different rate from the surrounding parts, so that these letters exhibit their shape, and become legible, in consequence of the film of oxide which covers them having a different thickness, and therefore reflecting a different tint, from that of the adjacent parts. The tints thus developed sometimes pass through many orders of brilliant colours, particularly pink and green, and settle in a bronze, and sometimes a black tint, resting upon the inscription alone. In some cases, the tint left on the trace of the letters is so very faint that it can just be seen, and may be entirely removed by a slight rub of the finger. When the experiment is often repeated with the same coin, and the oxidation successively removed after each experiment, the film of oxide continues to diminish, and at last ceases to make its appearance. It recovers the property, however, in the course of time. When the coin is put upon the hot iron, and consequently when the oxidation is the greatest, a considerable smoke arises from the coin, and this diminishes, like the films of oxide, by frequent repetition. A coin which had ceased to emit this smoke, smoked slightly after having been exposed twelve hours to the air. I have found from numerous trials that it is always the raised parts of the coin, and in modern coins the elevated ledge round the inscription, that became first oxidated. In an English shilling of 1816, this ledge exhibited a brilliant yellow tint before it appeared on any other part of the coin.—*Brewster's Letters on Natural Magic.*

CONSCIENCE ACTED ON BY IMAGINATION.—

A very curious example of the influence of the imagination in creating distinct forms

out of an irregularly shaded surface is mentioned in the life of Peter Heaman, a Swede, who was executed for piracy and murder at Leith in 1822. We give it in his own words:—"One remarkable thing was, one day as we mended a sail, it being a very thin one, after laying it upon deck in folds, I took the tar brush and tarred it over in the places which I thought it needed to be strengthened; but when we hoisted it, I was astonished to see that the tar I had put upon it represented a gallows, and a man under it without a head. The head was lying beside him. He was complete, body, thighs, legs, arms, and in every shape like a man. Now I oftentimes made remarks upon it, and repeated them to the others. I always said to them all, you may depend upon it that something will happen. I afterwards took down the sail in a calm day, and sewed a piece of canvass over the figure to cover it, for I could not bear to have it always before my eyes."—*Brewster's Letters on Natural Magic.*

A SCANDALISING WHISPERING GALLERY.

—A naval officer who travelled through Sicily, in the year 1824, gives an account of a powerful whispering place in the cathedral of Girgenti, where the slightest whisper is carried with perfect distinctness through a distance of 250 feet, from the great western door to the cornice behind the high altar. By an unfortunate coincidence, the focus of one of the reflecting surfaces was chosen for the place of the confessional, and when this was accidentally discovered, the lovers of secrets resorted to the other focus, and thus became acquainted with confessions of the greatest import. This divulgence of scandal continued for a considerable time, till the eager curiosity of one of the dilettanti was punished, by hearing his wife's avowal of her own infidelity. This circumstance gave publicity to the whispering peculiarity of the cathedral, and the confessional was removed to a place of greater secrecy.—*Brewster's Letters on Natural Magic.*

USEFUL CAUTION AGAINST FIRE.—

In the present fearful times, when malignant incendiaries startle the peaceful repose of country dwellings, it is the natural consequence that every fire is attributed to malice, while, doubtless, the effects of accident take their course as usual. As the lives of suspected fellow creatures are at stake, it is desirable that the numerous causes of spontaneous fire should be brought to the public mind, mysterious and little thought of as they sometimes are, which must be our excuse for giving the following extract:—"Every person is familiar with the phenomena of heat and combustion produced by fermentation. Ricks of hay and stacks of

corn have been frequently consumed by the heat generated during the fermentation produced from moisture; and gunpowder magazines, barns, and paper mills have been often burnt by the fermentation of the materials they contained. Galen informs us that the dung of a pigeon is sufficient to set fire to a house, and he assures us that he has often seen it take fire when it had become rotten. Casati likewise relates on good authority that the fire which consumed the great church at Pisa was occasioned by the dung of pigeons that had for centuries built their nest under its roof."—*Brewster's Letters on Natural Magic.*

DESTRUCTIVE QUALITIES OF SOUND.—DEATH PRODUCED BY NOISE.—Buildings have often been thrown down by violent concussions of the air, occasioned either by the sound of great guns, or by loud thunder, and the most serious effects upon human and animal life have been produced by the same cause. Most persons have experienced the stunning pain produced in the ear, when placed near a cannon that is discharged. Deafness has frequently been the result of such sudden concussions; and if we may reason from analogy, death itself must often have been the consequence. When peace was proclaimed in London, in 1697, two troops of horse were dismounted and drawn up in line, in order to fire their volleys. Opposite the centre of the line was the door of a butcher's shop, where there was a large mastiff dog of great courage. This dog was sleeping by the fire, but when the first volley was fired, it immediately started up, ran into another room, and hid itself under a bed. On the firing of the second volley the dog rose, ran several times about the room trembling violently, and apparently in great agony. When the third volley was fired, the dog ran about once or twice with great violence, and instantly fell down dead, throwing up blood from his mouth and nose.—*Brewster's Letters on Natural Magic.*

METHOD OF READING LETTERS ON COINS IN THE DARK.—Among the numerous experiments with which science astonishes, and sometimes even strikes terror into the ignorant, there is none more calculated to produce this effect than that of displaying to the eye, in absolute darkness, the legend or inscription upon a coin. To do this, take a silver coin (I have always used an old one), and, after polishing the surface as much as possible, make the parts of it which are raised rough by the action of an acid—the parts not raised, or those which are to be rendered darkest, retaining their polish. If the coin thus prepared is placed upon a mass of red-hot iron, and removed into a dark room, the inscription upon it will become less luminous than the rest, so that it may be distinctly read by the spectator. The mass of red-hot iron should be concealed from the

observer's eye, both for the purpose of rendering the eye fitter for observing the effect, and of removing all doubt that the inscription is really read in the dark—that is, without receiving any light, direct or reflected, from any other body. If, in place of polishing the depressed parts, and roughening its raised parts, we make the raised parts polished, and roughen the depressed parts, the inscription will now be less luminous than the depressed parts, and we shall still be able to read it, from its being, as it were, written in black letters on a white ground. The first time I made this experiment, without being aware what would be the result, I used a French shilling of Louis XV., and I was not a little surprised to observe upon its surface, in black letters, the inscription, "Benedictum sit nomen Dei."—*Brewster's Letters on Natural Magic.*

METHOD OF EFFACING CREASES AND MARKS IN VELVET.—The great beauty of velvet makes it at all times a desirable and becoming article of dress; but the value of it, and its extreme tendency to form marks and creases on the least pressure, renders it less generally used for robes than it otherwise would be. The following recipe is an infallible method of effacing creases and chafed places, and restoring them to equal beauty with the rest of the garment:—

Stretch the breadth of chafed velvet, where it is injured, in an embroidery frame, or let it be tightly held by two or three persons over a large bowl or basin, in which three teaspoonsful of black tea have been infused in boiling water. Hold the velvet over the steam arising from the bowl till it gradually becomes equally humid all over, but it must not be very wet. Let it dry a few minutes, then take a box iron, not very hot, and pass it gently over the reverse side of the velvet, which must be held upright, either by hand or the frame, so that the silky face does not get the least pressure. Meantime, the nap of the velvet that was before crushed and discoloured will rise up as the iron passes beneath, and will appear as rich and fresh as if new. Great care must be taken to apply the iron when of a proper heat. If very hot, the nap will appear striped, or perhaps the colour will change to red or brown. But, if skilfully managed, this is a most valuable recipe for restoring costly robes and mantles, which these defects have caused to be thrown aside when they have scarcely been worn.

ANGERSTEIN GALLERY.—A notice affixed to the door of the late Mr. Angerstein's house in Pall-Mall, where the national pictures have hitherto been exhibited, announces that, in consequence of its insecure state, it has been shut up, and the pictures removed. The insecurity arises from the excavations for laying the foundation of the Conservative Club-house.

REMARKABLE SUBMARINE DISCOVERY.—Among the occurrences transmitted by tradition to our neighbours in Gower, is an account of the wreck of a homeward-bound Spanish galleon, laden with dollars, on Rhosily Sands, shortly after the conquest of South America by the Spaniards; that the crew, without giving information of the nature of her cargo, sold the wreck for a trifle to a Mr. Thomas, of Pitton, who, not being aware of the value of his purchase, took no pains for her recovery, and she shortly became completely imbedded in the sands. Nevertheless, suspicion always existed in that part of the country, that she must have had on board some valuable articles; and, about twenty-six years ago, in consequence of the sand having drifted very unusually, part of the wreck, in a very decayed state, became visible, and a great quantity of dollars, with some old iron and powder, were then dug up from some depth in the sand. The late Mr John Beynon, of Pitton, having failed to prove, by any written document, the purchase of the vessel by his ancestor, Mr. Thomas, Mr. Talbot, of Penrice Castle, as Lord of the Manor, became entitled to the property, but he generously refused to accept it, and consequently many of the inhabitants were much enriched by this fortuitous circumstance. The spot where the vessel struck being only open at four hours ebb tide, and the sand having returned to its old quarters, the money-hunters were obliged to desist in their attempts, and all hopes were abandoned of any further booty from that source. During the late gales, however, the sand having again shifted out, the spot was once more resorted to, and the recovery of a very large quantity of dollars has been the result, some bearing the date of 1631, others further back. The circumstance has created a very peculiar interest in the neighbourhood, and as it is not likely the present Lord of the Manor, C. R. M. Talbot, Esq., will deviate from the precedent of his respected father, it is to be hoped the neighbourhood, which is very poor, will be considerably benefited by this occurrence.—*Cambrian*.

ELOPEMENT.—The son of the well-known "whip," Mr. Stephen Peggons, who drives the Defiance coach from Cambridge to Wicheb, has eloped from Chatteris with the youngest daughter of the late Thomas Skeels, Esq., of Stoney. Every requisite arrangement appears to have been well managed, the fugitives driving off at full speed for Ely, where they got into the Red Rover night coach to London. The young lady, who is about seventeen years of age, is possessed of good property. We have been since informed that the friends of the youthful couple have followed them, to arrange the affair in an honourable manner.—*Cambridge Chronicle*.

THE FAMILY OF BURNS.—Good and active friends bestirred themselves after his death: Currie munificently wrote his life and edited his works; Robert, his eldest son, was placed in the Stamp office by Lord Sidmouth; cadetships in India were generously obtained for William and James by Sir James Shaw, who, otherwise, largely befriended the family; and Lord Panmure nobly presented one hundred pounds annually to his widow, till the success of her sons in India enabled them to interpose, and take—not without remonstrance—that pious duty on themselves. The venerable Mrs. Burns lives in the house where her eminent husband died; all around her has an air of comfort, and she has been enabled to save a small sum out of her annual income; her brother, a London merchant of much respectability, has long interested himself in her affairs; and her brother-in-law, Gilbert, died lately, after having established his family successfully in the world.—*From Cunningham's Life of Burns*.

THE OMNIBUS TRADE AND ITS "TRICK."—The number of omnibuses which start daily from the Bank to Paddington, and *vice versa*, is 72; and by Holborn and Oxford-street, 65. An interval of three minutes is allowed between the departure of each, and both lines are regulated by two companies, consisting of proprietors, each of whom pays to the general fund half-a-crown a-week for what they call "their time." The principal object of this fund is to supply an additional omnibus, to start at the same moment, and to follow throughout the whole line any intruding "Bus" which may take the road. They are thus screened from opposition by single individuals; but if a number of persons were to unite, the expense would be too great for them to send an extra conveyance to start with each. This is likely to happen in spring, as a great number of omnibuses are ready to be put upon several new lines of thoroughfare, as well as in opposition to these two companies. The proprietors find that it is much more profitable to charge only sixpence, as they gain the advantage from short fares. These "times" are saleable, 100*l.* having been recently given for a right belonging to the Holborn course. Duty is paid by upwards of 250 omnibuses, which pass every morning through the Strand, from nine till one o'clock—coming from Fulham, Chelsea, Uxbridge-road, Hammersmith, &c. The average distance each goes is six miles every journey, which, at 3*d.* per mile, is a source of great revenue.

INGENUITY REVIVED, BUT DETECTED, IN A LADY SMUGGLER.—During the last month, on the arrival of the Belfast steamer from France, the appearance of a passenger, who gave the name of Mrs. Ellen Marshall, attracted the attention of a custom-house

officer, who handed her over to the female searcher, and it was discovered, on divesting the lady of her black silk gown, that her petticoats were entirely made up of black French kid gloves, very ingeniously sewed together. The lady was of course compelled to throw off her glove petticoats, which, with the exception of her gown, were the only apparel she had on, and she was provided with more suitable ones. The gloves, on being counted, amounted to 504 pairs, and are valued, by the King's appraiser, at 37*l.* 19*s.* There was a young French lady, named Julie Marie, in company with Mrs. Marshall, who also underwent a private examination by the searcher, and three foreign lac flounces, a French lace dress, eight yards of lace, and twelve yards of black blond lace, which she had disposed about her person, so as to make her appearance *ante*, were taken from her.

DEATH OF CAPTAIN HOPPNER.—We announce the death of Captain Hoppner, of the Royal Navy, after a severe illness of three months. This excellent officer and worthy man commenced his career on board his Majesty's ship *Endymion*, when she was ordered to Corunna, to assist in embarking the troops after Sir John Moore's retreat. During the rest of the war he was constantly on active service, either on the enemy's coast, in the Channel, or in North America, where his excellent conduct on all occasions acquired for him the love of his shipmates and the approbation of his superiors. Captain Hoppner's name has been frequently before the public. His intimacy with Madera, one of the principal personages at Loo Choo, forms an agreeable and interesting episode in the account of those islands; and the skill with which he conveyed Lord Amherst and his suite to Batavia, in the boats of the *Alceste*, after the loss of that vessel, and his opportune return on board of the *Lion*, Indiaman, to the assistance of his comrades, must be remembered by every one. He was employed in all the recent expeditions fitted out by government to explore the Polar Seas, in the last of which he commanded his Majesty's ship *Fury*, which it became necessary to abandon among the ice. His health, which had suffered considerably on these occasions, was still further impaired by an excursion to the South of Europe, on his return from the last Polar expedition, terminated his mortal career the 22d ult., in his 39th year.

DEATH OF ABBAS MIRZA.—Intelligence has been received of the death of Abbas Mirza, the son and designated heir of the King of Persia, who was marching at the head of an army to put down an insurrection of one of his brothers. This event will occasion many speculations, and possibly some disturbances in the East. Mirza was at the head of the Russian interest.

SOMNAMBULISM.—Dresden was the theatre of a melancholy spectacle on the 20th of December. At seven in the morning, a female was seen walking on the roof of one of the loftiest houses in the city, apparently occupied in preparing some ornament as a Christmas present. Thousands assembled in the streets. It was discovered to be a handsome girl of 19, the daughter of a baker, possessing a small independence. She continued her terrific promenade for hours, at times sitting on the parapet and dressing her hair. The police came to the spot, and various means of preservation were resorted to. In a few minutes the street was thickly strewn with straw; beds were called for from the house, but the heartless father, influenced by the girl's stepmother, refused them. Nets were suspended from the balcony of the first floor, and the neighbours fastened sheets to their windows; all this time the poor girl was walking in perfect unconsciousness, sometimes gazing at the moon, and at others singing or talking to herself. Some persons succeeded in getting on the roof, but dared not approach her, for fear of the consequences. Towards 11 o'clock she approached the verge of the parapet, leaned forward, and gazed upon the multitude. Every one felt that the moment of the catastrophe had arrived; she rose up, however, and returned calmly to the window by which she had got out; when she saw there were lights in the room, she uttered a piercing shriek, and fell dead into the street. The scene that followed cannot be described. The father is accused of having attempted to poison his first wife, and of rejoicing at the melancholy fate of her child, as he now inherits her property.—*Augsburg Gazette.*

SCHOOLS IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.—It appears that of 18,300 independent schools in the United Kingdom, free of the control of ancient statutes or committees, Latin or Greek is professed in 3,100; French, in 5,720; Phillips's interrogative system, 6,150; and partially in about 5,400; the monitor system of Bell and Lancaster, in 1,450; mathematics, in 1,200; German or Italian, in 1,800; drawing, in 2,200; and the Hamiltonian system, in 430.

EFFECT OF JEALOUSY.—A young lady, of a wealthy family at Bologna, was executed on the 6th Dec. for murder. Impelled by jealousy, she succeeded in poisoning two very lovely young women, one of whom was her own cousin. She was married, and suspected her husband of committing infidelities with her two victims. The proceedings against her had continued for two years, and her husband finding that her fate was inevitable, as there was no hope of pardon from the Pope, on account of the enormity of her crime, died of despair a very short time before her execution.

BRUTAL ASSAULT BY A LINEN DRAPER AT STOCKWELL, UPON A LADY.—At Union Hall, Henry Vince, a linen draper, residing at Stockwell, Thomas Collier, his shopman, George Skinner, Mary Ann Vince, and Charlotte Fayer, were brought before Mr. Murray and Mr. Hawes, M.P., on the 15th ult., charged with having assaulted Miss Caroline Amelia Newton, a highly respectable maiden lady, residing at Clapham-rise. Miss Newton stated, that seeing some articles in the shop window, she went in to inquire the price and examine the quality, and, on remarking that the article shewn was of an inferior quality, and that they asked two prices, Collier immediately said, "What do you mean by that?" Miss Newton then repeated the observation, saying, that she had made purchases before at the same shop at a different price. Anxious to get home, before dark, Miss Newton departed, and had not proceeded far before she was overtaken by Collier, who said, "We have lost a piece of handkerchiefs from the shop." Assurance to the contrary was of no avail, and he took her arm to bring her back. They were met by Vince, Skinner, and a policeman. When they got to the shop, she was shown into an inner apartment, these persons and the two female defendants being present. Vince then said, you must strip; (at this part of her narrative the feelings of Miss Newton, for a considerable time, were so much excited, that she could not proceed until her brother and sister had used various restoratives;) the lady then said that she took off her bonnet, &c., but expressed her determination not to consent to be stripped before so many persons. Vince insisted; but, before leaving the room, said to the policeman, "that if you had not said that I charged two prices, I should not have insisted on your being searched." She was then taken up stairs; and article after article taken off her person, until she was almost in a state of nudity. Vince then exclaimed outside, that he only suspected her. Miss Newton then said, you have now had an opportunity of seeing I am innocent; upon which Charlotte Fayer, a servant in Vince's employ, said, "Oh, but you must have dropped the property." Mr. Hawes characterised the whole proceedings of the defendants as of the most infamous description. Mr. Murray fully agreed with the worthy magistrate, and resolved to send the case to a jury. The policeman confirmed the statement, and said that he conducted Miss Newton home, who appeared to labour under great agitation. A respectable friend of Mr. Vince's begged that the case might be dealt with by the magistrates, as other proceedings would have the effect of destroying Mr. Vince in his business. After retiring to the magistrates' room, in consequence of the delicate state

of Miss Newton's health, the party returned, and the magistrates, much against their inclination, reversed their decision, and fined each of the male defendants 5*l.*, and, in default of payment, to be committed for two months to gaol. *At the particular request* of Miss Newton, the female defendants were discharged; the magistrates remarking, that it was owing to their having acted under the direction of their employer, that such lenity was extended to them.

AN EXTRAORDINARY PENSIONER.—There is upon the Pension List, in the shape of a superannuated public servant, a gentleman, who has received, since his retirement from his official duties, no less a sum than 40,000*l.* of the public money. The facts are singular:—This gentleman, a most valuable officer to the governments under which he held his situation, after a service of fifty years, retired upon an allowance of 2,000*l.* per annum. Being at the period of his superannuation seventy-five years of age, a prolonged existence, and a consequent burden upon the public purse, could not be anticipated. In proof, however, of the mutability of human calculations regarding the continuance of life, this gentleman still lives, has received the pension twenty years, is therefore ninety-five, and enjoys, we understand, a comparatively good state of health.

AN EXPENSIVE LADY PENSIONER.—By the demise of Lady Nepean, 500*l.* 16*s.* 6*d.* per annum, the amount of her pension, is saved to the country; it having been granted in 1792, her ladyship has consequently received upwards of 20,000*l.* Her husband, the late Sir Evan Nepean, was secretary to the Admiralty a number of years, and received a handsome allowance for his useful services, notwithstanding his wife was also in the receipt of the above annuity.

ROWLAND STEPHENSON.—The arrest of the ex-banker of London at the suit of the ex-sheriff of London, and the fact that both were in confinement at the same time in the debtors' prison of this city, has been previously noticed. The former has procured bail for the limits, and was released from durance vile on Thursday evening. The prosecutor has not been so fortunate.—*American Paper.*

STRANGE OCCURRENCE.—A Mr. M. having lived two years with a Mademoiselle L., the parents of the young people at length agreed that they should be lawfully united, and the marriage was to have taken place towards the end of the month. But a few days ago Mr. M., having gone out on business, leaving his intended occupied with embroidery, on his return found her dead. She had taken the unaccountable resolution of dressing herself in her wedding clothes, with a nosegay at her bosom and a crown of orange

flowers on her head, and then shut herself up in a small room and put an end to her existence by suffocation.—*French Paper.*

THE ENGLISH IN GREECE.—The *Swabian Mercury* states that a great many Englishmen have made purchases of land in Greece, and among them Sir Pulteney Malcolm, who has bought a very fine estate in the environs of Athens. The admiral also built a very large house, which he has since sold to King Otho for a considerable profit, and with the money has bought the seven islands called the Petales.

SINGULAR STORY.—Mr. Combe mentions a porter who, when drunk, left a parcel at a wrong door; on becoming sober, he was told of his mistake, but could not remember what he had done with it until the next time he got drunk, when he at once called to mind the house, and went and recovered the parcel.

MONT ST. BERNARD.—The *Lausanne Gazette* announces that Mont St. Bernard is at this moment very dangerous. In consequence of the quantity of snow that has fallen, travellers are threatened by the avalanches. Three persons arrived lately at the house of refuge with their hands and feet frozen. They received immediate assistance, and are to remain until perfectly cured.

GIANT FAMILY.—At Rhiuwald, in Switzerland, the postmaster and landman of the district is a fine man of about fifty, who is nearly seven feet high. His wife is above six feet, and of seven or eight children, sons and daughters, the boys are all above six feet six, and the girls above six feet.

A WOODEN LEG IN THE ARCTIC REGIONS.—When Captain Ross had been two months in Boothia, he discovered a native whom his companions called "Tullooahia." He had lost his leg by the frost, and had been drawn about on a sledge. Captain Ross made him a wooden leg, and when the natives saw him again stand erect, their surprise and delight were depicted in their countenances, and afterwards their demonstrations of gratitude were evinced by their attention to Captain Ross, who, with his brave crew, were thus secured a hearty welcome during the severe winter they passed among these natives.

A TEMPERANCE TEA-PARTY.—The third tea-party of the Preston Temperance Society was celebrated on Christmas-day, in the Exchange Rooms. The company amounted to about 1,200; the tea-kettle was a boiler containing 200 gallons, erected in an out-house, and forty reformed drunkards officiated as waiters!

WOMEN.—Lady Blessington, in her "Memoirs of Lord Byron," thus describes the feelings under which women exist:—"How few men understand the feelings of women! Sensitive and easily wounded as we are—obliged to call up pride to support us in

trials that always leave fearful marks behind—how often are we compelled to assume the semblance of coldness and indifference when the heart inly bleeds; and the decent composure put on with our visiting garments to appear in public, and, like them, worn for a few hours, are with them laid aside, and all the dreariness, the heart-consuming cares, that woman alone can know, return to make us feel that though we may disguise our sufferings from others, and deck our countenance with smiles, we cannot deceive ourselves, and are but the more miserable from the constraint we submit to. A woman only can understand a woman's heart—we cannot, dare not, complain—sympathy is denied us, because we must not lay open the wounds that excite it; and even the most legitimate feelings are too sacred in female estimation to be exposed; and while we nurse the grief 'that lies too deep for tears,' and consumes alike health and peace, a man may with impunity express all, nay more, than he feels, court and meet sympathy, while his leisure hours are cheered by occupations and pleasures; the latter, too, often such as ought to prove how little he stood in need of compassion, except for his vices."

POPULATION OF ALEXANDRIA.—The *Memoire Egyptien* contains a statistical article on Alexandria, from which it appears that the population of the city amounts to between 36,000 and 40,000 individuals; of whom 3,000 are English, Maltese, and Ionians, 300 French, 40 Germans, 30 Italians, 10 Swiss, 10 Algerines, 20 natives of the Levant, 400 Greeks, 600 Tuscans, 206 Austrians, 150 Neapolitans, 70 Sardinians, and 60 Spaniards—in all 4,896 foreigners.

JUNIUS.—It is reported that Lord Nugent is in possession of the secret as to who was the author of "Junius's Letters"—a fact, however, that is little more than a curiosity of literature, illustrative of a well-kept secret. It is stated that the proofs, as well as many original letters, are among the valuable MSS. in the archives at Stowe.

MATRIMONIAL STATISTICS.—In Glasgow, in 1821, one of each 100 inhabitants took a wife; in 1831, one out of each 105 did likewise; and in 1833, one out of each 80 tasted the realities of wedded bliss. In the New Town, Edinburgh, one out of each 131; and in the Old Town, one out of each 190 inhabitants were married; little more than half the number in Glasgow. We would humbly recommend the fair Edinburghians not to permit this state of things to continue, but forthwith to institute a committee of inquiry, before which all obstinate bachelors should be hauled over the coals.—*Scotsman.*

FULL WORK.—There are nearly 21,000 workmen in the lodging-houses of Paris; 20,000 are in full employment.

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF KENT AND THE PRINCESS VICTORIA.—The names of their Royal Highnesses have lately been most improperly used as a blind for the apprehension of a woman selling play-bills at Drury-lane Theatre, who was alleged to have rudely forced them into their carriage with insolent language. Seeing the account in the newspapers, Sir John Conway, by desire, wrote to the magistrates at Bow-street, disclaiming all knowledge of, or interference in the transaction, and requiring the poor woman's immediate liberation. This has been done. Of course, previous to the woman's incarceration, the honest, active, intelligent policeman gave his evidence upon oath, but now he will, at the suit of the commissioners, be indicted for perjury. Thus the great housebreakers pursue their calling unannoyed, whilst the petty traders, applewoman, pamphleteers, and others of the several grades, are annoyed unceasingly to the great

public disadvantage. We hope justice will be strictly administered, and expect next month to be able to state what view the commissioners take of the subject.

ANTIQUITY OF THE JEWS—The Jewish nation is of the greatest antiquity upon earth. It is a monument of a dispensation that has passed away. The law and the prophets are their family history, their rites and customs, their food, their daily life, are derived from times long anterior to all records but their own.

TURKISH MANNERS—The Turks of all classes have more innate good breeding than any of the European nations. Though suddenly raised from the dregs of the people to offices of the highest distinction, one can never detect any deficiency of dignity in their demeanour; and their affability and condescension to their inferiors, put the latter at their ease after the first moment they are in their company.

Births, Marriages, and Deaths

BIRTHS.

Jan. 12, at Camberwell, the wife of Mr. J. T. Barker, of a daughter. Jan. 13, at the Royal Mint, Mrs. Bingley, of a son. Jan. 14, at King's-road, Bedford row, the lady of Mr. J. R. Yglesias, of a son. Jan. 14, at Empingham Vicarage, Rutlandshire, the lady of the Rev. Lovick Cooper, of a son, still-born. Jan. 8, at the Clarence Baths, Devonport, the lady of Lieut. E. F. Wells, of his Majesty's ship *San Joseph*, of a son. Jan. 15, at Upper Tooting, Surrey, the lady of J. Rogers jun. Esq., of a son. Jan. 16, Mrs. Young, of Canonbury square, Islington, of a daughter. Jan. 4, in Upper Harley-street, the lady of Benjamin Goad, Esq., of a son. The lady of Bolton King, Esq., M.P., of a daughter. At Headingley, the lady of J. Marshall, jun. Esq. M.P., of a son. Dec. 25, at 17, Dundas-street, Edinburgh, Mrs. Montague Stanley, of twins.

MARRIED.

Jan 13, at All Saints, Southampton, by the Rev. Charles Hatch, of Chelsworth-grove, Fellow of the King's College, Cambridge, R. G. Hubback, Esq. of Kensington, to Frances, third daughter of the late Lord Charles Beauchamp Kerr, and grand-daughter to the late Marquis of Lothian. Jan. 14, at St. George's, Bloomsbury, Mr. Orlando Balls, of Greenwich, to Anne Maria, the third daughter of Charles Chariere, Esq. of Blackheath-road. At Farley, Quintus Vivian, Esq. of the 8th Royal Irish Hussars, to Isabella Jane, the third daughter of J. Heulston, Esq. of Farley Castle, Somerset. Jan. 8, at Condober, the Rev. W. Evans, Rector of Shipston-on-Tidmington, Worcestershire, to Katherine, only daughter, of T. Parr, Esq. of Lythwood Hall, Salop. Jan. 16, at Camberwell, the Rev. Ebenezer Temple, of Birdburh, Wilts, to Harriette, the eldest daughter of Henry Crosby, Esq. of Camberwell-grove.

Jan. 15, Mr. John Reid Jackson, of Cork-street, Burlington-gardens, to Susan, second daughter of Mr. G. Cooper, of Windsor. Jan. 16, at St. George's, Hanover-square, Thomas Bently Phillips, Esq. of Beverley, to Anne Leonora Taylor, eldest daughter of the late J. B. Taylor, Esq. 43d Regiment.

DIED.

Jan. 10, at Tottenham, Frances, wife of Richard Johnson, of Lanc end, Potteries, Staffordshire. Jan. 12, aged 47, Hannah, wife of Mr. Gantillon, of Turnham-green. Jan. 12, at his house at Wallington, Surrey, George Lorraine, Esq. aged 76. Jan. 12, Miss De Riemer, of Connaught-terrace, Hyde-park. Jan. 13, at Hampstead, James Fenton, Esq. aged 89. Jan. 14, at Brighton, Mary, the wife of Thomas Bish, Esq. M.P. Jan. 14, in the evening, at No. 6, Stafford-row, Buckingham-gate, Wm. J. Power, aged 13 years nine months, eldest son of Lieut.-Col. Wm. G. Power, C. B., of his Majesty's Royal Artillery. Jan. 13, William Blackall Simonds, Esq. of Caversham Rectory, late Receiver-General for the county of Bucks. Jan. 16, aged 15, Julia Amy, second surviving daughter of K. Graham, Esq. of Henley-upon-Thames. In Upper Baker-street, Melina, relict of the late Col. S. H. Showers, aged 87. Aged 97, Mr. W. Osborn, formerly of Lutterworth, Leicestershire. In Dublin, the Hon. Mrs. Browne, relict of the Right Hon. D. Browne. At Doneraile, on Christmas day, Ellen Hogan, aged 107 years, having been employed upwards of 90 years in the gardens of Lord Doneraile. At Somersford Hall, Stafford, Sophia, relict of the Hon. E. Monkhouse, aged 76. Aged 64, J. Calvert Esq. of the Phoenix Fire-office. At Woodman-terne, Surrey, aged 84, the Rev. Dr. Buchanan, 50 years rector and magistrate of the county. The living of Northfleet, in Kent, also becomes vacant by his decease.

THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE
AND
MUSEUM



OF THE BELLES LETTRES, FINE ARTS, MUSIC, DRAMA, FASHIONS, &c.

IMPROVED SERIES, ENLARGED.

APRIL, 1834.

MEMOIRS OF ABELARD AND ELOÏSE,

WHOSE FIGURES, AS LARGE AS LIFE, AND TOMB, ATTRACT UNIVERSAL
ATTENTION IN THE FREQUENTERS OF PERE LA CHAISE, AT PARIS.

(Illustrated by an Authentic whole length Portrait of Eloise, splendidly coloured.)

Like the history of Petrarch and Laura, which has occupied no small portion of our recent numbers, Abelard and Eloise, must also claim a joint narration, when more immediately speaking only of the latter. Of the ancient sources from which we had intended taking our materials for this purpose, we find a well arranged and accurate view in Stebbing's Christian Church, vol. II. (Lardner's Cyclopædia,) to which we shall make a brief reference.

"At the period when St. Barnard was in the zenith of his reputation, there appeared in the church a man whose talents would have made him conspicuous under whatever circumstances they had been brought into action. This was the eloquent, the learned, the unfortunate Abelard. Having been expelled from Leon, on account of the boldness of his opinions, he propounded his doctrines at Paris, in the midst of those crowds of inquisitive and adventurous students, who came from all parts of Europe to that celebrated university. The force of his genius was irresistible. It was in the midst of his triumphs that he became enamoured of the beautiful Eloise, the niece of Fulbert, one of the canons of the church of Paris. His passion was met with not inferior fervour: and the lovers fled during the night, to engage in a secret marriage."

The annals of history teem with records of human misery produced by the tyrannical influence which the Roman
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church exercised over domestic ties. All that were connected with that splendid but erring establishment, were doomed to celibacy, under pain of reprobation in the next world, and scorn and infamy in this. This rule was imperative upon those who had taken upon themselves the priesthood, and it was by implication extended to all connected with the administration of the law or of the secular government of the church. For instance, supposing that the Roman hierarchy extended the dominion it exercised in the fourteenth century in the present day, all barristers at the Chancery bar, all serjeants at law, archdeacons, proctors, and also all ecclesiastical lawyers, and doctors of law and physic, and all professors and teachers of science, were expected to be unmarried men. It is true, that vows to that effect were not enforced under penalties of loss of life and torture, as in the case of the priesthood; but if one of either of these professions took unto himself a spouse, he lost all hopes of preferment, was deprived of his livelihood and scholastic honours, and, in short, finished existence in some such state of universal contempt as a Paria that has forfeited one of the Hindostanee castes.

Our age has witnessed a relaxation of these hard rules of celibacy; the contingent branches have long since had their freedom, and the church itself sought on its own behalf for equal license. Petitions from all parts of the Continent poured

in upon the supreme head of the Catholic church within the last few years, to allow the priesthood to marry, and that which seemed to be the general wish, was looked upon as a wholesome departure from the rules of the dark ages, (doubtless, however, at the time well-intentioned,) which may in the end produce a new order of things, by breaking down one other of the many yet existing walls of partition!

It was on account of the law which we have reprobated, that Eloise so firmly denied the marriage that had actually taken place between her and her lover. Feverishly alive to the fame of her distinguished husband, Eloise persuaded Abelard to keep their union a mystery, and she became a nun in the Abbey of Argenteuil. Her acknowledgment of him would have stopped his career of fame and ambition, and would have consigned him to opprobrium for life. Yet this step proved fatal to Abelard. The arguments made use of by her to prevent him from marrying her, are strikingly fine: she adored him, and knew no tie to be stronger than the devotion of heart to heart. Abelard was not a priest, but of a calling something similar to the lecturers on science, and professors of our universities. This unfortunate and disinterested lady ought not, therefore, to be judged by the rules of modern life, as if she scorned and abhorred the sanctity of the marriage tie from vicious and irreligious motives. A slight slur of passing censure may have been cast on her, which history does not bear out; and whatever impropriety fiction may have blended with the names of these unfortunate victims of ecclesiastical law, it must be remembered that with it, neither they nor ourselves have aught to do, as it is historical fact that is alone recognised in the present memoir. These lovers were not the only persons sacrificed to the cruel policy, in those dark middle ages, of a barbarous church government: the misfortunes of our Saxon king, Edwiii, who contracted a prohibited marriage with his cousin, Elgiva, is a proof what atrocity monkish rage and envy could perpetrate. St. Dunstan, it is well-known, with his saintly hands, defaced the beauty of Elgiva's face, by searing it with branding irons, and cut the sinews of her arms and legs, to spoil the elasticity of her form. After such deformity was effected, a cloister was the only retreat for the un-

happy queen, alike dethroned from royalty, and deprived of her beauty.

The relations of Eloise, when she became a nun, supposed that Abelard was only anxious to conceal his own disgrace and hers, by making her a sacrifice to his selfish fears, and they revenged themselves upon him. The transactions took place at Tours in the year 1130. Abelard then entered the monastery of St. Denys, and Eloise consented to take the veil, but the hearts of these ill-fated lovers were little prepared for the change. It was at this time, that the abbey of the Paraclete (or Comforter) was founded by Eloise. This monastery lasted, for certain, till 1613. Eloise was erudite she knew Latin, Greek, and Hebrew. It was not till long after their retreat into these houses of religion, that the solitude of their cells was found to soften the poignancy of grief, or the regrets of their fatal passion. They carried on a correspondence, but he gave her not the least encouragement. His answer to her first letter was cold and harsh; by his own confession, he regarded her like the rest of her sex, as hurried on by passion, and bearing little real affection for himself. This savours of condemnable cruelty, and she reminds Abelard of the suspicious nature of his conduct, and his hurrying her to take the veil. Did she deserve such treatment? she eagerly asked him; his had been her only happiness. Not the creature of sense, she loved, she declared, only the man himself.

In his subsequent letters, Abelard treats her more considerately, and he may be regarded as very faithfully endeavouring to conquer an unfortunate passion, and the language chosen by him is exceedingly fine.

In another letter, the passion of Eloise declares itself afresh, and carries her to wild excess. Having been ill, however, she writes in a very different strain, and seems to have resolved to think less of him—to forget him was impossible. She still, indeed, adored him, though he seemed to be, in reality, less ardent; yet his last letter is perfectly agreeable to the character he had assumed, and contains many good exhortations.

In a word, the general complexion of his correspondence is cold and impassionate, moral and religious—and her letters are sensitively beautiful.

One would have thought it natural for

Abelard to have been the first to have offered consolation to his once so tenderly loved, in their mutual affliction, at least by writing to her; on the contrary, she it was who first broke the silence.

Of Eloise, we have but little more to add in finishing her history: her sorrows were many and heartbreaking, unless subdued by deep thought of religion. But the career of Abelard was not yet to be finished in the gloom of a cloistered life. The form of absolution used in his behalf is still extant. The admiration of his eloquence was too great and general to allow of his remaining in obscurity. His scholars flocked to the monastery, and clamoured at its gates for the instructions of mind so original and so striking. Abelard was again permitted to open a school. Thither students flocked in numbers, from far distant countries, and he exhibited so great a vigour of mind and boldness of thought, that the heads of the church soon condemned this work of his to be burnt, and the author (but for a remission of the sentence) had well nigh been imprisoned in the monastery of St. Medail, at Soissons. The following adventure is too ridiculous to be omitted in our notice of this celebrated and unfortunate man.

Having returned to St. Denys, and declared himself sceptical as to the truth of the traditions respecting the founder of that monastery, he was obliged to seek safety by flight. In the neighbourhood of Nogail-sur-Seine, he found a wild and solitary tract of country; on that lonely spot he built himself a little hermitage of the reeds and other materials furnished by the neighbourhood. Prayer and meditation were his sole employment, and his mind began to form a right estimate of the folly of the world and the vanity of its pursuits. Many of his pupils gathered round him, and built cells in the vicinity of their master's. His enemies pursuing him, he was obliged to escape into Brittany, and he was elected Abbot of St. Gilda's—but he soon returned into France. This was about the year 1139.

It is in our province to notice that besides many abstruse and argumentative religious—doctrinal works, Abelard wrote answers to certain problems and questions proposed to him by Eloise. In the year 1140 St. Barnard brought his opinions before the council of Sens, and his works were condemned as before.

Abelard set out for Rome to defend himself in person. In his way, however, Cluspie, the abbot, Peter the Venerable, pressed him into his monastery, and effected a reconciliation between him and St. Barnard. Thus exhausted by his long labours and many troubles, he was well content to find a home. His strength declined apace, and he was sent to the convent of St. Marcel, near Châlon-sur-Laone, that the beautiful scenery and salubrious climate might cheer his latter days. Brief was the further span of his enjoyment. His spirit obeyed the call, and he left behind him an imperishable name, as the most learned and acute, as well as the first of scholars.

We wish, before closing this history, to introduce a few remarks upon the preservation of ancient portraits, begging our readers to remember the very early period, the beginning of the twelfth century, when Eloise lived.

It may be questioned, and with some show of justice, how it is possible to procure authentic likenesses of illustrious persons who flourished in the centuries before the art of painting revived and engraving was invented? But the researches of antiquaries, who are in truth the only *real historians*, have set this question at rest; and above all, the labours of the lamented Mr. Stothard, in his "*Monumental Antiquities*," have cast a strong light on the resemblances that still remain to us of the illustrious dead. In his valuable numbers published on the effigies of the earlier Plantagenets at Fontevraud in Normandy, he has proved, from comparison of the embalmed corpse of Henry II. with the enamelled effigy lying on the tomb, that the image was a facsimile of the person of the deceased. There is, indeed, a peculiarly energetic formation in the bones of the forehead and chin of that mighty Plantagenet, which, owing to the art of embalming, has been spared by the fingers of decay: and this circumstance, minutely agreeing with the expression and formation of the effigy above, convinced the antiquary that these monumental figures were strong resemblances of the personages they meant to commemorate. This clue once given, the truth has been corroborated in many instances; and on comparisons of the dress, jewels, size, hair, and height, the artificial figure above is a strong likeness of the body below, the day it was consigned to

the tomb. Let us then for a moment consider the ceremonies that attended the burial of illustrious personages.

From remote antiquity it was the custom to carry the body of a sovereign, or chief, dressed in his robes and regalia, on the bier, with the face uncovered; and that this was the general custom in all ranks, we find by the ballad of the "Friar of Orders Grey," quoted in Shakspeare—

"They bore him, barefaced, on the bier,
Six proper youths, and tall."

And this custom was long retained in remote country places, among the lower ranks; but in the eighth and ninth centuries it was discovered that the ghastly alteration produced by death, or, perhaps, the traces of poison or a violence, rendered it a most inconvenient custom to expose the real features of a great personage to the gaze of the multitude. A wax figure was therefore substituted, the face of which was a cast taken from the corpse. The figure, as large as life, attired in the costume of king, queen, noble, pontiff, bishop, abbot, or abbess, lay stretched on the top of the coffin; while the corpse in the coffin beneath was arrayed in a similar manner, adorned with false jewels, arranged after the pattern of the real, which were formerly worn by the representative above. Sometimes this waxen fac-simile was placed over the place of sepulture, until a monument was prepared to commemorate the deceased. To this custom we owe the preservation of waxen figures, in Westminster Abbey, of Queen Elizabeth, Charles II., the Duchess of Richmond, and General Monk, the exhibition of which has caused such public scorn: and how they came there has been repeatedly and insultingly questioned. There was a similar waxen effigy of Oliver Cromwell, who was buried with more pomp than Louis XIV. This figure was carried in state, on his coffin, at his funeral; but at the Restoration the populace, who had been very angry at this effigy, broke into Whitehall, where it was kept, and suspended the waxen figure by a rope from one of the windows of the palace, and afterwards demolished it, or it might have kept company with the waxen worthies in Westminster Abbey, which ought not in fact to be despised or destroyed, as they are doubtless the truest resemblances of the personages they represent. These effigies afterwards served as models for the peculiar sculpture of the day, which was carving in wood, and

then enamelling of the colours of the robes and jewels, precisely after the manner in which the waxen model was clad. There is a wonderful degree of talent to be discovered in some of these performances; and they have the still higher merit of faithful resemblances, and are far preferable in point of good sense, clad as they are in the very dress and fashion of the day, compared with the Greek and Roman dresses in which it is an absurd custom to array our modern monumental busts.* Which would be the nearest resemblance to George Canning, suppose no paintings of him survived seven centuries, an engraving from his statue near St. Margaret's, Westminster, or a bust enamelled in this antique fashion?

We know it is constantly asked how we can be confident that the ancient portraits now publishing by us are authentic resemblances. Some argue, that the very accuracy with which we portray, not merely the face and figure, but the minutest paraphernalia, betokens at once that there must be a deception. We have been induced, therefore, to place before the accompanying portrait, one of so many bygone ages, an historical prelude of the manner in which the closer resemblances of persons living in remoter times have been accurately handed down to posterity. The intermediate ages furnish not the same facilities.† Hence has arisen, amongst the partially-informed,

* Whoever wishes to see one of these enamelled monuments in a state of the highest perfection, must go to the ancient church of East Ham, in Essex. It has all the gloss of freshness about it, owing to the following circumstances—When the puritans were defacing all monuments, the rector of East Ham, of that day, covered this beautiful monument with two coarse painted deal boards, inscribed with the Ten Commandments, it was lately found, by the present rector, in the finest state of preservation, and he had it carefully cleaned; and there it is now, at the altar, to the great ornament of the church. This monument was erected to the memory of Lord Neville; it consists of three most expressive figures. Lord Neville died in the latter part of Elizabeth's reign, and this monument was most likely not erected till the time of James; so that it has been kept new, as in a deal box, from that period to this. No one can look on the face of Lord Neville without an internal conviction that it is a faithful resemblance.

† On the subject of a general registration of births, deaths, marriages, and christenings, in the House of Commons, in March, 1833, the Solicitor-General said it was easier to trace a pedigree 500 years old than one of comparatively modern date; which remark is well applicable to our present comments.

a very venial cause for doubt or disbelief.

Having proved the faithful authenticity of the ancient mode of taking likenesses, we now proceed to the description of the portrait of Eloise.

DESCRIPTION OF THE PLATE.

She is not here represented in her ecclesiastical costume as an abbess, but in the secular dress which she wore at the time when a lingering symptom of vanity may, perhaps, be visible. Her hair is parted, and confined by a fillet, like the Scotch snood. Her gown is of the simplest form, slightly gathered round the throat, in the fashion that the Italian painters, in after-times, represented the Virgin, and from that circumstance the mode has been called *à la Vierge* by modistes of the present day; the sleeves are straight, and buttoned at the wrists with six gold studs. The gown is not fashioned to the figure, but the fullness is confined by a ceinture of cream-coloured leather, with a gold buckle; one end hangs below the knee, and is guarded with gold. The skirt of the gown flows on the ground. The bag suspended from the girdle of Eloise is exactly the form of the reticules that the Parisian correspondent of the "Lady's Magazine" has announced as fashionable in 1833. It was called, in 1150, *escarcelle*, and *aumônière*, as it was worn by the great for the purpose of giving alms. The effigy of Queen Berangaria, the wife of Richard Cœur de Lion, has one on the tomb at Fontevraud. In this costume of Eloise we have the exact appearance of the citizen class in the twelfth century. There was little difference in the masculine and feminine habiliments in common life. The flowing gown was an Asiatic fashion, brought by the crusaders from the Greeks of Constantinople; it was

worn alike by men and women. The surcoat, emblazoned with armorial bearings, was the peculiar privilege of female royalty and nobility. The tabard, likewise emblazoned, was the dress of knights and earls. Eloise is here in a girlish dress. Had she been depicted as a married or consecrated female, her hair would have been concealed. Virgins alone wore their hair flowing, or if luxuriant, snooded, for convenience.

Eloise was tall in stature, slender, and of a noble mien. Early misfortunes drove her to religious seclusion, and she died, aged 63 years, Abbess of the Paraclete. Abelard died on the 21st April, 1142. They brought his corpse to the Paraclete, that it might rest under the care of Eloise. She survived him until the 17th May in the year 1163, and was buried by his side. To shew how notable and far-famed a history is that of these two unfortunate but celebrated personages, on the day of Pentecost, divine service is performed in the Greek tongue (in the Greek church), in commemoration of the founder of the Paraclete.

At the revolution of 1789, the remains of Abelard and Eloise were exhumed by the municipal corps of Nogent-sur-Seine, and the abbey of the Paraclete was sold. Their monuments and bodies were transferred to the cemetery of Pere la Chaise, and now repose side by side, in full-length figures, under a beauteous canopy, partly of wood, partly of stone, supported by 12 pillars. The present portrait was taken from the effigy of Eloise, assisted by an engraving affixed to a learned memoir of M. L'Evêque, in the "Memoires de l'Academie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres," the subject of which is the *bas reliefs* of the time of Eloise. The portrait has likewise been compared with the remains of the corpse. Its authenticity is therefore undoubted.

THE GRAVE-YARD, U. S.

How many seek this sacred spot
To muse upon the 'common lot—
To think of joy and sadness o'er,
And sigh for those who sigh no more!

The thoughtless youth forgets to smile;
The maiden loves to pause awhile;
And calm old age, with careful eye,
Looks calmly on eternity.

What strange events may intervene
 Ere I review this holy scene:
 The trees shall bud, the flowers shall bloom,
 The foliage cast a deeper gloom:

The leaves shall fall, the flowers decay,
 And Winter urge his iron sway,
 And Time shall many a change behold
 And many a wondrous tale unfold:

Many a beauteous babe be born,
 Many a mother left forlorn,
 And every bliss and every woe
 That chequers human life below;

And I may turn, in after times,
 An aged man from other climes—
 May turn (if fate forbid it not)
 To seek once more this hallowed spot;

And youth and beauty here may be,
 And age, and care, as now I see,
 And still the self-same placid scene,
 As though no change had ever been.

TACET.

THE HEIRESS.

BY R. SHELTON MACKENZIE.

No longer keeping the reader in suspense,—“the singular provisions of the two wills were no secret, and the little brunette who had been for twelve months at Madame Le Plaisir’s without attracting any attention, became the belle of Derby all of a sudden. As if by a miracle, it was discovered that I had bright eyes—that my figure was graceful—that my manners were exquisite—in a word, that I was an heiress! Such attentions as I was paid might have turned a wiser or an older heart than mine. But, although I was scarcely “sweet seventeen,” I was suspicious of all this novel kindness—these new friends,—and of my new situation. Young as I was, I was singularly suspicious of flattery: therefore, though beaux stared at me in All Saints’ Church, and bowed to me at St. Alkmund’s, I had sufficient sense to prize their attentions just at their proper value, and I walked on

“In maiden meditation, fancy free!”

“Flies hover round the honeycomb, just as admirers around an heiress. A dashing, handsome, fortune-hunter formed the resolution to heighten the disgust which the absolute command to marry me, excited in Sir Henry’s mind. This person was a Captain Smith, and he possessed talents and address sufficient to render

his success with both parties far from problematical. He contrived to become intimate with Sir Henry, and being a pleasant and well-informed companion, the intimacy soon ripened into friendship. Poor Sir Henry had a lonely time of it at Merton Hall, and the prospect of giving up a fine estate was not likely to render him very happy. The gallant captain soon became so necessary to him, as a relief from his own sad thoughts, that in a week or two he was quite domesticated at the Hall. The baronet did not conceal his thoughts from his new friend, and I have some reason to think that this ‘Job’s comforter’ did not draw my character in the most flattering terms. At all events, he neglected no opportunity of heightening the feeling against me; and poor Sir Henry was easily persuaded that on 300*l.* a year *without* me, he could live far happier than on a yearly income of 14,000*l.*, burdened *with* me. I believe that Captain Smith took good care never to *say* any thing against me, but he was an *insinuating* man! I was condemned by implication. He dealt out his ‘speechless obloquy;’ and I believe that ignorance and ugliness were the very best imperfections attributed to me.

“Marian Smith, only sister to the ad-

venturer, officiated as semi-governess in Madame Le Plaisir's 'Establishment for young Ladies.' She was a clever, shrewd, showy girl, exactly such a one as might easily be made a knowing *intriguante* in love or politics. Some time previous to my becoming an heiress, she had taken a fancy to me, and treated me with an affectionate kindness, for which I was exceedingly grateful:—the more so, perhaps, because such attentions were rare. When, from the mere *nobody* I had been, fortune elevated me into a *somebody*, with high expectations and high possessions, every one seemed anxious to distinguish me; but, somewhat haughtily, I fear, I turned a deaf ear to their blandishments, and my sole school friend was Marian Smith, who had been kind to me when no interested motive could have influenced her. Accordingly, we were Damon and Pythias in petticoats!

"In this, she had a great advantage over me:—she was six-and-twenty, I was not seventeen. So, when her brother formed the plan of gaining my hand and my rich acres, his sister was one of the best instruments he could employ.

"He could not have a more able confederate. She played her cards well, and held the game in her own hands:—she used all the arts of a practised tactician. She glided into my confidence,—extolling the virtues of her brother in the most quiet unsuspecting manner,—commenting with great commiseration on the horrid necessity of being compelled to marry a man whether I loved him or no,—and losing no opportunity of letting fall insinuations against him. All this was done with such an apparent sincerity—such a deep wish for my happiness, that even watchful suspicion would be disarmed of apprehension. It easily imposed upon me, who knew no guile, nor thought that others could practise it.

"No wonder then that all this had much of its intended effect. I was slightly predisposed against Sir Henry on account of the peculiar circumstances in which we were relatively placed—and the dark hints as to his excesses on the Continent, were not so very unwelcome to me, for they tended to corroborate the prejudice which my caprice had taken against him. In a word, the soil was exactly suited to the seed, and my dear Miss Smith was a cunning cultivator.

"Her brother sometimes came to

Derby to pay 'a flying visit' to his sister, and when in my hearing she inquired after Sir Henry, his sole reply was the significant 'shrug and sigh' which, in their very silence, spoke volumes.

"I had half made up my mind to refuse the hand of Sir Henry,—but the Smiths had no wish that this should be the issue of the adventure. To throw the rejection on him, would require very little trouble; this done, the captain determined to gain my hand, and what he must have wished for quite as much, 'my broad lands besides.' It is very probable that success would have crowned all this scheming, had not a slight accident completely changed the current of events.

"You may remember that the provisions of the double wills made it imperative that Sir Henry Morton should wed me or refuse me within twelve months after his father's death. That period had now very nearly elapsed, and my guardians, who had no doubt that the 'very eligible marriage' would take place, withdrew me from school,—thinking that Sir Henry might not exactly wish to woo his future bride under the *surveillance* of a hevy of the 'bread and butter misses' of a boarding-school. The announcement came on me so very suddenly, that, my dear Marian Smith being accidentally absent, I had no opportunity of taking counsel with her.

"My uncle, to whose house I went, was a plain-spoken gentleman, and made my journey most miserable by a series of jokes upon my coming 'change of situation.' Protestations—even tears were in vain,—he put down every thing with 'a little modesty, very natural to your situation, and becomes you exceedingly!' I never was so tormented, before or since.

"Fortunately for me, my aunt was of a different character. She had mixed with the world, and after some little time I was prevailed upon to state my feelings. I told her my distinct and firm resolution not to marry Sir Henry.

"She was a woman of kindly feelings, and looked at events with a resolve to find out their causes. With the most admirable tact she learned how my prejudices against Sir Henry had been fostered. 'It is well,' said she, with a smile, 'that this dangerous Miss Smith is separated from you now. I know, from authority indisputable, that her brother has been acting the same part by Sir Henry.

It is not very difficult to surmise the motives for this double game.' I protested, of course, against these suspicions: my aunt listened to my vindication of Marian Smith, but I could easily see that she remained incredulous.

"It now wanted about six weeks of the expiration of the year, and I began to cherish hopes that Sir Henry would not come to ask my hand. I ventured to hint as much to my aunt, and her answer set my spirits in a flutter. 'Sir Henry *does* come. He will be at your cousin's next week, so make your mind up to be wooed and married, and a'.

"I do not know what impulse led me, but such as it was I felt its weight to be irresistible. I interrupted her with, 'I have never seen Sir Henry; let me judge of him, myself unknown. I have promised to spend a week with my cousin. It may be a wild fancy, but I would like to play the part of Miss Harcastle. My cousin, I am sure, will easily join in the plot.'

"'Oh, I see,' said my aunt, 'you would Stoop to Conquer. The thought is romantic: if the execution fails, you are lost. However, where there is much to be gained, much may be risked. Let it be so, if you will. I must only trust that you will perform with *éclat*.'

"We drove over to my cousin's the next day. She was delighted to enter into our scheme, and arranged so that, except from my own imprudence, no chance of discovery was left. This was the easier, as Sir Henry had expressly stipulated, that, being in indifferent spirits, his visit was to be so strictly private, that no guests were to meet, no visitors to see him.

"Sir Henry, therefore, visited Oatlands without the remotest idea of beholding me there. He knew that I was in the neighbourhood. His friend, Captain Smith, with more delicacy than I had given him credit for, did not accompany him—indeed, he was not invited.

"I felt ashamed—deeply ashamed of my credulity, and very distrustful of Marian's motives, when I saw the baronet. He was now about three-and-twenty, tall and slight in figure, with the air of a man of fashion, and that innate gentleness of manner which, after all, is peculiar to gentle blood. When I looked at his handsome face—his expressive eyes—his beautiful forehead, with its whiteness

well relieved by his dark hair—I confess that, like Bob Acres' courage, my prejudice 'oozed out at my fingers' ends.' He was just such a man as the quick fancy of seventeen might worship as a hero, or idolise as a lover!

"How much he had been slandered! His intellectual attainments surpassed those of every one with whom I had ever conversed. His knowledge of books had been corrected and aided by his knowledge of life. Travel had not been thrown away on him. With me, it may not have been love at first sight, but it was something very like it.

"His personal attractions, considerable as they were, was the very least of his merits. His melancholy mien—the thoughtfulness that brooded on his brow and in the darkness of his full and speaking eye—the gentleness—the tenderness of his manner—the sweetness of his low, melancholy voice—the eloquence of his impassioned words—all made him but too interesting an acquaintance.

"We soon became friends: his melancholy sometimes brightened into a smile, as he listened to the lively sallies which fell from my lips; for, I know not how, while my actual spirits were at *zero*, my seeming spirits were as high as fever heat. We walked together—we conversed together—until, at last, the flush on his cheek, and the flashing of his eye, and the deepening tenderness of his voice, when in my company, made me suspect that my task was over. I had conquered my own idle prejudices—I trusted that I had gained a lover, and conquered him.

"At last, it was time for me to return, for only two days remained of the fatal year. As time had passed on, Sir Henry had sunk deeper and deeper into melancholy, which, at last, even my presence served but to increase.

"I had been introduced to him as a portionless and almost friendless orphan. Another day, and he would see me in my own character. But how would the change affect him? Would he think lightly of the deception, or would his delicacy shrink from the folly which had sought to make his heart the object of an experiment? With these conflicting doubts, I was almost as much disturbed as himself.

"The crisis came. I was sitting alone in the drawing-room when Sir Henry entered. He took his seat by my side,

and, for a time, both were silent. At last he spoke :—

“ ‘ You leave us, Isabella. You will leave regrets behind you. I must be pardoned,—but, ere you depart, let me tell you how much I love you. Nay, shrink not: your colour changes, and you tremble. Pity, if you will not forgive me.’ ”

“ He took my hand, and, I scarce know how, I could not withdraw it. One moment's pause—he looked into my eyes—they were filled with tears—his lip was on my burning, blushing cheek, and I knew—how exquisitely—that this was love, ardent and acknowledged.

“ Trembling—blushing—panting, with these new and exquisite sensations, I withdrew myself from his embrace. Both again were silent: at last I felt that now it was my turn to speak.

“ ‘ I can forgive—let us both forget this weakness. To you it can matter little what, in after life, becomes of me. You will yet think of me, perhaps, as one who has amused your idle hours—whose youth may have been her greatest charm. You will forget the friendless orphan, and it is right that you should forget her. Remember, Sir Henry, that you are betrothed. Leave these scenes, and become, even as your father willed, the husband of one who, far better than myself, has a claim to the right.’ ”

“ ‘ By Heaven!’ interrupted he, ‘ this will drive me mad. What right had my father to dispose of my hand—how could he fathom the depth of my feelings? No, Isabella, let my betrothed, as you call her, take the broad lands that my fathers won at the point of the sword, in the olden days—let the heir of a thousand years live without wealth, but with his pure and first affection cherished as nature meant it should be. I cannot marry a woman whom I do not love. When the tyrant of ancient times chained the living body to the dead corpse, the union was not more unnatural than that which, from the grave, my father would make between hearts that cannot love each other. No, better to die than be party in such a union!’ ”

“ He spoke with so much eager vehemence, that I could perceive his mind to be firmly resolved. I could not resist inquiring into the causes of his dislike to the marriage.

“ ‘ And is it only to the manner of the

marriage, as a family compact, in which the hearts of those chiefly concerned were not consulted, or to the lady, that your objection is applicable?’ ”

“ ‘ To both: my faith plighted without my knowledge—without my consent; this, of itself, would create a spirit of opposition. But the lady—’ ”

“ ‘ And what of her?’ ”

“ ‘ What of her?—she is as unlike you as possible. If she were not vain and pedantic—at once a blue-stocking and a coquette—I could easily forgive her want of personal attractions. But your colour changes—perhaps you know Miss Carlisle?’ ”

“ ‘ I do, indeed,’ said I, with some bitterness, for although I had expected much, I had not expected to find my character drawn in such colours. ‘ I do know her—as well as I know myself.’ ”

“ ‘ I am sorry, then, that through you I have unconsciously wounded her,’ said he, with a look of great embarrassment.

“ ‘ Oh!’ replied I, ‘ it makes no matter;—you have drawn her picture, no doubt, but the shadows predominate. It is somewhat curious, though, that she should have heard much the same of you.’ ”

“ ‘ Of me?’ ”

“ ‘ Yes. That you were a *roué* in morals—a pretender in fashion, a clown in manners, and, to crown all, a gambler.’ ”

“ He replied, with an air and tone of great vexation, ‘ There must be a sad mistake here, I abhor gaming. I hold the character of a *roué* in utter detestation; and for my manners, fashion, and attainments, they are such as you see.’ ”

“ He drew himself up with some stateliness, and paused, as expecting my answer. I kept silence, and he continued.

“ ‘ What I heard of the lady, I fear is true: my informant—’ ”

“ ‘ Was Captain Smith, whose sister drew your character for Miss Carlisle,—so it is likely that the misrepresentation has been mutual.’ ”

“ ‘ If I thought so!’—

“ ‘ You would throw yourself at Miss Carlisle's feet—become her *preux chevalier* for life,—and forget the world of protestations you made me just now.’ ”

“ ‘ No!’ said he, with a smile, ‘ my resolve is taken, and my only dread now is, that I may unconsciously give pain to one to whom it should be spared. I shall see her to-morrow, resign all claim to her hand, and then, if you can wed a man of

broken fortunes, my fate is at your disposal. Isabella, you cannot say no! you *must* not!

"My answer was brief—for I was so much affected by these proofs of his regard, that I scarcely dared trust myself to speak:—

" 'It will be well for all parties, that I decline my answer until to-morrow. See Miss Carlisle, and then if you still reject her hand, or rather, if you decline to offer yours for her acceptance—for, after all, the refusal may come from *her*,—I will'—

" 'Be mine? Is it so?'—I checked his raptures, for I heard the carriage-wheels. I merely said, 'I shall be with Miss Carlisle when you come to plead your suit to-morrow.' In five minutes I was on my way to my paternal mansion.

"I reached home late, and found my aunt there before me. Pleading fatigue, I hurried to my bed-room, and left her, with curiosity ungratified, quite unconscious of the issue of my experiment.

"The next day was to bring me joy or sorrow. I was pretty confident of the result—though, at times, a doubt would chill my heart, that Sir Henry might feel disgust at the *finesse* I had been using. But when hearts were trumps, who would not play a bold game?

"My room of audience was the library, and, to keep up my character of a *bas bleu*, maps, books, mathematical instruments, were scattered on the tables. The ground was strewn with 'learned lumber' from the shelves—a pair of globes were on the table immediately before my seat,—in short, the whole apartment was in a state of literary litter, well calculated to strengthen the impression that I was what well-informed men must hate—a vain, pedantic female.

"Sir Henry came—I knew the sound of his footfall, as he paced down the passage. He was announced, and I rose to receive him. A little pause before he entered—a sudden start, as he caught a glimpse of my figure. I had taken care to have the window-curtains drawn, so that in the indistinct light it was impossible to distinguish my features.

"Our *tête-à-tête* was coldly formal. A few sentences from him—a few monosyllables from me. At last he took courage,

and respectfully stated that, after due consideration, he had resolved to decline presenting himself as a suitor for my hand. He apologised for what he called 'his insensibility to my merits,' but frankly said that his heart was not his own to offer. He would, it was true, abandon worldly fortune, but he had enough left for competence—the world was open to him, where he might win wealth and fame by his talents, if such he had,—and at all events, he believed that he could persuade the object of his affection to share his lot, be it bright or gloomy.

"He made this declaration with such manly gentleness—evidently anxious to spare my feelings and justify his own—that, while he was resigning me, I felt that I loved him more than ever!

"My thoughts overpowered me. I grew faint, and sank back in my chair. Sir Henry hastily arose, took me in his arms, and led me to the window. I revived at his touch. He threw up the window to give me air, the light fell full upon my face,—could he trust his sight? He stood in amaze—was it but a dream? At last conviction flashed across him—my smile told him all. He threw himself at my feet, and, you may be sure, did not plead in vain!

"I spare you a detail of what follows. My uncle had already provided a special licence,—my aunt had taken care to provide me with a bridal wardrobe—there was no difficulty in procuring a parson; and, as all comedies must end with a wedding, we were married that evening.

"Of the Smiths, I never heard again:—I never inquired after them. I have been happy as a wife, and never had reason to repent my experiment. Even yet, though years have elapsed since Sir Henry's death, I cherish the memory of our enduring and happy love.

"Here ends my narrative. If it has been dull, remember that I warned you that it could not well be otherwise."

Our lively story-teller paused, and our thanks followed profusely. I am mistaken, indeed, if the narrative has not made a deep impression on *some one*,—for I saw the Major, at the tender scenes, brush away a tear from eyes all unaccustomed to the "melting mood."

TOM AND KATE.

BY THE LATE MISS PEARSON.

"You're always postponing, you put off for ever,"
Tom angrily cried to his indolent wife;

"And you're always fault-finding, and really never
Did I such a fidget behold in my life."
Said the pretty Kathleen, who would rather sit playing
Half the morning with *Minet* than think of obeying
The calls of her household; to order it right,
See her furniture shining, her table-cloths white,
And her wardrobes and closets made tidy at night. }

"And who would not find fault?" said her spouse, in a passion,
"To see his house govern'd in such a vile fashion:
When I come from my counting-house, tired as a dog,
Soak'd thro' with the rain, and cold as a frog,
I've a room like a milliner's workshop to sit in,
Amongst gloves, ribbons, flowers, and knotting and knitting:
The sofa half fill'd with your dress-making matters,
The carpet in holes and spread over with tatters;
A handful of fire, in a bushel of ashes,
A bad shutting door, and two broken-paned sashes;
Over which there's an untidy drapery dangling,
That six months ago wanted washing and mangling:
With three crazy chairs, on which no one can sit,
Two candles unsnuff'd since the time they were lit:
No dry shoes, or coat, or e'en dinner forthcoming,
While you, at that dusty piano sit humming;
And when dinner does come, 'tis placed on a table,
With a soil'd, ragged cloth, and the legs all unstable;
With knives that have edges as thick as their backs,
Plates and dishes all odd ones, with numberless cracks;
Forks and spoons as like silver, as I'm like a Turk"—

"Then they're *something* like silver," said Kate with a smirk.

"Is water so scarce? that you can't get a glass
Better wash'd?" he resumed—"you let any thing pass."

"Well come, come," said Kate, smiling sweetly, "don't scold,
Dear Tom, till you've dined, or your fish will be cold."

But Tom, at that moment, her sweet smile defied,
Sat down, carved, and, tasting the luckless fish, cried,
"These flounders are muddy—the butter is oil'd,
The parsley is gritty, potatoes half boil'd:
And that salt is so damp, that the white of an egg
Is pungent compared to it—change it, I beg:
This porter has been half a century dead,
And the bread is both stale and as heavy as lead:
And what's this triumphantly swimming at top
Of the butter?—by Jove, I can't get a clear drop:
Do you know what a strainer is made for? I wonder,
I would turn off a cook that should make such a blunder,
As to send me up butter not pass'd through a *tamis*,
Making all that one eats with it, tasteless and clammy.
Let us see what the steak is—'tis juicy as wood
That has lain in the earth since Deucalion's flood;
The cayenne wants bruising—it has not fair play
In this tarnish'd plate-castor—here, take it away;

And the county of Durham, I'm sure never grew
 Such vile mustard as this—away with it, too:
 These pickles are vapid, and flabby as leather,
 And your horse-radish scraped, should be light as a feather;
 But this is like so many carpenters' chips,
 And as bitter as gall, as it passes one's lips.
 Here's a tart with a crust like the wall of a church,
 And baked till the barberries are dry as a birch.
 Why don't you look after your servants, and see
 Things managed with something like comfort for me?
 Sure, 'tis not *infra dig.* for a woman like you,
 To visit her kitchen, and see what's to do:
 If your servants do wrong, you can surely resist 'em,
 But this you can only succeed in by system.
 Remember that cleanliness, order, and duty,
 Tie a man to his home, with bands stronger than beauty:
 Rise early yourself, Kate, and set all a-going,
 And buy a receipt-book, and make yourself knowing;
 'Twill be time better spent than in reading a novel,
 Of elegant Misses, that pine in a hovel;
 Or in spoiling good screens with some nondescript flower,
 Or tormenting those keys out of time by the hour—
 For you're out of time always, as I am a sinner,
 At music, at breakfast, at luncheon, at dinner;
 And, in short, we must have a complete reformation,
 Since the whole of your conduct requires regulation."

"Well, I think this will do for one dose, Tom," said Kate,
 "'Tis hard to be told I am *always* too late.
 Sometimes I could half cry my eyes out with sorrow,
 When I put off the work of to-day till to-morrow.
 But there's one thing," she pettishly added, "I own,
 I am heartily vex'd that I did not postpone,
 And that is—I'm serious, Tom—that is my marriage:
 I'd gladly walk barefoot from London to Harwich,
 To call back the day when I gave you the right
 To scold and torment me from morning to night."

"There it is," Tom retorted, "you don't time things neatly,
 Had you put off that day, tho' for ever and aye,
 You'd have me your debtor, and life had pass'd sweetly:
 But, since we are tied up for better for worse,
 And have the same interest, Kathleen, in one purse,
 The next prudent thing to not marrying at all,
 Is to wear the yoke so that we mayn't feel it's gall;
 Try what you can do."

"If I do try," said Kate,
 "You'll tell me, perhaps, I shall still be too late."

"Late is better than never," said Tom, with a smile;
 If you like, you'll learn something, I'm sure, in a while.
 See what ought to be done by consulting your book,
 And you'll, no doubt, be some time a match for your cook.
 You've two maids and a boy, who have nothing to do
 But to keep things in order, and wait upon you.
 They won't do of themselves; they are all of 'em like
 A clock—you must wind it up before it will strike.
 If they see you determin'd to hold a tight bridle,
 They will cease to be slovenly, wasteful, and idle.
 Temptation should never be thrown in their way;
 You've their morals to answer for—think of that, pray.

Tom and Kate.

A new life they must turn o'er, here or elsewhere,
For I'll cut short such dealings as these, I declare."

"We'll see what's to be done then, next week," answer'd Kate.

"Nay, if you decide on amendment, why wait?
I should like a beginning to-morrow, my dear,"
Said Tom, "and at night let me see the fire clear,
The door made to shut, and the table set right,
Knives, forks, spoons, and tumblers, and candlesticks bright;
And let your cook dress something fit to sit down to;
If she can't, or she won't, why then send to town to
Your sister, and tell her to hire us another,
And let us not live in this comfortless pother:
Only think what a scene! if I'd brought home a friend.
He'd have said in his heart,—'Well! Tom has made an end
Of his comforts for one while, with that dawdling wife,
His folly I'll take as a warning for life.'"

"Well," said Kate with a smile, "then to-morrow I'll try,"
While the tear trembled bright in her pretty blue eye;
"But for all that, you'll wish I had put off the day
Of our marriage 'for ever and ever and aye?'"

"Why that was, I own," said Tom, "rather too tart of me;
But in point of a *kind* speech, you, Kate, had the start o' me;
'Tis a pretty long walk between London and Harwich,
Which you would go barefoot to cancel our marriage;
If, indeed, Kate, you're serious, 'tis better to part,
But you know Kate you won, and you may keep my heart."

"Then I will," replied Kate, "and remember this night
Is the last you shall see, in which all is not right;
At least I'll endeavour, and make a beginning,"—

"You'll succeed then," said Tom, in his manner most winning.

Kate was true to her word, and entreated a dame,
Who for housekeeping knowledge had gain'd a great name,
To teach her the mysteries domestic, which throw
On calm marriage life that beneficent glow,
Which illumines most sweetly the world's thorny maze,
And inspires the young heart to walk firm thro' its ways.
She pass'd her noviciate in capital style,
And thought herself paid when Tom gave her a smile.
In six months her house became famous for neatness,
Her table and fireside, for taste and completeness:
Propriety shone in whatever she plann'd,
Order, style, and economy went hand-in-hand;
She became a good timeist, and knew to a minute,
When a dish should be ready, and what should be in it;
Her servants, perceiving there was but one way,
Since their mistress would rule, thought it best to obey,
Grew alert and respectful, exact and discreet,
And the triumph of Kate o'er herself was complete.
Having thrown off her indolence, all things went right,
And the cares of her household then prov'd her delight;
Method rendered all easy, and gave her full leisure,
For reading, and music, and visits, and pleasure,
While Tom proudly own'd his dear Kate was a treasure.

TALES OF THE ENGLISH CHRONICLES.

BY MISS AGNES STRICKLAND.—No. 2.

THE SANCTUARY.

'No food, and this the third arising sun !
But what have I to do with telling suns,
And measuring suns, that run no more for me ?"—*Dryden's Cleomenes.*

The courtiers of King Henry the Third had had some trouble in persuading their royal master of the unfitness of the matrimonial alliance which his absent favourite, Hubert de Burgh, had concluded in his name with the Lady Margaret of Scotland; but the insidious representations of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the persevering importunities of the Earl of Chester, together with the disadvantageous report which they caused to be conveyed to him of the personal qualifications of the young lady, at length wrought upon him to write an angry letter to De Burgh, enjoining him to break off the treaty of marriage.

No sooner had he despatched the Earl of Chester on this mission, than the mind of this weak and vacillating prince began to experience a variety of misgivings respecting the probable consequences of the unprecedented step he had been induced to take by the persuasions of those who were the declared enemies of Hubert de Burgh; and when the Archbishop of York, and others of the friends and adherents of the grand justiciary, in their turn, represented to him the dishonourable light in which his conduct would be regarded by the whole world, the anger of his offended ambassador, and the likelihood of his joining the insulted King of Scotland in obtaining a signal revenge upon him, he not only felt, but expressed the most passionate regret for what he had just done, and implored the Archbishop of York to follow the Earl of Chester, and, if possible, succeed in overtaking him, before he had delivered his letter and message to Hubert de Burgh.

The Archbishop of York was, however, too old and cautious to undertake such a perilous mission. He was one of those wise people who can point out an error, with all its probable train of evil consequences, without having either the power or the inclination to suggest a remedy; so he contented himself with reproaching the king for not having consulted him before he proceeded to the breach of a solemn contract of marriage

with the sister of so powerful a neighbour as the King of Scots, especially as he must have been aware that the lady had already crossed the Scottish border, and was on her journey to London.

Henry on this redoubled his lamentations, and smiting on his breast, as was his custom in any trouble or perplexity of his own bringing on, made use of his usual exclamation—"Oh! for the head of God, say no more about it, my lord archbishop, lest men should stand amazed at the relation thereof."

"Men will stand amazed in good truth, my royal liege," responded the archbishop, "when the King of Scots proclaims the injury you have done to his fair sister, who is, without exception, the loveliest and most discreet princess in Christendom, notwithstanding the insult you have been pleased to offer her, Sir King."

"We are ready to marry her, we are ready to fulfil our royal contract, yea, and to settle a goodly dower upon her, over and above what our good brother of Scotland demanded for her, in case she should be so unhappy as to survive us, which the saints forefend, lest she should be enticed into committing a second marriage after our death," groaned the king in a doleful voice.

The archbishop shook his head, and assured the king that the Lady Margaret was a princess of too high a spirit to accept him, after the injurious manner in which he had been induced to treat her, on the false representations of men who resolved to break off the match out of hatred to his friend and favourite, Hubert de Burgh, of whose advancement they had ever evinced the most bitter jealousy.

"Fie upon them, for two of the falsest traitors that did ever persuade a Christian king to a naughty deed," replied the king, who was always of the opinion of the last speaker: "I protest I will go to meet the Lady Margaret, my betrothed wife, and marry in despite of them both; and then, with the assistance of our loving brother, the King of Scots, and our trusty and well-beloved justiciary, Hubert de Burgh,

we will confiscate the lands of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and hang that evil-minded traitor, Robert of Chester, for the audacious intermeddling of which they have been guilty in the matter. Yea, and we are ready to forswear the letter also, if thou wilt be pleased to give us absolution for perjury, my lord archbishop."

This the Archbishop of York protested his conscience was too tender to allow him to do, but he approved of the king's design of meeting the princess, and offering a personal explanation and apology for the error into which he had been betrayed by the misrepresentations of the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Earl of Chester.

The resolution was undoubtedly a good one, although the hasty marriage of the rejected bride would have rendered it useless, if it had ever been carried into effect; but the fact was, King Henry consumed so much time in consultations with his tailors and tiremen respecting the dress in which he should first be introduced to the princess of Scotland, and changed his mind so often as to the fashion of the royal robes which he proposed to wear at his marriage solemnity, that the Earl of Chester returned from executing his commission before the king had come to a final decision on these important points.

The monarch was in the wardrobe chamber, holding a privy-council, with the master of the robes, the groom of the stole, two lords of the bedchamber, two tiremen of the body-half, a dozen tailors and sempsters, four embroiderers, and three jewellers, when the Earl was announced.

The warlike peer, who was attired in a complete suit of mail, had to exercise some ingenuity in avoiding entangling his long spurs among the silks, satins, tissues, furs, and laces with which the apartment was strewn, or discomposing the economy of various superb suits which were displayed on wooden stands to the admiring eyes of the king, who, bare-headed and disencumbered of his upper garment, was seated on the ground with a huge pair of shears in his hand, with which he was himself fashioning the sleeve of a surtout, of parti-coloured damask, which the tailor had not cut to the royal fancy.

"Now, praise to St. Ursula and her

forty thousand virgins!" exclaimed the monarch, holding up the sleeve, with a look of extreme satisfaction, "had they all been present to guide the shears, I could not have carved a more comely sleeve for my bridal garment. Our betrothed queen and spouse, the Lady Margaret, cannot but stand amazed at the goodness of the fashion when she beholdeth me arrayed in such dainty guise at the nuptial altar. How say ye, my masters, shall I not make a jolly bridegroom when tired for the wedding?"

Here the Earl of Chester, who knew not what to think of this fresh freak of Henry's variable humour, advanced a few steps with an embarrassed air, and bending his knee, stammered out the accustomed salutation of, "Health and loyal greetings to my royal liege."

"How now, Sir Earl!" exclaimed the king, peevishly: "have a care how you set your mailed feet among these dainty trappings—I prythee what hath brought thee back so soon? May blessed Saint Bride grant that thou hast done no mischief touching our marriage with our betrothed Lady Margaret of Scotland: for if thou hast, thy knave's neck shall be worth no more than a rope's purchase."

"May it please you, my gracious liege," stammered the luckless earl, "I have performed the errand on which you sent me forth, stoutly and truly, in the deliverance of your royal letter to that false traitor, Hubert de Burgh."

"Thou hadst better have delivered thyself to the hangman, with a groat fee to bribe the knave to do his office speedily upon thy vile body, thou egregious meddler," exclaimed the king, flinging down the tailor's shears in a pet, and casting an angry glance at the earl.

"May it please you, my royal liege," interposed he, in a beseeching tone—

"No, thou troublesome traitor, it doth not please me," interrupted the king. "Thou hast, I do verily suppose, wrought me more mischief in one hour than I can repair in a month: and what saith my trusty and well-beloved justiciary, Hubert de Burgh, to the letter?"

"He said nought to the letter," replied the earl, sullenly. "he only bade me depart from Carlisle while my footing was good."

"I commend him for the saying!" rejoined the king, laughing; "but was the Lady Margaret in presence?"

"Aye, marry, was she," returned the earl.

"But my loving Hubert did not show her the letter, I trust," said the king.

"I cannot say that he did," rejoined the earl; "but he put it into the hand of one who was in presence, who took it in worser part than he did."

"And who was that, I pray?" demanded Henry.

"The King of Scots, an' please your grace," replied the earl.

"The King of Scots!" echoed Henry, in a tone of consternation. "How came he in my town of Carlisle?"

"That I ventured not to ask, my lord," said the earl. "All I know is, he was there."

"And what did he say of me?" demanded the king, eagerly.

"More than your grace would like to hear from the lips of a subject," said the earl.

But Henry the Third, like all weak people, was tormented with an intense desire of hearing all the disqualifying observations that were made of him in his absence; so he commanded the Earl of Chester to repeat to him, *verbatim*, every thing the King of Scotland had said on perusing his letter.

"Will it please your grace then to command the present audience to avoid the chamber," said the earl, looking significantly at the company of tailors, sempsters, embroiderers, and jewellers.

"Seest thou not, thou foolish earl, that we are busily engaged with them in preparing our bridal garments?" said the king; "and they are such untaught varlets, that something will go wrong if we leave them for one moment to their own devices, albeit needle-work and fashioning garmenture is their calling. Therefore speak on."

"Not I, by the mass, unless your grace will give me private audience," said the earl: "I marvel me your grace hath not more regard for your kingly dignity and knightly honour, than to make yourself of fellow-craft with vile tailors and needle-men."

"Nay, but Robert of Chester, consider the case of my wedding-garments," interposed the puny sovereign, in a beseeching tone.

The fierce earl, who with difficulty could restrain the inclination he felt to kick the frippery articles with which he

was surrounded out of his path, turned his back rudely upon the monarch, to quit the presence, muttering, as he did so, "Wedding garments, forsooth! a motley coat is the only robe that becometh such a prince."

"What wert thou saying of my garments, my lord?" demanded the king. "We would fain know thy opinion, since thou hast just seen the Lady Margaret, who belike afforded thee a specimen of her taste."

"Aye, marry, did she, my liege," responded the earl, "for she wedded the Grand Justiciary in his travel-soiled riding suit, and appeared prouder of her bargain than if she had married the emperor in his royal robes."

"By my yea and nay!" exclaimed the king, starting from his sedentary posture, and beginning to shuffle on his surcoat, "I do believe thou liest, Robert of Chester; my justiciary, Hubert de Burgh, is too well practised in the ceremonial of courtly breeding and all the solemnities of 'parellings and decoraments, to depart so widely from the respect due to me, his royal liege, as to enact the part of my proxy on so worshipful an occasion as my betrothment with the Lady Margaret of Scotland, in a vile suit of riding tirc, and the roads miry belike, as in sooth thine own filthy appearance betokeneth them to be; sit upon thee, my Lord of Chester, to enter the royal presence of thine anointed sovereign in such shameless disarray: deserve we no more reverence from our subjects?"

"My liege," responded the earl, sullenly, "I came to your grace in all haste, to report an unexpected event, which I supposed would be matter of sufficient importance to excuse the ceremony of changing my boots; but by the mass, if I had known the audacity of that insolent upstart, Hubert de Burgh, in appropriating to himself the royal bride he had wooed for a Queen of England, would have been taken so quietly, be-shrew me if I would have ridden my Barbary roan so hard over moss and moor to be the first to bring your grace the news that your grand justiciary had wedded a king's sister, and that Alexander of Scotland compelled me to witness the marriage, whether I would or not."

"We do not blame our brother of Scotland for fastening us in a solemn betrothment with his royal sister for the

sake of her maidenly honour, so soon as he perceived we were wavering in our kingly mind respecting the conclusion of the marriage, so now we may consider our bachelorhood well nigh at end, since we are espoused by proxy to a fair young wife," said the king.

"Your grace miscomprehends the matter wholly," replied the Earl of Chester, who was out of patience at the king's slowness of apprehension: "Hubert de Burgh hath wedded the Lady Margaret of Scotland, not in capacity of proxy to your grace, but in his own audacious person hath he taken her to wife for himself, and made her, whom he deemed a fit match for his sovereign, dame Margaret de Burgh."

"By all the saints and martyrs, the false traitor shall hang for it!" exclaimed the king, turning of a livid paleness, which was usual for him to do when excessively incensed. "And the King of Scots," pursued he, "didst say he was consenting to this villany of my accursed justiciary?"

"Aye, my liege," replied the earl, "and he bestowed the Lady Margaret, who is the fairest princess in Christendom, on old Hubert, with his own hand. Moreover, he gave the bridegroom a ruby ring, of surpassing value, from his own little finger, to wed the lady with; and Father Jerome, Hubert's chaplain, read the service of matrimony in the chapel of the house; and as soon as it was finished, they thrust me forth with more contumely than I think it fitting to repeat, and bade me report the marriage to your grace, which I have done, not out of obedience to their mandate, but in hopes of moving your grace to vindicate your kingly honour by taking signal vengeance on the ungrateful traitor, who hath, in return for all your royal favours, put such a notable affront upon your grace."

"He shall smart for it, by my halidome," replied the king: "life and limb shall he forfeit; money and lands will I escheat to mine own use; and as for the light-minded Scottish wench whom he hath wedded, we will spoil her of dower and jewels, and send her to keep her honey-moon, as a sorrowful widow, in our convent of Bermondsey. She shall see cause to rue her folly in dooming a crowned king to wear the willow, while she wedded one of his varlets. Get ye hence, my merry men, with your shears and needles," continued he, turn-

ing dolefully to the tailors and broiderers. "Alack the day! we are a forsaken bachel'or, instead of a jolly bridegroom. You, Sir Amelot de Frippesville, see that our damasks, our saracenicis, our cloths of gold, furs, and rare broideries, are safely bestowed in our presses, coffers, and chests, against a happier season. Small use have we for these goodly trappings now; and do you, Lord David de Brus, send our minstrel Lothaire to our privy chamber, with his lute, to sing us a love-lorn ditty of a forsaken knight."

"Would it not better beseem your grace to call a council for the purpose of attainting Hubert de Burgh of high treason?" demanded the Earl of Chester.

"By my fag, thou hast spoken like a wise counsellor, Robert of Chester," responded the king, "we will call together a few of our trusty and well-beloved lieges to devise a punishment for that audacious villain who hath stolen our lady-love; and then will we make our plaint at leisure, touching her cruelty and our own forlorn condition as a deserted and bereaved lover."

The newly-wedded pair, mean time, having bade farewell to the King of Scotland, (who parted from them at Carlisle, in order to return to his own country,) proceeded at easy day's journeys towards Hubert de Burgh's pleasant domain at St. Edmund's Bury, where they proposed spending a few days previously to the grand justiciary's return to court, where he concluded his announcement of his marriage with the Lady Margaret would be received by the king with great satisfaction, since he had been so positive in his rejection of her for himself.

The halcyon days of bridal happiness which the wedded lovers were permitted to enjoy, were, however, destined to be few. It was but the first morning after their arrival at St. Edmund's Bury, while Hubert de Burgh was engaged in sweet converse with his royal bride, on their plans for extending his already noble establishment, and rendering it convenient for dispensing a daily maintenance to a hundred poor families in the neighbourhood, when they were suddenly interrupted by the entrance of the young Earl of Pembroke, the son of Hubert de Burgh's ancient friend and patron, the renowned William Mareschall, Earl of Pembroke.

"My lord justiciary," exclaimed the

young noble, casting a glance of curiosity and admiration at the Lady Margaret, "it is doubtless pleasant pastime to spend the day in idle joyance at the feet of a fair and royal bride; but whilst thou art thus enthralled in the links of love, it may be the office of a true friend to rouse thee from thy dreamy bliss, by asking thee if thou art aware of what is going on at court, where thou hast enemies who neither slumber nor sleep?"

"Their wakeful malice will ne'er hurt me," replied the justiciary: "the eagle soars a pitch above the kite, the buzzard, and the carrion crane, I trust."

"The shaft of an ignoble marksman, nevertheless, may bring the soaring eagle to the dust," rejoined the young earl, "and I repeat my question to thee, my lord justiciary; knowest thou what is even now in agitation in the court?"

"No!" replied the grand justiciary, "but thou art burning to inform me, I perceive; therefore let me hear it at once, if it concern me."

"What sayest thou to a bill of attainder in preparation against one Sir Hubert de Burgh, grand justiciary of England, and some time favourite of King Henry the Third?"

"Thou art jesting with me, Richard Mareschall," replied De Burgh, starting from his seat; "on what grounds dare they found such a bill?"

"I am told, my lord justiciary, that his grace hath himself furnished Robert Earl of Chester, Peter de Reinaul, and his worthy uncle, the Bishop of Winchester, with a long list of your misdemeanours," said Pembroke, "in addition to the many causes of complaint which they say you have afforded both to Lords and Commons."

"Where is the minister of state who hath not, I should like to know?" exclaimed De Burgh. "But it is this royal marriage of mine which hath stirred the envy, hatred, and malice of my enemies into so bitter a ferment."

"And also given cause of offence to the king," observed the Earl of Pembroke; "but the prize is more than worth all the peril you have incurred," added he, bowing to the Lady Margaret, who, with clasped hands and a pale cheek, was listening to the conference in anxious alarm.

"This is a sorry welcome for thee, my sweet lady wife," said De Burgh, turning

to her with a tender glance, "for thou hast not only condescended, from thy royal estate, to wed the subject of a monarch who wooed thee for his queen, but thou art likely to share the fallen fortunes of a ruined man."

"It was thee, and not thy fortunes, that I wedded," replied the princess; and whatever chance or change befal thee, thou wilt be more to me than all the world beside."

"Loveliest and dearest!" exclaimed the justiciary, pressing the hands of his loving bride to his lips, "you make me too proud when I look upon you, and listen to your sweet words. As for this matter of which my Lord of Pembroke tells me, let it not trouble you; it is but a passing storm, which shall be presently dispersed by my presence at court. I have overblown many such, and all my sorrow is, that I must leave thee here while I repair to London, to face the matter out with King Henry and his nobles."

"No, Hubert," replied the lady, clinging to his arm, "thou shalt not leave me; we have not yet been wedded one little week, and dost thou talk of parting?"

"I grieve to say it must be so," replied De Burgh; "it will but be for a few brief days, during which time thou mayest abide safely in my strong house here, where my faithful servants and vassals shall be enjoined to pleasure thee in all things."

"As if I could taste of pleasure in thy absence," rejoined the weeping bride. "No, Hubert, I will to the English court with thee, and share thy peril, my beloved."

"Our mutual interests demand that you should remain here, sweet life!" said De Burgh, "and if matters go amiss with me at court, it will be necessary to defend this castle as a place of refuge. Shouldst thou fear to maintain a siege, Margaret, if need be?"

"Doth not the royal blood of Scotland flow in my veins?" replied the Lady Margaret, proudly: "wherefore, then, dost thou talk to me of fear? I have no fears, except for thy safety."

The tender contest between these wedded lovers was at length decided by Hubert de Burgh interposing the authority of a husband, and strictly enjoining his lady to remain at St. Edmund's Bury,

till he could clearly ascertain the position of his affairs at court.

Matters, mean time, had been carried in the king's council with a high hand against him, his powerful enemies having strained every nerve to effect his ruin; and the weak-minded prince, his master, forgetful of his past services, had changed, in one day, from the most partial and injudicious of friends to the bitterest of foes.

At Stratford-le-Bow, Hubert de Burgh and the Earl of Pembroke were encountered by an armed knight, riding at fiery speed, who, on perceiving them, halted full in their path, and, extending his long lance across the road, exclaimed, "Who goes there?"

"And who is it that insolently affects to bar the passage of the grand justiciary of England?" exclaimed Hubert de Burgh, striking the horseman's lance aside with his drawn sword.

"A friend in need," replied the other: "one who mayhap perileth his own life to tell the valiant Sir Hubert de Burgh that he is attainted of high treason, that he is no longer of the king's council, no longer lord of castles and lands, no longer justiciary of England."

"And who is it dares to bring me such tidings," exclaimed De Burgh, raising his trusty brand with a menacing gesture.

The horseman raised his visor, and revealed the noble countenance of Richard Plantagenet, Earl of Cornwall, the younger brother of the king.

"Noble prince!" said De Burgh, lowering the point of his weapon, with an air of the deepest respect, "in what light am I to consider your words and conduct?"

"As the action and warning of a true friend," replied the prince; "for, whatever have been your faults as my royal brother's favourite and minister of state, I cannot forget that your gallant defence of Dover, while we were yet in our minority, mainly contributed to preserve this fair England of ours from the yoke of France, and I were loath to see so noble a stag hunted to death by bloodhounds."

"If it will please you, my gracious prince, to allow me to accompany you to the court at Westminster," said De Burgh, "I trust I shall be able to confound my foes, and justify my conduct to all good men."

"'Tis easier said than done, De Burgh," replied the prince. "Thou wilt have to give account of the expenditure of every groat that has been carried into the Exchequer since thou hast been at the head of affairs. Moreover, many breaches of the great charter are alleged against thee; and, above all, thy foes have no intention of allowing thee to plead thine own cause to the king."

"How!" said De Burgh, "am not I a free man? And shall I be deprived of the privilege of an English subject?"

"In all probability thou wilt be executed as an attainted traitor, without the formality of a trial," replied the prince; "and, at all events, I counsel thee to avoid the London road, since the king hath issued his warrant for thy apprehension, and the citizens of London are athirst for thy blood."

"Then," said De Burgh, "my only plan is to retrace my steps to St. Edmund's Bury."

"Thy foes will be ready to beset thee as thou takest that direction," returned the Earl of Cornwall. "I tell thee, De Burgh, thy case is a desperate one, seeing that thou wilt have neither benefit of law nor clergy if thou art taken: thy best course will be to cross to the Surrey side, and take sanctuary at Merton College, where thou wilt have leisure and opportunity for preparing a memorial, which I will undertake shall be presented to the king, so soon as his present choler be somewhat abated."

The sound of approaching horsemen cut short the acknowledgments which De Burgh was preparing to offer to his royal friend, who, hastily exclaiming, "the Philistines be upon thee—look to thy ways, Hubert," rode off at full speed.

"For life, Sir Hubert, to Merton—Away!" cried the Earl of Pembroke; "I will meet thy foes mean time, and send them London-ward, on a fool's errand, if I can."

De Burgh was well mounted and a hot rider at all times, and being perfectly familiar with the road, was soon in the direct track for Merton, which place he happily reached, and without any difficulty was admitted to the privilege of sanctuary by the superiors of the college, which had been richly endowed by him.

The rage of the king, on hearing of this proceeding on the part of his discarded favourite, was extreme. "Marry,

my masters," said he, to the Bishop of Winchester and Sir Edward Segrave, upon whom he had just conferred the office of grand justiciary, "do we look like a crowned king to be baffled in our anger, and defied by a parcel of vile cowl men, armed with no better weapons than crosiers and chalices? Go to the lord mayor of London, and tell him to take a troop of the city bands, and pluck me forth this audacious traitor, that he may die the death."

There was a deadly animosity subsisting between the lord mayor and citizens of London and Hubert de Burgh, and most eagerly had the former watched for an opportunity of assisting in the ruin of the haughty military favourite and prime ruler of King Henry's council, but, now that his fate was thrown in a manner into their own hands, they hesitated at venturing so perilous a deed as the violation of sanctuary, which, in those days, was considered a more detestable crime than murder.

It required all the persuasions of the Bishop of Winchester to back the royal authority, before the chief magistrate of the city of London could be prevailed upon to issue his orders for the apprehension of De Burgh; but when at length he was wrought upon to lead the city bands to Merton College for that purpose, he was attended in his march by a tumultuous mob of upwards of twenty thousand of the rabble apprentices and disaffected persons of the lower order, to all of whom the proud justiciary had rendered himself obnoxious. These had long thirsted for his blood, and were now eager to lend a hand in dragging him to a scaffold. They proceeded towards Merton with fierce execrations against the fallen favourite, to whose ears their savage yells, while they were yet two miles distant from the college, sounded a more dismal death-knell than ever the passing-bell tolled to a condemned man on the way to execution. The prior and fellows of the college looked pale with affright as the clouds of dust in the distance betokened the approach of the ruffianly crew; but when, on their more near advance, the warders from the highest spire of the chapel proclaimed that they were not only armed with pitchforks, spears, and crow-bars, but some of them were carrying a pitch barrel and lighted fire-brands for the purpose of burning the

convent over their heads, they began to implore their perilous guest to preserve their lives by surrendering himself to the lord mayor. Hubert de Burgh, in the bitterness of his soul cursing the hour that ever he adopted the friendly counsel of the Earl of Cornwall, was about to resign himself to his evil destiny, in order to preserve the terrified ecclesiastics from the dreadful fate with which they were menaced by the leaders of the mob, who were now assembled before the college gates, and were loudly demanding him to be given up to their vengeance, when the lord mayor and city sheriffs suddenly advancing, bade them stand back in the name of the king, to whom the Archbishops of York and Dublin had represented the crime of violating sanctuary in such forcible terms, that Henry, alarmed at the step he had taken, hastily despatched the Earl of Cornwall with a company of soldiers to countermand his former peremptory orders to the lord mayor for dragging De Burgh from his sanctuary. The chief magistrate, who had never fully relished a commission that savoured of sacrilege, was glad to order the city sword to be sheathed, but it was no light matter to persuade the furious populace to withdraw without their anticipated victim. Their dispersion was, however, at length effected by the Earl of Cornwall's followers telling them that an outlandish monster had been seen in the river, above bridge, and a dozen boats were in pursuit of it when they left the city; at the hearing of which, those cockneys of the thirteenth century, who were as genuine lovers of sights and wonders as their descendants in these modern days, hastened back to London with one general consent, without bestowing another thought on Hubert de Burgh, till, on arriving at Southwark, and making eager inquiries respecting the fate of the outlandish monster, they were answered by the scoffs and jeers of the glibing passengers, who reminded them of the circumstance that it was "All-fools' day,"—a notification not very agreeable to the lord mayor, when he reflected on how sleeveless an errand he had been persuaded to lead the city bands to Merton College.

As for Hubert de Burgh, his mighty heart, in spite of the proud bearing he had maintained when his danger appeared most imminent, had been shaken at the

thought of perishing ignobly by the hands of vile mechanics and plebeian slaves, as he insolently enough styled the London citizens of the lower order; and when, after their departure, he saw the western sun setting in the peaceful tranquillity of a soft April sky, he could scarcely believe that he had not been under the influence of a frightful dream.

Vespers had never been so devoutly performed or so piously attended at Merton College, as on that eventful evening. As for the valiant De Burgh, his escape from the peril that had so lately threatened his life, wrought such an unwonted impression on his mind, that for the first time he professed a desire of keeping a godly vigil of fasting and prayer, in the chapel, at the shrine of our Lady of Merton.

This design was highly commended by the holy brothers of the college, several of whom offered to join with him in offering up vows for his speedy deliverance from his present restraint; but ere these pious intentions could be carried into effect, a horse-man, whose accent proclaimed him to be a native of Suffolk, presented himself at the college-gate, with the intimation that he had a message to Sir Hubert de Burgh from his fair lady, whom he had left the day before at his strong house at St. Edmund's Bury.

"What tidings bringest thou of the Lady Margaret, worthy friend?" said Hubert de Burgh, who recognised the courier for a Burgh-man, "and what greetings hath she sent me?"

"Alack, noble Sir Hubert," replied the messenger, "my tidings are sorrowful tidings, for thy lady lieth sick at the point of death, of a fever brought on by grief for thy absence, and the greetings which she sendeth thee are these—that if thou come not with all convenient speed to speak comfort unto her, thou wilt see her no more as a living woman."

"My horse, my horse!" shouted De Burgh to the servitors of the college, who stood ready to receive his orders. "My fleet horse Endo, I say, ye tardy knaves! By the light of our Lady's brow, I will be at St. Edmund's Bury by sunrise to-morrow morning, though ten thousand armed men disputed my path. There's gold for thee, my good fellow," continued he, tossing a part of the contents of his purse to the messenger; "ride thee back for life to my house, and tell my Lady

Margaret to take heart of grace, for I will be with her ere matin prayers are said in the Abbey of good St. Edmund."

The prior and monks of Merton, though not at heart displeased to be so well rid of their dangerous guest, yet considered themselves bound in conscience to remonstrate with him on the imprudence of quitting sanctuary while the royal warrants were abroad for his apprehension; but De Burgh, with whom the report of his lady's danger was the paramount consideration that swallowed up every other apprehension, would not listen to any cautions respecting his own safety, and tarrying only till his good steed could be saddled, he rode off at fiery speed from the friendly convent, which had been to him so secure a city of refuge from the wrath of the king, nobles, and rabble.

Although the fine person of Hubert de Burgh was so well-known in the immediate vicinity of London, yet, as no one in those parts suspected him of the imprudence of quitting sanctuary the very evening after he had proved it so safe an asylum, he passed unnoticed through the places where there appeared most danger of his being recognised, and when, after three hours hard riding, he found himself as far advanced on his journey as Brentwood in Essex, he began to consider the perilous part of it was over. It was about eleven o'clock, and the full moon was shining with uncommon brilliancy, when he entered the town, which he hesitated not to do, on the supposition that at such an hour the streets would be perfectly deserted, and all its inhabitants buried in sleep; but on advancing towards the market-place, he perceived, with some uneasiness, a company of soldiers drawn up before one of the inns for the purpose of refreshing their horses. Aware that a horseman of his distinguished appearance would not be allowed to pass unquestioned, De Burgh lost no time in striking out of the main street down a darker by-lane, but unluckily Endo, who had probably recognised some former comrade among the chargers of the troop, thought proper to signify his friendly reminiscence by a loud shrill neigh, which attracted the attention of the leader, who was indeed no other than Sir Edward Segrave, the new justiciary of England, one of the parties most deeply interested in the capture and death of Hubert de Burgh, of whose office he was considered by many as little

less than a usurper. "Tis he!" he shouted, "the false traitor, Hubert de Burgh! Give chase, my merry men; five hundred crowns for him who brings his body to London, either dead or alive."

De Burgh scarcely required the stimulus of this notification to urge the mettle of his steed with spur and rein, but the old adage, which says, "more haste worse speed," was exemplified in his case; for ere he had well cleared the last street of Brentwood, Endo, being pressed beyond his strength, unfortunately stumbled over a large stone that lay full in his path, and went down beneath his rider. Scarcely was De Burgh aware of his misfortune, before he had, with the energetic promptitude that formed a prominent part of his character, extricated himself from stirrup and saddle and was on his feet; but his foes were now so close upon him that it was only by an exertion of activity and presence of mind truly extraordinary, that he succeeded in gaining the shelter of a small chapel, in a convent-garden, just without the town, where his quick eye had noted that tapers were still burning before the altar. To the astonishment and alarm of the three priests, who were performing a midnight mass over the dead body of one of their order, De Burgh rushed breathlessly into the chapel, and planting himself at the altar, he dropped his sword, and seizing the crucifix in one hand and the pix in the other, defied the fierce pursuers, who followed close upon his traces, "to touch him if they dared, since he was again in sanctuary."

"Sanctuary or not," replied Sir Edward Segrave, "I have the king's warrant for thy apprehension, thou false traitor; and as the sacrilege must be on his head, I will adventure to arrest thee, Sir Hubert de Burgh, in his name. and convey thee to safe ward in the Tower of London, leaving his grace and my lord the pope to settle the matter as they list."

It was in vain that the officiating priests united with De Burgh in protesting against the violation of sanctuary. Segrave and his followers surrounded the unhappy fugitive, and, notwithstanding his desperate resistance, seized him; and, having placed him on horseback and fettered him, they conducted him to London, with every species of indignity, amidst the exulting shouts of the base mob,

which, collecting on the road, increased every moment, and followed the fallen favourite of their fickle sovereign, with insults and execrations, to the Tower, where Segrave having seen him safely bestowed, hastened to inform the king of his apprehension.

Henry was at first so delighted with the news, that he loaded Segrave with caresses and commendations; but the serious representations of his brother, the Earl of Cornwall, and above all, those of the Archbishops of York and Dublin, on the dreadful crime of violating sanctuary, the sacredness of which, was respected even by robbers and the most desperate ruffians, once more effected a change in his ever-vacillating timorous mind, and, trembling from head to foot at the possibility of incurring the sentence of excommunication from the pope, he turned hastily to Segrave, with this exclamation—

"Verily! men to hear of the deed thou hast done would stand amazed, and if they did not know that thou wert the grand justiciary of England, would believe thou wert a heathen dog, or a vile Mussulman vizier or bassa, in so shamelessly violating the sanctuary of a Christian chapel; lie upon thee, Edward Segrave, lie upon thee! I do command thee to hasten to the Tower, and conduct my rebel and traitor, Hubert de Burgh, back to the sanctuary at Brentwood, whence thou didst so unadvisedly take him; but at the same time, I charge thee to enjoin the high sheriff of my county of Essex to watch the chapel vigilantly, so that no person be allowed to enter to offer him refectation of any kind; so that, unless he would prefer being starved to death, his proud stomach shall be humbled to come forth, and render himself up to our royal discretion."

Segrave, though sorely mortified at the tenor of this harangue, was compelled to execute the bidding of the royal imbecile, in conveying his lately captured rival back to the sanctuary whence he had so violently removed him; where, too, as a matter of necessity, he confessed the sin of which he had been guilty to the superior of the convent, performed penance for the sacrilege, and offered a hundred marks at the shrine of our Lady of Brentwood, to avert her wrath and appease the ill-will of the ecclesiastics.

As for De Burgh, he had been too

much accustomed to the freaks of fortune to be very much astonished at any of her vagaries, and he was so well aware of the vacillating character of King Henry, that he had positively calculated on either being released from prison, or replaced in a sanctuary, before the lapse of twenty-four hours; therefore he took all the changes of the drama, in which he was reluctantly performing so conspicuous a part, with perfect calmness, the only thing which troubled him being the report of his lady's sickness, and that was to him matter of very painful anxiety, although, when he combined circumstances, he was half inclined to suspect the sincerity of the messenger who had brought the news to him—since the tenor of subsequent events rendered it more than probable that it was only a stratagem of his enemies to draw him from the sanctuary of Merton College.

The royal orders prohibiting any one from supplying him with food were so strictly obeyed, that De Burgh found himself compelled to observe such a fast as he had never before kept, and at the end of six-and-thirty hours of abstinence, he would freely have bartered one of his fairest manors for a manchet of bread and a draught of ale. The shades of evening were again beginning to obscure the chapel, and De Burgh, in utter despair at the prospect of the comfortless vigil he was likely to keep, strode to the portal, with the design of effecting if possible a retreat from his cold and inhospitable quarters; but the sight of the high sheriff and his men on one side, and Segrave and his party on the other, keeping the most vigilant observation on all his movements, compelled him to resign every hope of escape, and once more he betook himself to the melancholy occupation of pacing the narrow limits of his prison, and wearying every saint whose image was portrayed on the stained glass of the illuminated windows, with prayers for deliverance from his present strait. Then the remembrance of his royal and beautiful bride, and his alarm and uncertainty regarding her, filled him with anguish, which rendered the pangs of hunger and thirst almost forgotten; and in the sore travail of his spirit he flung himself on the marble pavement before the shrine of our Lady of Brentwood, and burst into a passion of tears, exclaiming, "Oh, Margaret, Margaret, if I could be

assured of thy safety, my beloved wife, I could bear every thing else without shrinking."

Here the soft pressure of a female hand that trembled with powerful emotion caused him to start, and raising his eyes he perceived a slight graceful figure in pilgrim's weeds kneeling by his side, who hung over him with the tender sympathy of a guardian angel, and mixing her tears with his, sobbed out, "Hubert, my husband!"

To spring from his recumbent posture and snatch his lovely consort to his bosom, was the impulse and action of a moment, but gently repelling his fond caresses, she whispered, "Time is too precious to be wasted thus, thou art famishing, my husband, but I have ventured my life to bring thee food; eat, eat, my Hubert, and live."

She proffered a nourishing viand, that she had concealed in the folds of her dress, to his parched lips as she spake, but scarcely had he swallowed the first morsel of the welcome refreshment, ere the chapel was rudely entered by the high sheriff and his men, who loudly vociferated, "Is it thus that King Henry's commands are impudently disobeyed: you must away with me to London, my dainty pilgrim, there to answer for this bold contumely."

Margaret, with a piercing cry, sought refuge in her husband's arms, who, folding her tenderly to his bosom, exclaimed, "Have a care how you treat this lady, master sheriff, for she is a king's daughter, and my wife. If you are a bachelor, you must needs honour her for what she hath done; and if you be a married man, you cannot but applaud her, and wish that your own spouse may be as tender and true in the hour of trial."

"In sooth, Sir Hubert," replied the sheriff, "you are to be envied rather than pitied in your adversity; and I do lament me that my duty compels me to take your gentle lady before the king, to be dealt with according to his good pleasure for this her faithfulness to you. Trust me, I grieve to separate you."

"Thou shalt not do that, sir sheriff," replied De Burgh, "for I here render myself up as your prisoner."

"It is your best wisdom, I believe, Sir Hubert," replied the sheriff; "since, in the first place, it will permit me to give you license to finish the refecton

your loving lady hath ventured her life to bring you ; and, in the next, I trust it will be your surest recommendation to his grace's mercy. * * *

"May it please your royal grace," said the high sheriff, on entering King Henry's presence, after he had conducted De Burgh to London, "I have brought unto you a young damsel in the disguise of a pilgrim, whom I detected in the act of bringing food to Sir Hubert de Burgh, in the sanctuary at Brentwood."

"A young damsel, saidst thou, master sheriff," replied the king, "by my fay she must be a very shameless wench, to demean herself in such direct rebellion to our royal commands. An it had been a man, he should have been hanged on Brentwood steeple, without judge or jury; but as it is a woman, we will graciously hear what she hath to plead for herself, for we are a merciful prince. So, mistress," continued he, as the Lady Margaret, in obedience to a sign from the sheriff, advanced a step forward, and bent her knee before him, "what hast thou to say for thyself?"

"A plea which, I trust, your grace is too generous, too just, to disallow," replied Margaret in her softest, sweetest accents. "I am the wife of Hubert de Burgh."

"His wife!—ha! what wife? Not the Lady Margaret of Scotland, I trow?"

"The same;" she replied, with a suppressed smile: "and your grace's most dutiful subject and servant."

"Ah, thou naughty and deceitful woman, what hast thou to say respecting thy breach of contract with our royal self," said the king, shaking his head at her.

"That as your grace did not consider me worthy of the felicity of being your wife, I was willing to enjoy the happiness of becoming your subject," replied the lady; and methinks, my lord, after the affront you put upon me by rejecting me in such disqualifying terms, it is hard that you should wish to deprive me of the husband who was willing to take me with all my faults."

"Faults," echoed the king, surveying the lovely suppliant from head to foot, "they lied most foully who said thou wert not the fairest Mag in Christendom, and the prettiest of speech withal. Alack, alack! what a dainty queen thou wouldst have made us."

"My royal liege," replied the princess, "I am a wedded wife, and it doth not beseem me to listen to your flattering words. My husband is, woe the while! in heavy cheer under the cloud of your wrath—and for what? Why, truly, because he took to wife a despised and slighted maiden whom you dishonourably rejected, thus offering me the only compensation in his power for the contumely with which you thought proper to treat me."

"Oh, for the love of blessed Mary, say no more about it, lest men should stand amazed," replied the king. "We were deceived with a false report, and we acted foolishly, but we acknowledge our fault."

"My liege, you must do more," said the Lady Margaret, rising, "you have done me great wrong, and you must make me amends for your injurious treatment."

"We are ready to content thee, my lady princess! we are ready to do any thing for the repairing of our fault. Yea, if it so please thee, we will behead thy husband, and make thee our royal queen with all convenient despatch."

"May our gracious Lady preserve thee from such deadly crimes," replied Margaret, "and protect me from ever being again compelled to listen to language so injurious to my honour. Know, my lord and king, that I love my husband, and would rather share his sorrowful captivity than wear the proudest diadem in the world. You detain him unjustly from me, in prison, and I demand him of you."

"Is that, my lady princess, the fashion in which you come before us to ask our royal grace for an attainted traitor?" said the king, looking at her in utter astonishment. "Marry, an we had wedded with you, we should have met not only our match, but our master, by'r lady. We begin to feel thankful that we are still a bachelor, now we have had a sample of thy spirit, dame Margaret de Burgh."

"My liege," said the lady, smiling, "I meant not to offend by claiming that as a matter of right, which I am willing to supplicate as a favour in the humblest language and the lowliest attitude." She bent her knee once more, and holding up her clasped hands, entreated the royal grace for her husband.

"Aye, my lady cousin," replied the king, "you speak now like one who may

expect to be heard. God forbid that we should deal so evilly by thee as to deprive thee of thy husband in thy very honeymoon. He hath our free pardon for his audacity in wedding a king's sister, and our betrothed wife withal. Yea, we will even be so charitable as to hope that he may never see cause to repent of what he hath done. Amen, Amen, Amen."

"We are both deeply beholden to your royal grace," replied the princess, with a low reverence; "and pray that when you are pleased to enter into the holy pale of matrimony, your happiness may equal ours—I would say exceed it, if that were possible."

"My lady princess, these are early days for you to boast of your nuptial felicity," observed the king. "If at the end of a twelvemonth you hold in the

same story, we will pledge ourselves to restore to you eight of the fair manors which your husband hath recently forfeited to our use, and in pledge of our royal word we permit you to kiss our hand."

"I thus perform, as my husband's deputy, homage for the *restoration* of eight of his manors, seized to the use of the king," said the Lady Margaret, archly, raising the monarch's hand to her lips.

"Beshrew thee, wench, but thou hast fairly won them!" replied the king; "and we pledge ourselves to restore all the rest of thy lord's confiscations on the conditions we have named, wishing him joy, with all our heart, of having wedded so fair and loving a spouse. God grant that when we marry, we may have the good fortune to obtain a queen equally worthy of our esteem and admiration."

RAMBLES NEAR ROME.

BY MRS. COCKLE.

"Valla Madama."

There are few things which speak so impressively to the feelings as a beautiful landscape, breaking unexpectedly upon the eye with all the freshness of nature, surrounding some deserted mansion, or neglected temple, erected as if with an intention of defying the influence of Time, but remaining in its unchecked state of decay, and pointing out to us the difference between the works of man and those of his Maker.

I was involuntarily led to these reflections by an evening drive, in the environs of Rome, to "Villa Madama," the once splendid residence of Margaret of Austria, when married to Octavian Farnese.

This spot commands one of the finest views of the "Eternal City," although of its former grandeur only enough remains to call back the mind to what it had been. The deserted rooms, now converted into chambers for hay and corn, were richly adorned with arabesques, as was the portico, an elegant and beautifully-proportioned building, where some good, though mutilated sta-

tues, still fill the niches. The garden, where fountains yet seemed proud of their sculptured graces, broke suddenly into a scene of picturesque wildness. A high, overhanging hill, thickly covered with trees, contrasted in its rude uncultivated state with the neat vineyard on the opposite side, whilst the little pathway at the bottom of the garden seemed to wind round the hill; and on the other displayed, through a fine campagna, the Tiber, guiding in its course the eye to a distant but distinct view of Rome.

The effect of such a view, seen through a moss-grown gateway, which now encloses the entrance to this once princely mansion, is extremely fine; and scarcely was it less impressive, when contemplated through the arched windows of the dismantled chambers and turrets, heightened by the dim but rich gloom which evening, fading into twilight, threw over the whole landscape. It was well calculated to awaken the feeling traced in the following

SKETCH.

It was a scene of desolation !
Of desolation amidst grandeur—
Of beauty lingering in the lap of ruin,
Yet proud amidst decay—but *wild* and *still*;
So still, that Silence there might fix her throne
In undisturb'd repose; for nought was heard there

Save the nightingale, which seem'd to woo
 With a softer song to listen to her story.
 But that crass mansion told a sadder tale
 In every falling stone—and that proud portico,
 Thro' whose high archway Rome—imperial Rome,
 Burst on the wondering eye, 'midst sculptur'd forms
 Half stealing into life, is fill'd with weeds,
 That seem to grow in mockery around;
 And those gay courts, where once o'er rich mosaics,
 Love, with young Beauty, all exulting trod,
 Echo no more to harmony's rich strains,
 To the light laugh, or gently whisper'd sigh,
 To chivalry's proud step, or high acclaim—
 All, all is vanish'd, as some morning dream,
 Scarce welcom'd ere 'tis gone!
 Thus fade life's pageants! leaving, like this scene,
 The heart all tenantless—and its chambers,
 But fill'd as these are, with rich *memories*,
 That, lingering 'midst its ruins, stay FOR EVER!

SIGHTS OF LONDON.

THE JEWEL-ROOM IN THE TOWER.

(Continued from our last Number.)

"On your left is the ancient imperial crown, which—"

I will not follow the interpreters in her antiquarian lore. It is all, comparatively, *modern*. Cromwell, whether hating England's old royalty, or desiring in his own person to make for her a new one, destroyed the regalia of her ancient sovereigns, not only of the Stuarts, the Tudors, the Plantagenets, but her earliest dynasties. The diadems of Alfred, of Edith, the Confessor's queen—were seized and sold for a few pounds; their jewels being previously unset, and their gold melted down.

Our monarchs had, successively, enriched the jewel-room: some by purchase or marriage, others by positive plunder. The first and third Edwards, Richard II., Henry V. bought largely: Edward IV. stripped the abbays; as did, we all know, Henry VIII.; but the latter of these splendid princes was as prodigal as rapacious—*alieni appetens, sui profusus*—and truly he made every thing his own which he touched,—whilst he as recklessly disposed of his own possessions. Elizabeth acquired store of jewels, by gifts and offerings—a civil phrase for the same peremptory consequence. James I. made his jewels fly among one favourite or other; but he did not replace them. His successor fell upon evil days; and sold or pawned no small portion of his crown-jewels: an example which Henry V. had pretty extensively set him. His queen, Henrietta, disposed of them wholesale; and, among them, the collar of rubies which Francis I. placed on the neck of our magnificent Henry in the Field of the Cloth of Gold. The necessitous

king and the sullen rebel disposed of the whole contents of the Jewel-room.

At the Restoration, new regalia were prepared, bearing the names, and perhaps the forms, of those whereon spoliation had done its work. These were first used at the coronation of Charles II., and, with certain additions, constitute the present store of the Jewel-room.

The crowns and diadems are five in number.—the ancient crown (as it is oddly styled) of the Confessor—the state crown—the crown of Queen Anne, as a queen regnant—the diadem of the queen's consort—and the Prince of Wales's crown.

The Confessor's is heavy and cumbrous, yet more kingly—more of *English* royalty about it—than its showier companion. It is arched and closed with four crosses and as many fleurs-de-lis, the insignia of that foreign royalty, which, having been relinquished in fact and in terms, might as well have been laid aside in its symbol. This crown is, however, very rich and splendid with a simple solid dignity, becoming the sovereignty which it represents.

The crown of state—so called as being worn by the king at meeting his parliament—was altered for our late sovereign. It is lighter and loftier in its form, and far more costly in its material. The gold of its circle and bars is literally concealed with diamonds; as are the Maltese crosses, and the fleurs-de-lis, which are here also improperly continued. Their lustre is beautifully contrasted with a sapphire, blue as a summer night's sky, and nearly—I should suppose—four inches in height and

two in breadth, with the ancient ruby which still holds its proud eminence. It were pity, had this inestimable jewel, which descended from the Black Prince to Henry V., and which those famous warriors bore in Spain and in France—on the fields of Vittoria and Amnicour—been removed from our crown. How it escaped so long, without either gift or pawn, plunder or confiscation, is a matter of no small marvel. The mound of brilliants, which has well replaced the *aqua marina*, or sea-diamond (still, by-the-by, preserved in the Jewel-room), instead of being, like that jewel, almost sunk in the velvet cap, stands forth—a bright and lofty condensation of stars. I have already noticed the dazzling effect of its revolvment—glancing to the lamps, and quickening its alternate splendours.

There was another crown yet more fairy-like, and scarcely heavier than a plume of dew-drops, which the late monarch wore at his coronation. It was more Oriental than English, yet surely it deserved to be retained among our diadems. Economy, however, ordered it for the occasion, and it was broken up when the gaudy day was over.

The queen's crown was made for the consort of the last James, having also its crosses and fleurs-de-lis, the fashion whereof has undergone no change. Its jewelry is entirely of brilliants, and many particularly large. Sandford, in his history of that ill-fated prince's coronation, states the value of this crown at nearly 112,000/.

The queen's diadem is without arches—a tiara, with a lofty front of diamonds, surrounding a purple cap. The former is a crown-matrimonial, while this, which was made for Queen Anne, is the crown of a queen regnant, such as, in the fulness of time, our Princess Victoria may one day be.

The orb, symbolic of temporal power, and placed in the king's hand immediately on his being crowned, is of gold, banded with various jewels. A very large amethyst, glowing like sunset, and half lost in its heavy antique setting, like the sun behind the hills, supports a golden and richly diamonded cross. The queen's orb is of equally precious materials, but smaller in size.

The Prince of Wales's crown is of regal form, closed and arched,—its material is gold, unadorned with jewels, and enclosing a rich crimson cap. Its simplicity is beautifully contrasted with the richness of its splendid neighbours, and harmonises well with St Edward's baton (as it is called), a plain golden staff, nearly five feet in height, and surmounted with an orb and cross. Plain as it is, many a man would be happy to make it his walking-staff, after

the fashion of Colonel Wood, for it weighs nearly ten pounds of the purest gold.

In the same shelf with the baton are the king's and the queen's sceptres; two surmounted with a dove, and two with a cross. These also are of gold, but almost covered with jewels. The sceptre-royal is exceedingly beautiful, bearing the eternal fleur-de-lis, but disposed in better fancy; from the cap rises another large amethyst, whereon the golden and jewelled cross is placed. One of the reginal sceptres, which was made for Queen Anne (not Anne Bullen, as the old lady at my elbow insisted, but Anne Stuart), is of ivory and gold—fair and graceful as quene should be when they lay aside their splendours.

But there is another sceptre, unmentioned in any records of our coronations. Too small for a man's hand, yet almost too large for a woman's bearing, I know not for which or whom it was made, whether for king or queen. It is very rich, however, having nearly 200 precious stones, and is surmounted with a white dove. But that the council-books say nothing of it, I should suppose it had been made for Mary, the third William's consort, who, as every body knows, was a queen regnant. And, but that Cromwell swept away all which Charles had left of the regalia from the old jewel-house (in a different part of the Tower), I should imagine it to have been made for Philip of Spain, or brought by him from that country, when he espoused our first Mary, and was declared a king regnant. Belong it to what sovereign or country it may, it was discovered in the jewel room about twenty years ago, and is worthy of its place among the sceptres of England.

Here too are the swords of spiritual and of temporal justice, and the *Curtana*, or sword of mercy. Its pointless blade reposes, like the blades of its sterner associates, in a richly-embroidered scabbard.

And here is the golden wine-fountain—a large dish, of some twenty inches diameter, beautifully chased, supported by emblematic figures, and surrounded with shells. From its centre rises a group of Naiads, which should have been *Bacchantes*; since upon high festivals it used to play wine, not water, at the royal table. The good city of Plymouth presented it to Charles II, who was but little, I believe, addicted to the simpler element. Since his merry days, it has been left as a toy in the jewel-room, or displayed only at the coronation banquets, enjoying a dry and wineless existence.

The huge golden cup, out of which our kings drink at that high solemnity to the healths of their people; and the yet larger sacramental chalice and patena, which

Charles presented to the Chapel Royal of the Tower; and the dozen, I believe, of huge salt-cellars (as our interpreter called them, though in that capacity they are fit only for a Brobdnagian dinner-table), with dishes, and plates, and spoons of the same glorious metal, I must leave unchronicled, for the *Ampulla*, with the golden eagle, out of whose beak the consecrated oil is poured by the archbishop on the new king's bosom, attract attention. The history of the original *Ampulla* would be a precious bit for our lady of the legend. It was borne from heaven by an angel to the Abbey of Sens in Picardy, one of whose abbots gave it to Thomas à Beckett, who gave it to Henry II.; and a bad return he met for so holy a gift! The Roundheads, however, melted it down with as little reverence as if it had been secular gold: and the present *Ampulla*, with its accompanying spoon, are of mere carnal manufacture, but very handsome; and though gold, says the proverb, maketh itself wings, the pinions of this sacred bird have never yet been stretched for a further flight than between the Jewel-house and Westminster Abbey.

The baptismal font, from which our Princess Charlotte was the last to receive the holy symbols, occupies in its height two shelves of this splendid repository. It is a stately specimen of art: the golden spurs of the king, and the golden bracelets of the queen, bring back to us the recollection of chivalrous times. The first might

have royally decked a knight of the highest blood and bravery: the latter graced the fairest lady who smiled on his emprise.

Something now began to move and glitter at my right hand, like the *Fata Morgana* of Italian hemispheres. It was a model of the White Tower—the city of Exeter's present to William III.: this model of the White Tower is, in truth, as yellow as gold could make it. Yet had it been silver, the likeness would not have been more correct; since, thanks to our breweries, and steam-vessels, and gasometers, the White Tower is nearly as black as a coal-pit.

It revolved beautifully under its crystal globe, showing its alternate fronts, and glittering to the lamps. The young visitants were in ecstasy, and I was youthful enough to delight in the toy, and admire its jewelled snakes and lizards, its diamond trophies, and emerald windows. Then, also, the state-crown revolved, and its orb of brilliants shone like a thousand stars melting into one.

The curtain was then slowly drawn—and all again was dim and dusky—and the crimson shadows again settled on the walls.

The burly warder next asked for *the shilling*,—and touched his fee and his cap,—and home I went with my young companions, full of the wonders of the Jewel-room, and of the kindness of dear good

UNCLE JOHN.

BARCAROLLE.

From a Tale of Venice.

BY R. SHELTON MACKENZIE.

Thou art lovelier than the springing
Of a flower in leafy June,—
Thy sweet voice is like the singing
Of the night-bird 'neath the moon;
Thine eyes have all the brightness
Of the golden birth of dawn,
And thy foot the bounding lightness
Of a wood-nymph's on the lawn!

There is beauty in each feature
Of thy mind-illumined face,
And I love thee as a creature
Full of majesty and grace.
Like the onrush of a river,
Arrow-darting by its shore,
Is the tide of love, which ever
Flows to thee, dear Leonore!

Note.—In the *Lady's Magazine* for December, 1851, may be seen a descriptive engraving of many of the coronal sceptres, &c., copies of which can be obtained at the office of publication, or through the booksellers.

THE MOUNTAIN CROSS.

A TALE OF THE VENDEAN WARS.

"Mourant sans déshonneur, je mourrai sans regret."—*Corneille*."Crimes beget disgrace, and not the scaffold."—*Voltaire*.

I was born at Angers, in the department of the Maine and Loire, on the 3d of January, 1777, and am the last descendant of the noble family of P——. I lost my father in the emigration, and my mother ended her days in a prison. I have neither brother nor sister, nor any relation living. I attained my seventeenth year a few days since, and already my hours are numbered—already the thread of my existence is about to be severed—already death, and what a death, stares me in the face: but I will not anticipate. It is for myself, not for the world, that I write these useless lines: my fate interests none—it is to fill up moments, fortunately few in number, to those thoughts that, if indulged in, would drive me to despair—it is to alleviate, if retrospection can lessen, the miseries of a bursting heart; if not, it will break at once.

I followed my father at fourteen years of age: long before I was sixteen, he perished. I returned immediately to my native town, poor and penniless. All my father had to bequeath me was, a last embrace, a last advice, the example of his devotion to his colours, of his heroic courage, of his private virtues. I sought my mother—she was dead. I asked for her grave—it was unknown. Strangers had possessed themselves of our property.

We had left one or two relations in the town where we resided; they were dead. Those we had once called friends, dared not recognise me—and if they had ventured, would they still have loved me? poor, friendless as I was!

There were, however, two persons, after whose fate I anxiously inquired; the one, an ecclesiastic, who had formerly taught me Greek and Latin, called, Father Anselmo: the other, a musician, from whom I had also received instructions, a M. Edelma——. I inquired after them, for both I knew were deeply bound in gratitude to my father, and to obtain their commiseration was now my last resource. I was told that both were violent partisans of the revolution, and that they

had taken an active part in the affair of La Vendée. No one knew exactly what had become of them. I was not long, however, left a stranger to their fate, for passing a day or two afterwards through the "Place d'Armes," I observed an immense crowd assembled. I looked to see what was the matter, and, tied to the stake, pale, disfigured, weltering in his gore, I beheld the venerable Father Anselmo. The vociferations of the mob were deafening, the public voice accused him of the most odious crimes: but he had been my master, had loved me, perhaps.

To rush through the crowd, and throw myself at his feet, was my first impulse; but I recollected that such marks of tenderness from me, would but serve to swell the catalogue of his crimes—I hid my face in my handkerchief, and wept bitterly. Edelma, I also found, had been arrested: the two fell beneath that terrible scythe, the revolution, that spares not even its own children.

The day was rapidly drawing to a close, the bleak winds had chilled me with cold, for it was winter. I had not where to lay my head, having but just exchanged my last "*assignat*" for a scanty morsel of bread. I recollected having in my childhood passed some days in a neighbouring village, at the house of Madame ——; alas! gratitude forbids that I should name her. It was at her house my father and I had slept the night before our emigration: thither then I bent my steps, though with scarcely sufficient strength to reach the village. I arrived late at night, and proceeded at once to the house of my friend. Upon being admitted, I threw myself, or rather fell, at her feet, for I could no longer stand: "In the name of charity," I cried, "let me have a drop of wine, and a little straw to lie on; I am fainting from want and fatigue; I shall die if I pass another night in the snow; you are the only friend your poor little Augusto has left to him in the wide world!"

She embraced me as my mother would have done, and wept long and bitterly upon my shoulder. And oh! what an

inexpressible charm, tears—tears shed for the misfortunes of others, lend to the countenance of a woman! I had never before remarked how perfectly beautiful she was. Earnestly enforcing the necessity of prudence upon me, she conducted me as soon as I had partaken of some refreshment to a private chamber at the end of a long gallery, in which I observed three beds. She told me I had nothing to fear from their occupants, for that they were alike companions in misfortune. I did not, however, see them that night, for no sooner did I lay my head upon the pillow, than I fell into a deep sleep. When I opened my eyes, the day was already far advanced.

My comrades embraced me as a brother, my father's name was not unknown to them. Our sentiments were the same, our misfortunes were cast in the same mould. One common destiny awaited us. They offered me something more than the mere consolation of words: they spoke of dangers to be incurred, of glory to be acquired. They were anxious to attach me to their cause; I was eager to link my fate to theirs, whatever it might be. Friendship must at every season, in every condition of life, be a delicious feeling; but in youthful hearts, hearts bruised by misfortune like ours, it becomes, I may say, a religious sentiment.

The oldest of my companions, a native of Chollet, whose name was Lemaire, might have been twenty years of age. He possessed a good figure, and, without being decidedly handsome, a fine countenance, inclining to seriousness; and a character full of resolution, energy, and presence of mind. His friend, the Chevalier de Villars, who seemed to pay him the greatest deference, was a year or two younger, and although little more than my own age, was much more manly in appearance than myself. His face was handsome in the extreme, his eyes sparkled with fire and vivacity, and his high and noble brow was shaded with ringlets of the darkest brown. His figure was good, and his address particularly pleasing. He possessed in an eminent degree all that reckless gaiety and cheerfulness, that so frequently characterise the season of youth. These qualities were particularly displayed in his scrutiny of me. "Truly," said he, laughing, "we shall have some difficulty, I fear, in per-

suading the general that Auguste is not a girl in disguise." And indeed my slight and diminutive figure, my blue eyes, fair hair falling in thick ringlets over my neck, and the clear white and red of a delicate complexion I had inherited from my mother, who was an Alsacienne, and which characterises all her countrywomen, gave me, to my infinite regret, an appearance of female timidity, that had often exposed me to the suspicions and raillery of the rude and vulgar.

"I shall take care to undeceive M. le General," said I, answering to the remark of De Villars, "in the first engagement where I can shed my blood in the service of my king."

Lemaire smiled at my enthusiasm, and pressed my hand warmly. De Villars, who feared he had offended me, threw himself into my arms.

These young men had already distinguished themselves in the affairs of La Vendée. Their intelligence, their zeal, their tried courage, their youth, even as freeing them from suspicion, had caused them to be entrusted by the brave Laroche-Jacquelin with an important mission to the exiled Bourbons. Already they were returned, the most important part of their instructions fulfilled; and the most unexpected—the happiest success, the results of which will most probably not be lost to the succeeding generation, had thus far crowned their efforts. All that remained to be done, was once more to cross La Vendée; for which purpose they had been promised passports by one of the chiefs of the interior. These papers shortly arrived: the bonds of our friendship had meanwhile been closely drawn by the uniformity of our misfortunes, and by the close familiarity which was the result of our strict seclusion. We vowed that death alone should separate us. Our kind friend, Madame ———, had provided us with volunteer uniforms, and, having furnished us with money and provisions, made us promise to return to her one day, should we escape the almost inevitable dangers with which we were surrounded. I made the promise without shrinking—I had no fears, no doubts, as to the future: the first struggle for life does not startle the soul; on the contrary, it emboldens it. To the inexperienced mind, all is vast and unbounded, like hope and futurity to him whose expectations have not yet been blighted—the

and preserving, in perspective, that bright, that enchanting future, knows not that it will one day cast off all its glittering illusions, and leave nought behind, save misery and anguish. Every thing succeeded to the utmost of our wishes. We arrived under the royal banners, not indeed without obstacle, but without accident, and we might have esteemed ourselves happy—if happiness it could be called, to be spared the blow that would have fallen while the heart was still warm and flushed with expectation, only to be crushed beneath its weight when grief and disappointment had blasted every hope.

I pass rapidly over these events, for they recal so vividly names dear to gratitude and friendship, that I feel unable to dwell upon them. Notwithstanding my extreme youth, I had already distinguished myself in five or six engagements. I had gained the esteem of the Royalist army, the confidence of my superior officers, and had been promoted to the command of a company some weeks before the defeat of the Royalists at Le Mons.

I had received several wounds in the previous actions, and, though slight, some of them were still unhealed: so that in the affair of Le Mons, the fatigues of the preceding days, together with the loss of strength, weighed heavily upon me; to complete my misfortunes, my horse was killed under me, and my sword was broken close to the hilt, at the very commencement of the engagement.

One should have seen the tumult, the confusion, the disorder of the army, and heard the clamour, the vociferations of the people. One should have witnessed the disasters of that dreadful day, to be able to form even a slight idea of it; the bravest of the Royalist soldiers wandered to and fro in the streets, vainly endeavouring to rally, while their uncertain movements, their incessant outcries of rage and terror, mingling with the hoarse shouts of the victorious republicans, increased tenfold the horror of our situation. At last, I succeeded in gathering a party round me, at the base of a steep and rugged declivity, the heights of which were commanded by a company of republicans, who were hastening to our *rencontre* as fast as the innumerable impediments of cannon and heaps of dead permitted them. I pressed forward with ardour, encouraging my little troop by

and gesture. At first we seemed

to be gaining ground: our enemies were evidently giving way; we pursued our advantage to the utmost, now pressing onwards, now falling back, as if undetermined whether to come to an engagement or not: had we done so, we must have had the worst of it, on account of their occupying the heights; but we expected, by firing them out, to have been enabled to drive them from their posts, which would have been of singular advantage to our party. At length, after a hot struggle, and considerable loss on both sides, they seemed disposed to evacuate the field. In relinquishing their post, however, and as a last resource, they drove some of our own artillery, which blocked the passage, against us with a force which was increased to such a degree by the perpendicularity of the descent, that at the moment when about to give an order to "charge," I was struck in the chest with so much violence by one of the poles, that I fell back almost lifeless on a heap of the slain. At the instant I was struck down, the republicans saw their advantage; for a shout of victory, accompanied by a cry of despair from my own troops, rang in my ears until recollection and sensation had abandoned me altogether. It was the cool morning air that at length revived me. Memory returned slowly. My ideas, bewildered at first, soon however got into a more regular train. A confused murmur, growing gradually more and more distant, first struck upon my ear. I listened eagerly, and soon distinguished, not only sounds, but words: they were accompanied by regular footfalls; and, by the clashing sound produced by bayonets and muskets, I rightly judged it to be a detachment of military on a march. I supposed them to be making a circuit of the town in order to ascertain the number of slain, and to prevent the escape of any survivors. In this I was not mistaken; for now and then, when they discovered a straggling royalist, who, like myself, had been reserved for a worse fate than that of dying in the struggle, they shot him without mercy. Already had I heard frequent discharges of musketry, accompanied by savage yells, which died away amidst shouts of triumph from the merciless conquerors. No time was to be lost: they were in the next street to me. I looked round for the means of escape; for life, however indifferent we may be to its

preservation in moments of cool reflection, becomes more valuable the nearer death approaches. Every avenue was securely guarded, every house was closely shut. I perceived a ladder amidst a confused mass of rubbish that had been heaped together to form a barricade: to place it against the wall of a house—to mount it, was but the work of an instant. I reached the roof at the moment a discharge of musketry broke the last step of the ladder, from which I was but in the act of removing my foot. Unhurt, but not out of danger, I passed from the roof of the house, on which I then was, to the next, and so on from one to the other. Still pursued, still in sight of my enemies, I reached the turn of the street before the soldiers, who had stopped to re-load their muskets, could pursue me. In the angle I perceived a small window, whose ill-closed fastenings yielded to my first effort. With one bound I was in the centre of the chamber. A young girl of the lower order was in the act of dressing herself: she uttered a cry of surprise.

"You have nothing to fear," I said; "save an unfortunate brigand, and Heaven will reward you." With these words I threw myself upon her bed, and drew the coverings over me. My cap had remained where I had passed the night. I said before that my hair fell in long ringlets over my shoulders. I turned upon my face, for my forehead was discoloured with gunpowder, and I closed my eyes. At that instant the door of the room was burst open: the soldiers entered.

"Ha!" cried one, "here is the pretty Jacqueline! Tell us, girl, have you got a brigand here?"

Jacqueline, fortunately, did not answer, or her voice must have betrayed her emotion; they approached the bed, and looked at me: "This fair one is Jacqueline's young sister, I know her well," said another. They looked under the bed, searched all over the room, pierced a bundle of clothes that lay in one corner with their bayonets, scattered a pile of shavings that lay in another, and again approached the bed. I had not moved.

"No use in losing our time here," said a soldier, "the brigand has gone further, he will escape if we remain longer."

So saying, with an oath and a laugh, my prepared to quit the room. All, at once, were outside the door: that was the first spoken on entering.

and who appeared to be a lover of Jacqueline's, turned to bid her farewell: for the first time, the open window caught his eye, he returned: "How!" said he, quickly, "how comes the window open? the brigand has then entered here!"

"I opened it to hear the firing," answered Jacqueline, composedly: "I can distinguish your shot among a thousand," she added laughing—"dis donc mon brave, could, I think, be a fitting bride for a republican soldier, if I loved not such music? But go, go, and do you be the first to seize the brigand."

She pushed him out of the room, and shut the door. In another instant he might return—I had not a moment to lose. A few words exchanged rapidly with my protectress, whose admirable presence of mind had undoubtedly saved me, sufficed to decide her to bestow upon me one of her own changes of apparel. With her assistance, my toilette was soon completed; it was simple, but neat and tidy. My hair was gathered up beneath Jacqueline's long-eared Vendean cap, which was so artfully placed, as, in great measure, to hide my discoloured brow, and which now seemed merely the effect of sun-burn. After having assured myself, by a glance in the broken remains of a mirror, that in my present attire it was not impossible that I should succeed in deceiving the troops who were still in pursuit of me, I hastened to roll up my pistols, poniard, and all my military trappings in my grey jacket, which was decorated with the red cloth heart and epaulette that distinguished the Vendéans. I tied all up in the red handkerchief that had served me as a scarf a moment before, and hanging my little parcel on my arm, I approached Jacqueline, and having forced upon her acceptance a couple of gold pieces, the moiety of my little fortune, but which she received most unwillingly, and having bestowed a grateful kiss upon her pretty brown cheek, I proceeded once more to encounter my enemies. I arrived at the foot of the stairs in time to hear the maledictions of the soldiers, who had just desisted from their fruitless search. I passed them without being noticed.

This was the first time I had been at Le Mans; therefore, not knowing in what direction I went, I walked on at random, seeking an outlet by which I might quit the town. I proceeded onwards, until I perceived some fields in the distance, and

imagined I had already gained my liberty. I was, however, suddenly startled by a sentinel dropping his musket before me: instinctively, I receded a couple of paces.

"Halt!" cried he, "no one passes without an order,—go into the office." I obeyed.

The office was a large room, crowded with women, uttering the most pitiable lamentations, and with young weeping children, some of whom, poor little unfortunates! had been separated from their mothers, in all likelihood for ever; during the trouble and confusion of the preceding day; all of them waiting till it pleased their conquerors to decide upon their fates.

"And thou, too, art one of these *brigandes*?" said a man, addressing me, while his ferocious aspect seemed to expand with an infernal joy, at seeing another victim in his power.

"No," I replied simply to his interrogatory.

"Who art thou?—And where is thy passport?"

"I have not got a passport,—I am the daughter of Jean Vidal, the miller of —, who was killed in defending the republic against the brigands; we are poor, and a numerous family, and I came to Le Mons to look for service; having arrived during the confusion of yesterday, I was so terrified that I hid myself until this morning, and am now returning to my native village, that is all."

"The daughter of Jean Vidal!" said my interrogator, "that is possible: take her before the President Saint Aubin," said he, turning to a soldier; "he belongs to that village, and if she does not deceive us, he will readily recognise her."

The president was at the other end of the room. His back was towards me, a plume of tri-coloured feathers decorated his hat, and a tri-coloured ribbon was passed in guise of a scarf over one shoulder, beneath the other. He was engaged in conversation, and, as I thought, spoke with much action, if not violence. I gave myself up as lost. My heart sank within me, the large drops gathered upon my brow, my eyes grew dim, I felt as if about to faint. At that instant, my little parcel slipping from my arm, aroused me. I looked round, saw where I was, and recollected that firmness alone could save me: another instant, and I was myself again. "At worst, what is it," said I, "but death? And what have I to live for?—Am I not

poor, friendless, forsaken, surrounded with dangers.—Why then shrink from death,—death that must come sooner or later? Would it not be more welcome now, than in years to come, when, perhaps, new ties,—new affections—" Here I was interrupted in my meditation, by feeling my arm rudely grasped by the same person that had interrogated me before.

"Come!" said he, "and let us see if Saint Aubin will recollect thee.—Surely, as thou art of the village, thou rememberest him?"

I was saved a reply, by finding myself opposite the president. I listened calmly whilst my conductor repeated the story I had invented; and, if I felt any emotion, it was that of shame and contrition, for having purchased at the expense of truth a continuance of a life of which I was almost weary, and of which, the Giver of life might deprive me, perhaps, at the next moment. Saint Aubin listened attentively to the speaker, and then suddenly turning round, he fixed his eyes upon me with an expression of sadness that I shall never forget. This state of uncertainty did not last a moment: his countenance, noble and benevolent in the highest degree, was impressed with a peculiar air of care and thoughtfulness that seemed habitual. His look, though benevolent in the extreme, was so penetrating, that he seemed to read the inmost recesses of my heart. Had we been alone, I should have thrown myself at his feet and confessed who I was. I should have asked him to show me that mercy, for which none ever pleaded to him in vain: before so many witnesses, the danger would have been too great. His determination seemed taken—a smile, the sweetest I had ever seen, lit up his fine features, while patting my cheek with the back of his hand, he said to me in a tone of affectionate commiseration—

"So it is thee, my poor Antoinette! how terrified thou must have been!" With what a transport of gratitude and respect I should have pressed my lips to that hand, could I have done it without ruining my benefactor! He must have read in my countenance the struggles of my heart. He turned to his desk, and having written and sealed a note he gave it to me.

"I think," said he, "that since thou art disposed to enter a service, thou wouldst be better with my daughter than

elsewhere. The death of her mother, has left in the heart of Constance, as well as in mine, a blank that a tender friendship can alone fill up. The solitary life my daughter leads is a perpetual source of disquietude to me; I fear for her health and for her happiness, and it has long been my intention to give her a companion of her own age. Thy manners, my child, and thy timidity, please me; thou hast received the education of a gentlewoman," said he, lowering his voice to a whisper that I alone could hear, and then once more raising it to the dear calm tone in which he had at first spoken, he continued, "Constance will receive, and love thee as a sister. Thou knowest, perhaps, that since the war has broken out in La Vendée, my family inhabit a small house in the village of Sancy, near Sarthe. Thou mayest be ignorant of the road, and as thy age and sex require protection, here is a worthy man who will accompany thee."

My eyes during this time were bent upon the ground. I trembled lest my excellent protector should discover the deception I was practising upon him. When at length I dared raise them to his face, I observed his still beaming upon me with the same kind expression; he smiled, and pointing to the man who was to serve me as guide, "Go then, my child," said he, "go, and may Heaven prosper thee!"

He then turned, and entered into conversation with a person near him.

"Worthy, excellent man!" I exclaimed, mentally, "may the protection of that Power thou invokest in my behalf attach itself to thy footsteps where'er thou goest. May it extend to thy family, and to all those whom thou lovest! And if the reward thy virtues merit be denied thee in this vale of competition and cruelty, mayest thou enjoy it tenfold in that blissful state to which thy virtues call thee!"

I quitted the office, and dreading to betray myself by conversation, I held on my way in almost unbroken silence. We were accompanied by several of the women and children before mentioned, and from their discourse I gathered numerous traits of the excellence of my benefactor's heart. Sancy was four leagues off, and at the first glimpse I had of the little farm from an eminence on which stood, I felt my heart beat violently. I had my eyes rested on so fair a

Alas! even now I find a sort of pleasure in the retrospection: as if all that had passed since, were still the bright, the dazzling future, beckoning my young heart onwards in pursuit of joys that were no sooner within my reach, than they vanished from my sight, and were lost for ever.

The village of Sancy does not contain more than four or five houses, amongst which, the farm of M. Saint Aubin, with its four white chimneys, stands conspicuous. The approach to it is by a narrow foot-path, winding circuitously over the bosom of a lofty eminence, whose rocky and picturesque sides, assuming the most fantastic shapes from a wild and singular contrast to the tranquil character of the village at its base. During the quarter part of the year, a few stunted hollies, with here and there a cluster of mulberry-bushes, interspersed with tufts of variegated mosses, whose pleasing variety of tints harmonising perfectly, and forming a relief to the eye, are the only signs of vegetation visible. But this sterility is amply made up for in the Spring. at that season reviving nature clothes the rocks with green, the yellow primrose, and the delicate anemone, enameled the verdant carpet; and the sweet-scented violet, hiding her modest head beneath her spreading leaves, exhales her sweetest odours. On the summit of the rock, on a rude but verdant platform, whence the eye wanders amidst the most delicious pastures, stands an antique stone cross, adding much to the singularity of this wild spot, and giving to it something of a miraculous appearance. The clear unruffled waters of a rivulet, meandering under the shade of a double row of willows, after various turnings and windings through flowery banks, bathes the foot of the rocks, and ends its wandering course half a mile beyond in the Sarthe. The soft murmurs of its rippling waves forms the only interruption to the death-like stillness that reigns around. Beyond are smiling plains interspersed, with thickets and clumps of lofty trees, resembling in the distance verdant islets. Occasionally the eye traces the windings of the beautiful Sarthe, with cottages scattered along its banks, intersecting the rich pastures like numerous lakes, and altogether forming a scene pre-eminent in loveliness. After pausing for some time to gaze on this landscape, we resumed our way, and

soon arrived at our destination. My guide conducted me at once to the chamber in which Constance usually sat, and having announced me as the bearer of a letter from her father, left us together.

Constance Saint Aubin appeared about sixteen years of age. She was perhaps not the most beautiful woman I had ever beheld, but there was that about her which at once convinced me she was the only woman I could ever love. I know not if it is thus with other men; but on me this first impression was sudden as thought—sudden as the first glance that shot from her eye—a glance animated with so kind, so tender, so touching a benevolence, that it seemed as though an angel had been sent from the regions above to minister to our wants on earth.

Her form, which was small and delicate, was one of perfect symmetry. Her dark glossy hair fell in rich and clustering ringlets, over a brow and neck of the purest alabaster. She was pale, but when she spoke, or was animated by any internal emotion, her cheek seemed to borrow the hue of the blush rose: but it was her eyes—her long beautifully-shaped, dark, dove-like eyes, that at once captivated my heart: the long silken lashes that shaded them, contrasting with the whiteness of her cheek, increased too much perhaps her natural paleness; but hers was not the paleness of disease, it seemed even to lend to her beauty a charm far more calculated to sink into the soul, than merely to attack the eye.

The first sight of me seemed to inspire an interest in the heart of Constance. She smiled, and with an amiable cordiality bade me be seated. She opened her father's letter, and by degrees, as she read, her sentiments, without losing any of their kindness, seemed to have taken a different turn. Her embarrassment increasing with every line she read, was visible on her countenance. Her bosom heaved, the colour rose into her cheeks, and her eyes filled with tears, that she vainly struggled to suppress. She turned her head away for a moment, at the next she rose, and with the letter still in her hand, she came, and taking mine affectionately, she said, "Mademoiselle, have no fears, here you are safe; but we must be prudent," added she, after a pause, and pressing the writing to her lips, she threw it into the fire. She then turned once more to me, and perceiving my emotion,

she threw her arm round my neck, and mingling her tears with mine, she said—

"If the affection of a sister—if the sincerest friendship and commiseration can alleviate your grief, and supply in any way what I fear you have lost, you are not wholly unhappy."

I tried to speak, but was only able to stammer forth some incoherent words. I pressed the hand I held in mine alternately to my lips and heart!

"Ah!" said she, perceiving my increasing emotion, "if you knew how I love you already!"

She loved me!—she said so!—

"Tell me your name," she continued, "or tell me by what name you wish to be called?"

"I am called Antoinette," I replied, blushing.

"Come then, dear Antoinette, come till I present to my grandmother a new candidate for her affection in my new found sister."

So saying, she drew my arm within hers, and we passed into the next chamber, where old Madame Saint Aubin was seated by the fire in an easy chair, occupied in reading the Bible. Constance approached, and having spoken to her in a low voice, for a moment or two, she led me towards her. The kind old woman placing her book on a table that stood near her, received me with a benevolent smile, and embracing me, said—

"Welcome, my poor child, welcome to us. And thou, too, hast suffered! Alas! alas! so young, and unhappy! but with us thou wilt forget thy cares. Constance is a good girl, and will love thee as a sister."

I shall not attempt to describe the first weeks I passed beneath the same roof with Constance. There was at once something delicious, painful, and embarrassing in my situation. I wished—yet dreaded its cessation. At each moment a painful idea came to interrupt this species of dream into which I was plunged. I was deceiving Constance, and her generous father. I was not what I appeared. And I was nourishing a passion that might never, perhaps, meet with a return. I was winning by stealth, under the disguise of a woman, an affection that otherwise would, in all likelihood, have been denied me. I was deceiving a heart that Constance in her own purity had bestowed upon me; and I was offering—what in

exchange? An ideal object, a vain phantasm, that must one day vanish! The loss of Constance would be the certain consequences of my deception: for it is less cruel to be deprived by death of a beloved object, than to find that object unworthy our esteem. I decided, then, upon confessing every thing to her: yet my own weakness, and the dread of losing her, made me delay my explanation from day to day. *I feared that in ceasing to love Antoinette, who would no longer

exist for her, that she would refuse to bestow that love upon Auguste. I persuaded myself, I know not why, that in ceasing to love me as a sister, she would cease to love me altogether.

Between the want of being loved by Constance, and the imperious duty that called upon me to undeceive both her and her father, I had not a choice. I sought a moment for an explanation, or rather awaited one, in trembling. An occasion shortly presented itself.

(To be concluded next month.)

LOVE'S VIGILS.

From the Portuguese of Christoval Falcam.

WITH A CRITICAL ACCOUNT OF THE AUTHOR

Christoval Falcam, Falcao, or Falcao, Knight of the Cross, Admiral and Governor of Madeira, was one of the most celebrated of the early poets of Portugal. He was the cotemporary and friend of Rubeyra, the Theocritus of the Tagus; and his poems were published conjointly with those of that famous pastoral writer. Both were in truth the founder of the Pastoral Romantic Eclogue, which, subsequently, became the national form of Portuguese poetry. In this department of literature they were unequalled by the writers of their own or any other country; and, to this day, have had no superiors. Sua de Miranda and Jorge de Montemayor transferred this style of poetry into the Castilian tongue, in which it soon became highly popular. Besides the Eclogue, however, our author composed several other shorter pieces. Among them, according to the prevailing taste of the time, were many *glosas*; * of which the following is, perhaps, the most perfect. It is one of the simplest to be found in the language; a rare merit, when we consider that their value depended in a great degree upon the intricacy of their involution; and makes good the assertion of the German critic, Bouterwek, that "the more simple the *motet*, the more poetical was, generally speaking, the *glosa*." This, along with the others of the works of Falcam, is to be found annexed to the old edition of those of his friend and cotemporary, Rubeyra, *Mensana e Moça*, published a short time anterior to the reign of John III.

I cannot sleep the weary night—
I cannot sleep for love.

Since first these eyes in thee beheld
Their life, their death, their weal, their woe,
Though erst repose they ne'er repelled,
Not once did they its sweets since know
I hear—I see thee not—then, oh!

Though sadly days and nights on sweep,
How can I have e'en hope of sleep?

My mind, for ever occupied
In thinking o'er its cause of grief,
With pangs is momentarily supplied—
Fierce pangs, which find from nought relief;
Those nights, once made by slumber brief,
Like darksome days, now dreary creep;
For never, never can I sleep.

The good of life hath passed and gone,
The ill,—the evil, only, stays;
These watchings agony have grown,
My heart's keen pangs can nought appease:
With sense and soul in such a blaze,

* The specific name for poems of this description is, in Portuguese, *Espersas*—from the verb *esperar*—to overflow; literally, "overflowings of the heart." In Spanish *Glosas*—which has passed the Portuguese word, even in that language. The generic term for the class to which *glosas* is, in Portuguese, *Cantares*—"Songs" In Spanish *Villancicos*—"peasant, or popular ballads." They are thus termed from the circumstance of their forming the sole literature of the rural population of these two countries.—T. A. M.

Supplementary Scene to Wallenstein's Camp.

* And sorrows, such a heavy heap,
Scant hope can I have of sweet sleep.

What ne'er before I felt, the fire
In my fond heart now makes me feel:
I lay me down, wild with desire,
I wake with brain like glowing steel.
I see thee not—the days slow steal;
I hear thee not the nights—and weep;
And so I cannot—cannot sleep.

J. S.

SUPPLEMENTARY SCENE TO WALLENSTEIN'S CAMP.

BY GOETHE.

The following, written as a sort of War Song, was acted as a supplementary scene to the first part of Schiller's Trilogie—Wallenstein's Camp, the night preceding the day on which the Weimar Volunteers marched out to join the Allied Armies.

Dramatis Personæ.

FIRST HOLKISH YAGER.

SECOND DITTO DITTO.

FOREIGN MINSTREL.

Scene—Wallenstein's Camp.

FIRST YAGER.

Here comes a chap across, d'ye see,
I'll bet he's out of Italy.

SECOND YAGER (*To the Minstrel*).

What wouldst thou here, with thy guitar?
Like bridal-bidder, soothe you are.

FIRST YAGER.

The gowk that dons such gaudy dress,
His lusty land 'tan't hard to guess.

FOREIGN MINSTREL.

What use can all this tumult be?
Be civil, and I'll sing to ye.

SECOND YAGER.

Good! good! we'd hear a something new.
Take care now, interrupt not you (*To the First Yager*).

FIRST YAGER.

I'll nothing new! I'll old lyre-tones!
The lad's in love, you see't at once!—(*Aside*.)

MINSTREL (*Recitativo*).

When minds so many meet together,
To joy or grieve, we know not whether,
Da dah! ta dah (*Tuning his Instrument*).

FIRST YAGER.

—The silly wight!

He sings when speaking, in's despite.

MINSTREL (*Singing*).

I must to the field! from thee must sever,
Though fain would hold me here my heart:
We part e'en now, perhaps for ever,
No! from thy love I ne'er shall part!
Forth! to the field. That's not to sever,
Sever from thee cannot this heart.
High hopes are mine, I must endeavour!
I but fulfil my duty's part.
I'll to the field! wherefore not sever?
'Tis thine to weep! I've duties got!
So fare thee well! nay, grieve now never!
I'm thine for aye! forget me not!

Westminster Abbey.

FIRST YAGER.

Forget me not ! faugh ! that's all folly !
 Can we remember and be jolly ?
 Forget ! ha ! ha ! ourselves forget we !
 That is the way to live ! be't mine !
 When on our foes our keen glaives what we,
 Or clasp coy maids, or quaff bright wine.

SECOND YAGER.

Nay, 'tis not fair our friend to hinder ;
 We'd willing still, lest strain so tender,
 To fight our foes a pleasant part.
 Who loves to live will aye be rushing,
 Where fair are frail and cups are crushing.
 But still, one can't but have a heart.
 To sadness aye will song induce you——

FIRST YAGER.

I sleep—let not his strain seduce you.

MINSTREL (*Repeats his Song*).

I must to the field ! from thee must sever !
 &c. &c. &c.

SECOND YAGER.

You're right, all parting's but mere play,
 'Tis painful now, anon 't grows better !
 Thy song's like bright blade fresh from whetter,
 The haft be mine, the edge whose 't may.

CONCLUDING CHORUS.

E'en so ! hath the minstrel the deepest truth spoken
 As fully we know, and feel well.
 Brave youth ! soon as ever the broad day hath broken,
 Gird your loins for the field, say farewell !
 But still think on us in each fierce bloody fight,
 When they're o'er, and with victory's laurels you're dight,
 Oh, bring back again what we leave ye !

MINSTREL (*Solo, quasi parlando*).

Yourselves bring here,
 Oh, loved and dear !

CHORUS.

And the heartiest greeting we'll give ye.

J. S.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

A SONNET.—BY J. W.

The place is holy—if on earth be found
 Place holy—with due reverence lightly tread
 And wake not cavern'd echo, where the dead,
 The famed of ages gone, lie tomb'd around ;
 Hark ! the sweet solemn chaunt and lengthen'd sound.
 Of "anthem clear" by pealing organ led,
 Rolls thro' the lonely aisles.—Ah ! straight are fled
 All worldly thoughts. I pass earth's narrow bound
 Its griefs, its joys, and taste celestial calm ;
 To God submissive, and with man at peace :
 'Tis to the suffering spirit blessed balm.
 May wonted pious melody ne'er cease
 In these long-hallow'd walls, till heavenly love,
 With all the just, completes his choir above.

REVIEW.

Literature.

Allan Breck. By the Author of "The Subaltern," "Country Curate." In 3 vols.

"Allan Breck" is one of those works which will owe its fame to the author's powers of deeply investigating the perverse movements of the human heart; nor does Mr. Gleig fall into the error of throwing the false glory of romance around the unhappy being who is his principal character. Allan Breck is a creature of sin and sorrow—one for whom the reader cannot feel a particle of enthusiasm, although there is just enough human feeling left in him to excite sufficient human sympathy to lead the reader on through the story. Mr. Gleig has laid his scenes in the times of the civil war of forty-five, and perhaps too often challenges comparison with the mighty author of "Waverley;" yet we are not certain that, as far as regards narrative, incident, and deep observation, Mr. Gleig is in any way inferior to his lamented countryman. It is in dramatic dialogue and comic cast of character that he falls so infinitely short of his model. The dialogue in "Allan Breck" is remarkably heavy, especially where Mr. Gleig attempts to delineate historical events and characters. The speeches are then as long, and nearly as prosy, as those in the present parliamentary debates, when certain members are pugnaciously opposed.

The objection of heaviness, however, does not exist, when the speakers in Mr. Gleig's work are of the lower order of his national characters. His Scotch dialects captivate the attention, although the whole cast of his narrative is grave and sad; while the reader, chained to the book by no common power, seldom feels inclined to smile. Indeed, after the woful execution of the innocent and well-meaning Laird of Ardmore, the narrative closes with a dreary impression, notwithstanding the happy marriage of the heroine.

Mr. Gleig has taken the thread of his narrative from some of those traditionary histories that formed the tragedies of private life, often played by auxiliaries of the great national drama, that was then performing. Allan Breck was one of the noted characters of that era, and has been

pourtrayed by Mr. Gleig as stained with all the coarse profligacy that the demi-heroes of partisan warfare generally possess, but which is seldom dwelt on by their biographers. One of the principal actors in the scene is Parson Neil, a nonjuring clergyman of the Church of Scotland, a very good man, but, in the author's hands, a bore of the most enormous magnitude. To atone for this bad quality, many of the descriptive scenes of his lurking-places are drawn with no little beauty. We must add to these observations, that Gleig is a high moralist. He is not one of those deceptive writers that pourtrays human life as found in children's story-books, where the good are always rewarded in the end, and live very happy ever after. Nothing can be more mischievous or deceiving than such false pictures of life; for virtue is but seldom rewarded in this world, excepting by the possession of "that peace which passeth show." Mr. Gleig cannot be reproached with too great adherence to what is called poetical justice, as the following scene will testify, with which the eventful part of the narrative drearily closes. We must, however, premise that the reader is aware that the sufferer is an innocent man:—

"The remainder of the journey being performed on foot, and in the centre of a band of mercenary soldiers, Fergus had little leisure to indulge the working of his feelings by conversing familiarly with his chaplain. As they advanced, moreover, spectacles more and more harassing met them at every step. Each shielding, as they passed it, poured out its women and children to rend the air with their wild cries of indignation and sorrow, while along the sides of the hills, groups of men might be seen, hanging like thunder-clouds over the vale below. Fergus beheld these sights, and listened to those sounds, with the deepest emotion. Yet he knew that they boded no good to him; for the troops marched in order, with muskets loaded, so as to obviate all chances of a rescue. Nor, to say the truth, did he entertain the slightest wish that an attempt so desperate should be hazarded; for even now the fear of death overcame not the prudence of the politician, which satisfied him of the utter hopelessness of the enterprise. His sensations, therefore, were those rather of the gratified patriot than of the reluctant martyr; a triumphant conviction that the good opinion of the people attended him to the

stake, and that here at least his memory would live, not as a criminal, but as a benefactor.

"And now the processions approached a point whence the blackened ruin of Ardmore with its clump of tall beeches became visible. Fergus gazed upon it long and eagerly, while his flushed cheek and the involuntary distortions of his features marked the intensity of the struggle which went on within.

" 'It would have been an act of humanity to have saved me this,' said he, speaking rather to himself than to those around; 'but, no matter—one more pang, and all will be over.'

" 'Take courage,' whispered Parson Neil; 'bear up like a man and a Christian. The Southerns are around you now, and they must not see the slightest proof of weakness.'

"Fergus instantly averted his eyes, though it cost him no common exertion to do so, and, keeping them steadily fixed on the ground, proceeded onwards, without hazarding another observation.

"A walk of less than half an hour's duration carried them round the little bay, washing one side of the hill of Ardmore; and a bend in the road shut out both the house and the plantations from the view even of such as might have looked back in search of them. Fergus, as if a load had been removed from his mind, ventured to lift his eyes; but the first object on which they rested caused the blood to curdle in his veins; and his step, which had been hitherto firm and unyielding, began to totter. About a gunshot in his front, on an eminence bare of underwood, stood a gibbet, from the cross-beams of which a rope loosely dangled, and around it lay or sat a second body of troops, as if guarding it from the aggression of the country people. Fergus groaned audibly as with shackled hands he seized the parson's arm, who hastened to afford him such support and consolation as the fearful circumstances in which he stood would allow.

" 'One bold effort more,' whispered the parson, and all will be over. Bear up! bear up! I beseech you, for your own sake, and for the sake of those who take the liveliest interest in your fate.'

" 'I am not afraid,' replied he—'not afraid to die; but such a death! God help me and support me! it is more than I can face!'

"Yet he did master his emotion, inasmuch that when the procession halted the natural paleness was again over his cheek, and his voice, as he besought the respite of a few moments in which to perform his devotions, was firm and manly. The request was not denied him. On the green bank, and under his native skies, he knelt

down, while Neil proceeded to administer to him the sacrament, according to that beautiful form which the Episcopal Church of Scotland has provided for those whose hours are numbered. There was not, in all the hardened group which surrounded him, one eye that beheld the spectacle with indifference; and when, at the conclusion of the service, he rose and pronounced himself ready, the very executioner shrunk from his task. But the hesitation was only for a moment. 'Bear my last blessing to Marcelly,' said Fergus, as he undid his stock, 'and tell her that I die innocent. I forgive my enemies; and I require, with my last breath, that for this deed no reparation be sought.'

"As he said this, his arms, released from the manacles, were pinioned behind his back, and the rope being adjusted round his neck, he took his station on a little temporary platform, or stool, placed at the foot of the gallows. A brief interval followed, when, on a signal given, the executioner dragged the stool from beneath his feet. There were a few desperate struggles, a heaving of the chest, and those convulsive movements of the limbs with which nature marks her last efforts to sustain life, and all was quiet. He swung a senseless corse between earth and heaven! While the preparations for this atrocious act were in progress, the country-people, having assembled in increased numbers, took their stations along the side of the hill, and manifested by their gestures, and an occasional burst of voices, that they were no indifferent observers of what was going on. More than once, indeed, a movement was made, as if an attempt at a rescue would be hazarded; but the display of military force was too imposing, and the enthusiasms of the moment died away. Thus it was, till his devotions being ended, Fergus placed himself under the fatal beam, and the executioner was seen to be employed in the duties of his office. Then, however, there arose a yell, so wild and shrill, as to startle the eagle from his nest on the far off rock, while, as if actuated by one common impulse, the whole mass rushed madly downwards. In an instant the troops stood to their arms, the word was given to 'make ready, and the muskets were levelled; but no shot was fired. The crowd, which acted without organisation or control, wavered and stood still, while a few only of the most daring strove, by gestures and example, to lead them forward. But these remonstrated and exhorted in vain; one by one the multitude fell back, and the execution was completed without interruption. Nor was the slightest opposition offered to the fulfilment of that portion of the sentence, which condemned the body

to as much of public disgrace as can attach to a mass of senseless clay; the irons being adjusted to the limbs and joints, the carcass was fastened to the beam, and crowd and troops, except only a slight guard, meant rather to intimidate than to control the discontented, quitted the scene of death. Our tale is well nigh told: for, of the events which marked the progress of the next quarter of a century, few were even remotely connected with the fortunes of Allan Breck; or, as a necessary consequence, demand minute relation from his biographers."

Pictures of Private Life. Second Series. By SARAH STICKNEY. Smith and Elder.

Since the loss of Miss Jane Taylor, and the exhaustion of Mrs. Sherwood's powers, Sarah Stickney is the only religious writer who is worthy to succeed them in delineating domestic scenes, and showing the human character under its various modes of acting, as influenced, or otherwise, by religious principle. How beautiful—how true—are some of the pictures of this admirable young authoress, the extract we present to our readers will show:—

A friend must be intimately acquainted with your character, and have just enthusiasm enough in her attachment, to render the meanest parts of it not disgusting to her, whatever they may be to others; she must have forbearance enough to tolerate your peculiar views and sentiments, with sufficient dignity to support her own; she must watch over you for good, and study to protect you from evil; she must command without exciting your vanity, and condemn without bitterness or reproach; she must be sparing of ridicule, except when used to correct slight errors, or like the stroke of the staff upon the ice, to ascertain its strength, and give confidence to farther trial; she must be willing to receive as well as to give, keeping no account of obligations; she must never permit a misunderstanding to remain unexplained, or an accidental want of kindness unatoned for; and, while the most trifling personal services are willingly performed, she must, above all things, seek to ennoble and exalt your mind, sacrificing the pleasures of the present moment, if necessary to your everlasting happiness, and faithfully commending you in her prayers to the guidance and protection of Him who is alone able to prepare you for the habitations of eternal rest. If, after all that I have said, I should be able to add, that in the course of my experience with the world, it was my happiness to find one friend,

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you will rightly esteem me amongst the most privileged of human beings. That this friend was of my own sex, it is scarcely necessary to say, since whatever may exist in the dreams of the enthusiast, I believe that a true, ardent, and lasting friendship between young men and young women is seldom to be found in real life; and who that is capable of estimating the influence of each character upon the other in their social intercourse, can withhold their regret, that these attachments should so invariably be destroyed, by the false delicacy, and all other kinds of falsehoods, that prevail in the world.

Yet such is the tone and character of society in its present state, that men will be jealous, and women will coquette, even in friendship candour, confidence, and stability must be wanting to render their intercourse either refined or durable.

The first time I ever beheld Helen Grahame was at the house of a widow lady, where other idlers beside myself were loitering away a winter's morning, by the help of that most empty of all devices that men, or rather women, have adopted for killing time—the amusement of making calls. The cold season had but just set in, and the drawing-room being yet uncheered by a fire, we were seated snug and warm round a social hearth in a sitting room, where a little girl of ten years old was preparing for her drawing lesson."

"Take your papers to the farthest table," said the mother, "I dare say Miss Grahame will not mind us; she is always so abstracted," she continued, in an under tone, when the door opened, and a tall thin figure entered, muffled in well-worn furs, which had evidently seen better days. Miss Grahame hesitated, when she saw how the apartment was occupied.

"The morning is so cold," said the lady of the house, "that we cannot leave the fire. Will you permit us to remain, Miss Grahame, if we promise not to interfere?"

The artist bowed such an assent as implied a want of ability to refuse, yet not ungraciously, for her look, her voice, her whole manner was gracious in the extreme; and, at the same time, so dignified and condescending, that when she applied herself to the business of the day, I could not help thinking that her native element would be found in a very different sphere. The contour of her beautiful profile (for her face was so thin that you could not study it in any other way), the intelligence of her deep dark eyes, and the gracefulness of all her movements, interested me deeply; but when I heard the hollow cough which frequently interrupted her instructions, saw the long thin fingers with which she held her pencil, and caught the stolen glance which she more than once directed to the

distant fire, my interest gave place to sympathy, and I longed to offer her some token by which she might know it to be sincere. My anxiety was in some measure removed, when I saw the child, with an expression of unaffected solicitude, look up in her face, and say, "Are you better this morning, Miss Grahame?" At which she drew her left hand over the shoulder of her pupil, and bending towards her so near as to touch the rosy cheek with her own, from whence the roses had for ever fled, pursued her occupation without any other remark than what related to the subject with which they were engaged.

"I have brought my portfolio," said she, "this morning, in order that you may make your choice; for I well know how hard a task it is to copy what is not suited to our own taste."

"Ah! have you?" said the child, and clapped her hands with exultation.

"Stay, stay, my love," said Miss Grahame, "you must first finish this tree, before you begin with any thing else."

With a look of disappointment the little pupil resumed her pencil, and laboured diligently until the tree was completed; but not without regretting that it was so full of foliage, and asking more than once if it would not look better without the lowest branch. "Now, now!" she exclaimed, after the last rough touch upon the stem—"now I shall see all your beautiful drawings!"

"You will be disappointed, my love," said Miss Grahame, with a faint smile, as she looked round evidently afraid lest the raptures of the young enthusiast should awaken interest elsewhere. But I was the only one who heard or noticed what was going on. The rest of the party were too busy with the events of a late extraordinary marriage, to hear any voice but their own; and Miss Grahame spoke in so low a tone that it was with difficulty I could catch her passing remarks upon the drawings which the delighted child was turning over. "But this beautiful house," said the girl; "you must not take it from me, but tell me where this charming place can be."

"That is the place where I was born," said Miss Grahame, with an altered voice; "I cannot talk to you about that drawing, I hardly know whether it is good or bad."

"And why do you not live there now?" asked the child, still detaining the picture. "It was sold, my love."

"And did you get all the money? It must have been sold for a great deal; you must be very rich. If I were you, I would not teach drawing, nor wear that shabby fur."

I could not forbear a stolen glance to see with what philosophy Miss Grahame bore this questioning. I expected to behold her

countenance flushed with indignation, as mine was for her; but knowing that no unamiable feeling was mingled with the artless familiarity of her young friend, she answered, with a placid and benignant smile, "the money is not mine, my love, it was given to those who had a better right to it. But come, we must not trifle away our time; and since you consider money so valuable, I am sure you would not like your mamma to pay me for spending half an hour with you in idle talk."

"Oh! yes I should, for I like to talk with you best; and I never see you, except in these short lessons, and you will not stay a moment when they are over."

"You know I have others to attend to; and I assure you it is harder to me than to you, when I chide you for talking to me," said Miss Grahame, pressing a kiss upon her brow. "It is not a fault of which I can accuse many; but we both know, it would be very wrong in me to receive money for what I have not done."

When the first set of callers rose to depart, I found an opportunity of addressing the young student and her interesting instructress; but I almost repented of my purpose, when I observed the patient look of resignation with which Miss Grahame endured my advances, until convinced that I was really interested, and then her countenance wore the double charm of intelligence and gratitude.

Having spoken of some paintings she had at home, I said I should esteem it a great privilege if she would allow me to call and look over her private collection.

Miss Grahame blushed, and I thought, for an instant, looked distressed; but she immediately presented me with her address; and hoping I would not raise my expectations too high, begged I would spare her an evening hour, as she could not make sure of being disengaged at any other time.

I went accordingly on the following day, and found the Miss Grahame, whom I had imagined born to tread the marble courts of kings, a solitary occupant of lodgings, that were neither commodious nor situated in a genteel neighbourhood. She was seated close beside a pale lamp, with her eyes thickly shaded, so as to strengthen her sight, for a beautiful fine drawing, which she was under the necessity of executing by that distressing light. On my entrance she laid aside her shade, and welcomed me with a grace that would have done honour to a nobler habitation. The walls of her small apartment were crowded with pictures, some in elegant frames, some without any. Three portraits were amongst the most highly adorned; two of an elderly gentleman and lady—the other of a young man, whose striking resemblance to herself immediately arrested

my attention. Narrow as was the space allotted to a diversity of subjects, they were extremely well arranged; and every thing around bore marks of elegance, taste, order, and regularity. But, oh! what poverty! Never, never shall I forget that little room, and Helen Grahame, with the figure and bearing of a queen, seated there in loneliness and penury. She must be a wretched woman, thought I, and doubtless something of the same kind was legible on my countenance, for she smiled, and asked me with great simplicity how I liked her little den. "We learn a great deal in passing through the world," she added; "I should once have thought it impossible to be happy in such a place as this."—"And are you happy?" I exclaimed.—"Oh! yes; quite contented in my daily occupations, and very, very thankful that I am able to maintain myself, to assist one whom I love, and to burden nobody. Sometimes, it is true, my spirits fail me, with my failing health; but God is gracious to the feeble, and my trust is in Him."

This passage is from the second tale, entitled "The Pains of Pleasing;" the conception of which, and the general tendency, is highly original. Yet the execution is defective in parts: it is not worked together well as a whole, and will not bear a comprehensive view, for it is a series of pictures and scenes carelessly thrown together. The narrator begins her tale with improbable abruptness, and leaves it unfinished: as the reader is anxious to know how Caroline, who is left in a hopeless state of penury, comes by the comfortable home in which she is narrating her life to her two unIntroduced morning visitors. Above all, Miss Stickney ought to beware, in a work decidedly religious, of the error of representing her converted characters as performing the most hideous actions under the plea of changed hearts and spiritual principles: for instance, the mind of every reader must revolt with horror from Grahame's desertion of Caroline, under the plea that her angelic conduct to him and his sister was merely the result of benevolent impulse. Nothing can be more sickening than the conduct of this wretch, whose selfishness has but changed its character, when he left the inconvenient paths of low vice for a regular domestic life. That the self-abused Caroline should exalt the character of the man she loved, at the expense of her own,

is by no means inconsistent with the fond devotedness of woman; but our authoress should not leave her readers in the error of believing that the line of conduct pursued by this monster is right and just. That such scenes do occur in private life, we are aware; yet there is a moral obliquity in drawing them without censure. Had Grahame's heart been really changed by his religious convictions, he would have conquered his disinclination, and tried to convince Caroline of the beauty of doing good from the principle of devotion to God, instead of deserting her for her demure sister. It is scarcely possible that the feelings of one sister can be concealed from the other in real life, and we are sorry that so high an authority as that of Miss Sarah Stickney should ever be pleaded in extenuation of conduct that too often is the means of rehearsing the most doleful tragedies in the bosom of domestic life—we mean the desertion of one sister for another, by a lover. Of all things it is the most dangerous to religion for a writer of abilities to call evil good; and the conduct of Grahame and Caroline's sister, under the plea of conversion, is atrocious. Neither are we disposed to agree in the praises bestowed on Mr. Morton, for a really good man would never attack the Christian religion to try if a woman would defend it; and we think the falsehood of his lips, at least as culpable as the time-serving of his poor dependent: such a line of conduct is as unprincipled as that of putting money in the way of servants to prove their honesty. "Lead us not into temptation," is the cry night and day of every Christian; and will the beneficent Being who taught us thus to pray, approve of traps laid by one frail mortal to prove the powers of resistance appertaining to another? Our young authoress has, in these instances, swerved from truth and right feeling, but she atones for the error by many excellencies. The tale of the "Misanthrope" is more perfect as a whole than the other, and may be read with great pleasure; still the second tale embraces an idea of such general utility and original cast of thought, that we regret the authoress has sent it to the world in an imperfect state; it is rather the notes for a larger work than a complete tale. There are some passages in the preface that had

better have been suppressed, wherein the authoress defends herself from various reprehensions made by her acquaintances on the subject of drawing real characters in her "Sketches of Private Life." These, in a public address, we are inclined to think misplaced, and that remonstrance with the discontented parties would have been better. She is wrong in heeding such censure, for the general cast of characters, whether particular portraits or no, could not have been recognised as those of individuals by the public at large; and, as the criticism was not in the regular course of reviewing, she ought not to have bestowed a public word on the gossips, of whose private strictures she complains. Let Miss Stickney be assured that the author who is successful in drawing characters, although their traits belong to whole classes of society, will ever be accused of copying individuals: she must be calm under the accusation, and, as it is a certain proof of her powers, take the inconvenience as a thing of course. We find in her preface that she has suffered these stigmas to influence her in her present work, and from these feelings, perhaps, proceed some of the incongruities we have found it our duty to notice. Let her proceed unsparingly in her career; and, by her "Pictures of Private Life," continue her valuable lessons to the most valuable portion of society, by whose conversion or amendment they may become instruments of more extensive good.

Di Simboli, Trasposti al Morale dal Padre Daniello Bartoli. Nuova Edizione. Corretta ed Emendata de ANGELO CERUTTI. Rolandi, Berners-street.

We readily agree with the editor, Signor Cerutti, that the republication of the Simboli of Father Bartoli is a most valuable addition to the slender stock of Italian prose works attainable by the English student; but as the Signor Cerutti has not enlightened the unlearned in *la dolce lingua di Toscana* with one word of English, either in title-page or preface, to give one hint as to the nature of the work, it is a duty we owe to some of our readers to tell them the subject of it.

The editor, then, informs the literary world, in very good Italian, that being one

day in his bookseller's shop, (which we presume is the courteous Signor Rolandi's, in Berners-street, now and then a haunt of our own,) the said Signor put into his hands the tid-bits of two little old books by Bartoli, which, having duly devoured, he relished exceedingly, and thought that the magnificent old Italian of one of them would be a great treat to all lovers of his native language; and as prose Italian books are scarce in England, he undertook the republication of the work in this country; but, as the book was half composed of learned quotations from the Latin historians and classics, he likewise judiciously translated these, and made the whole a very attractive book for lady students of Italian.

Signor Cerutti tells us, moreover, that the author of the Simboli was Padre Daniello Bartoli, a most learned Jesuit, born at Ferrara, in 1608, an era when the stores of learning were indeed deep and extraordinary, and men of letters took a vast delight in loading their works with numerous Latin, Greek, and Hebrew quotations; a custom which has occasioned this and other well-written books to sleep in oblivion for centuries.

It is now time to tell of what the Simboli of Bartoli consists. Every chapter contains, as the leading article, a detail of some historical anecdote, or custom of antiquity, headed as a sort of text by a proverbial sentence from Seneca, who seems the saint of the old Jesuit's enthusiastic worship—then all sorts of sayings and passages from the Latin poets and historians, and likewise from Italian poets, are quoted, in illustration of the moral drawn from the anecdote. "The Urn of Severus" is a remarkably elegant chapter, the anecdote is beautifully told, the moral of the essay, "*La Smisurata opinione di se stessa*," may be rendered, Unbounded self-conceit. To give an idea of the plan of the work, the anecdote illustrating this maxim may thus be briefly translated:—"The Emperor Severus, in his last illness, had a beautiful urn of porphyry made, which he intended should hold his ashes; he often caused it to be brought to him, placed it on his sick bed, embraced and caressed it, softly patted it with his hands, and even kissed it, saying, 'Ah! fortunate stone, which art fated to enclose in thy narrow bosom that great Septimus Severus, whom the wide world cannot contain.'"

As a specimen of splendid Italian prose, we subjoin the passage at length:—

“Quell’ imperador Severo, che perfin nel nome portava le verghe e la scure de’ fasci, nè per tenere il mondo a freno gli faceva bisogno di trovarsi dove non era, mentre il sol nominarlo ricordava il temerlo dov’era; crudele, non solamente severo, quanto alla gran copia del sangue; ma salutifero, quanto alla pestifera qualità degli umori che trasse dall’ammorbato corpo che in quei suoi tempi era la città e l’impero di Roma; onde poi fu il dissenso che rimase, ch’egli o non doveva nascere per li tanti a’ quali tolse la vita col ferro, o non doveva morire per gli altrettanti a’ quali la rendè miglior col timore: costui dico, stato più necessario che utile al mondo, giunto che si vide all’ultimo de’ suoi giorni, si mandò recare la bella urna del porfido, nella quale si dovean chiudere e sebbare le ceneri del suo corpo.” Posatagli sopra il letto, la riguardò con occhio mezzo tra invidioso e amante; poi lasciandola, e dolcemente battendola con le mani in atto di careggiarla, alla fine baciolla, e, sasso avventuroso, le disse, che nel tuo piccol seno chiuderai quel gran Settimio Severo, cui tutto il mondo non ha potuto comprendere dentro se stesso! Così egli disse; parlando non altrimenti, che se il suo spirito fosse per chiudersi dentro a quell’urna, e sotto a quelle ceneri mantenersene vivo il fuoco. Nè questa fu frenesiadi moribondo; fu delirio di superbo. Pescennio Negro da lui sconfitto nell’oriente, e nelle Gallie Clodio Albino; e i Parti, e gli Arabi, e gli Adiabeni tornati, a forza d’armi, all’ubbidienza di Roma, in diciotto anni d’impero e di guerre, tanto gli avean gonfiata in capo l’opinione di se stesso, che gli pareva uomo non esser nato pari a lui in grandezza di meriti; nè tutto il mondo essere stato teatro capevole delle glorie del suo nome.

“Di così strani mostri di presuntuosa albagia, fosse in grado al cielo che sola l’Africa, dove costui era nato, ne partorisse. Il vero si è che ogni paese è abile a produrne, ogni tempo soggetto a vederne, ogni arte, ogni professione, massimamente d’ingegno, disposta a generarne. Uomini tanto pieni di se, tanto alti stimatori di quel che sono o di quel che sanno, che il mondo nuovo e’l vecchio, a cercarne san giù sotto gli antipodi, non avrà da poter mostrare altrettanto che essi. Dove i capi non si contino, come si fa delle pecore, ma si pesino, come si dovrebbe degli uomini, non mancar loro altro che un Opimio, che, messa la loro testa, come quella di Caio Gracco, su la bilancia, confesserebbe—Roma non avere oro bastevole a contrappesarla.”

We should suppose old Bartoli to have

been one of those learned men, whose mild and studious life, and great learning, reflect honour on the much calumniated order to which he belonged. There is great liberality in some of his sentiments, considering the times in which he wrote. He seems acquainted with English literature, and mentions the improvements in science, in our country, with enthusiasm. His style strongly resembles that of Jeremy Taylor, who, most likely, was acquainted with his works, as he was his contemporary. Bartoli died in the year 1685.

Credit Pernicious. By ARCHIBALD ROSSER. Second edition. Hatchard.

We cannot help devoting a few minutes to the consideration of a work that has in a former edition obtained for its author great credit, as a political economist—however adverse *he* may be to credit in general. We are not disposed to enter into any length of argument on the expediency of the measure which he recommends as the best means of putting an end to pernicious credit: we will merely state that he proposes that the Legislature shall pass a law enacting that no debts shall be recoverable by legal proceedings whose amount is more than two pounds, and less than a hundred; thus allowing the poor labourer and artisan their week’s credit for subsistence, and genteel families a week’s credit for necessities with divers tradesmen. This law Mr. Rosser thinks will prevent tradesmen from giving credit, and families from the mischievous system of receiving it. Yet, however salutary the intention may be, we are not certain of the possibility of forcing the public into the right way,—like laws for religious observances, we doubt, if people’s hearts are not previously gained over to the subject, whether it is practicable to fence them in so tightly that they will not find a method of breaking out. For instance, nothing can be more rigid than the law regarding minors, who are legally incapable of receiving credit, and yet many an heir comes of age completely ruined; wherefore, tradesmen require still more enormous profits, to balance the enormous risk; and we own that we take a somewhat similar view of the effect of Mr. Rosser’s legislative proposal. But in regard to Mr. Rosser’s moral views on the subject, and more so as he is himself a lawyer, we are perfectly of his way of think-

ing, and recommend most earnestly every mistress of a family to read his pamphlet. With impressive but simple reasoning he points out the expediency of all-dealings for household expenses being transacted by means of ready money. The lady of the house is generally the provider of the supplies. The time once was when she was the queen bee of her little hive, and when the eyes of all under her roof looked to her to dispense their comforts and sustenance. But without expecting an accomplished modern fair one to be an operative in any of these matters, we think that a practical knowledge of accounts and marketing ought to be added to her attainments, and that the care of purchasing provisions ought not to be left altogether to the stewardship of a London cook. Mr. Rosser will find that some alteration in the mode of educating young ladies is needful before his most salutary reformatory can be adopted in the household economy of genteel families; the cash must pass immediately through the hands of the mistress of a house to her various tradesmen before a ready-money system can be properly adopted. Let Mr. Rosser convince the ladies of the imperative duty of the stewardship that must necessarily devolve on wives, and he will no longer find that pernicious credit will be required, at least in housekeeping expenses. We add an extract that, even after due allowances are made for a change of times, will bring conviction to those who peruse it in a proper spirit:—

“I cannot deny myself the pleasure of quoting an account of the system of domestic economy adopted by Mr. Peregrine Langton, uncle of Mr. Bennet Langton, the intimate friend and companion of Dr. Johnson. After dwelling upon the evils of unnecessary credit, this account, showing what may be done by avoiding it, is particularly refreshing, and nothing can be more apt to our purpose.

“Mr. Langton’s income was two hundred and eighteen pounds a year. His family consisted of a sister and a niece. The servants were, two maids, and two men in livery; his common way of living, at his own table, was three or four dishes; the appurtenances to his table were neat and handsome; he frequently entertained company at dinner, and then his table was well served with as many dishes as were usual at the tables of the other gentlemen in the neighbourhood. His own appearance, as to clothes, was generally neat and plain. He had always a post-chaise, and

kept three horses. The tenth part of his income was set apart for charity. He had always money by him for extraordinary expenses that might arise. Some money he put into the funds. He did not practice any extraordinary degree of parsimony, but took care that in his family there should be plenty without waste. Mr. Langton was enabled thus to render an income of small amount sufficient for his wants, and even comforts, by various means. “But the main particular,” says Mr. Bennet Langton, who communicated the account to Mr. Boswell, Dr. Johnson’s biographer, “that seems to have enabled him to do so much with his income, was, that he paid for every thing as soon as he had it, except, alone, what were current accounts—such as rent for his house and servants’ wages, and these he paid at stated times with the utmost exactness. He gave notice to the tradesmen of the neighbouring market towns, that they should no longer have his custom if they let any of his servants have any thing without their paying for it. Thus he put it out of his power to commit those imprudences to which those are liable that defer their payments by using their money some other way than where it ought to go; and whatever money he had by him he knew that it was not demanded elsewhere, but that he might safely employ it as he pleased.”

Nor has the party here quoted since acted alone. Some individuals of firm purpose, agreeing in the principle, have for several years, entirely maintained the same against every kind of opposition. Many of these persons would, indeed, be inclined to go further than our author. They say, why should debts under 40s. be recoverable? It appears to them that the poor are as much nursed up into extravagance and imprudence by the facility of accumulating such debts, as their superiors are by the facility of accumulating large ones; and the small shop creditor, with whom they deal, is far more anxious in his books, and less scrupulous in taking advantage of ignorance and necessity, when he has once the upper hand over them, than the tradesmen of the wealthier persons are likely, or able, to be. But as to the opponents of the measure proposed by our author, these, they say, appear all to be too ignorant, or too short-sighted, to comprehend the subject; and when, indeed, they have any show of reason on their side, they are always arguing against some proposition that they have set up for the purpose of knocking it down, and

which is not to be found in the pamphlet.

Although we do not consider it our province to enter very largely into this subject, yet we must mention that few individuals have obtained more attention on the part of the press than has Mr. Rosser in this his excellent and well-intentioned pamphlet, on a subject in itself perfectly simple, but in its bearings upon the customs of the community one of subtle difficulty.

The Tradesman's Complete Book-keeper.
By RAYMOND PERCIVAL. Groombridge.

The method of keeping accounts, is in this little treatise so completely divested of every thing superfluous or intricate, that any lady or gentleman who is anxious to learn a clear mode of arranging money concerns, may, by this pamphlet, with a little study, form a regular system—changing, of course, the terms of merchants' debts and credits, for rent or interest, and the expenditure of their establishment. At page 4. there is a good and needful piece of advice. 'The operation of balancing accounts should be performed daily, because, in case of any omission (which will be sure to be detected in consequence) it is easier to remember it on the day it occurred, than afterwards. Besides, the first principle with every (real) man of business, is, to ascertain that his cash is right before he goes to bed.'

Rowbotham's French Genders. Longman and Co.

We have often had reason to commend Mr. Rowbotham as a clever author and successful teacher of languages, and the interior of the present little book is worthy of his former labours—nevertheless we are angry with the quackery on the title-page, setting forth that by means of his method, the French genders may be learned in a few hours. Yes, a child may be able to gabble them off by rote in a few hours; but as to that sort of learning by which the mind obtains the easy use and application of them, Mr. Rowbotham knows very well the practice of years is required—why then fall into the puffing vice of the age? He has saved his pupils some labour, it is true: at the same time, they must bring their usual quantum of application, or what is easily learned, is easily forgotten. There are no more royal roads to learning in the

nineteenth century, than there were in the days of James the First, and yet, if we believe advertisers, the most difficult parts of languages are to be mastered in a few hours!

The Magazine of Botany and Gardening. British and Foreign. Edited by JAMES RENNIE, M.A., Professor of Zoology, King's College. Vol. 2. No. II. G. Henderson.

Dr. Rennie's present publication is one of the literary wonders of the day, both for cheapness and utility. The second number is embellished with three plates, containing altogether nine botanical subjects, well designed and respectably coloured—the descriptions are well written, and given in English as well as in Latin. But here we must suggest an improvement that would render the publication far more valuable to the youthful student, which is, that English names as well as the Latin should be appended at least to the descriptions of the plants. It is possible that our learned professor may say: "Many of these plants have been very recently introduced into this country, and have not been sufficiently familiarised to have acquired a vulgar or common appellation in the language." This we are aware is the case in most instances, but we consider it to be the bounden duty of the scientific botanist forthwith to make the strangers' names intelligible to the unlearned; to raise, at least, an idea in the minds of those unacquainted with Latin or Greek, by always adding to the first or family name of the plant, a translation of the second or descriptive name. For instance, here are no fewer than four plants whose second appellation is derived from the form of their leaves—and we would ask any young person, gardener or agriculturist, who subscribes to this cheap periodical, whether they do not form a clearer notion of plants that are called "The box-leaved *Vassinum*," "the Yew-leaved *Phyllodoce*," or the "Obtuse-leaved *Diapensia*;" than from the same wholly in Latin, quoted as "*Vaccinum Buxifolium*," "*Phyllodoce Taxifolia*," and "*Diapensia Obtusifolia*." Those who will find this cheap publication of use, and to such we address ourselves, require every assistance to be rendered in smoothing the mysteries of technical terms. Others, learned enough to understand their meaning, will

most likely purchase works containing more costly and more highly finished botanical plates. Interest, therefore, in the work demands that it should make itself as intelligible as possible to those who are most likely to be its customers.

We see with pleasure, that Dr. Rennie uses the classifications both of Linnæus and Jussieu—they ought never to be separated. Whoever attempts to expel Linnæus from the field of botany, is like one who puts out the candle of a lantern that he may see the better to search for small things in the dark. Although Linnæus may not be the all-sufficient teacher in the temple of science that he was once thought to be, he is the most luminous guide that has yet been found.

Dr. Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia.—History: The Christian Church. By the Rev. HENRY STEBBING, A.M. Vol. 2.—Longman & Co.

Nothing can appear more anti-christian than the annals of the Christian church—humanity cannot help shuddering at the historic detail: yet, when it is considered, as Mr. Stebbing justly observes, that the Christian faith was not only the means of true religion, but was working a gradual civilisation in mankind, we shall not be surprised that the evil passions of human nature contended in a constant warfare before they submitted to the yoke, and occasioned a furious struggle, both in the minds of those who pretended to be Christians and those who were not. From the times of heathenhood to the Reformation, the human animal was, generally speaking, in a state of mental savagery, and, in many European countries, in positive personal barbarism; and many an age was stained with violence and crime, before it could be brought to understand that *Christianity is a religion of peace and love*, and not of hot-headed argument and persecution. If this history is opened with such conviction, the readers will not hastily blame the faith for the faults and follies of frail human nature—it was the deficiency of such reasoning that made Gibbon an infidel, when he searched the annals of the Christian church. To those who believe in the perfectibility of human nature, such search is indeed humbling; and human pride is apt to throw the fault on religion, when it really exists in their own corrupt and untamed hearts.

Mr. Stebbing has performed his historical task extremely well; he has collected facts with great skill and research, and told them in a very attractive style—and his narrative goes right onward without any dull dry passages. This second part commences with the eighth century, and leads the reader down through the atrocious reigns of the Greek emperors and the Roman pontificates, to the dawn of the Reformation under Wickliffe, Jerome of Prague, and John Huss. The volume cannot fail to be read with interest by the general reader.

We presume a history of the Reformation will join in at that era.

Lives and Exploits of English Highwaymen, &c. By C. WHITEHEAD, Esq., 2 vols.

We must consider this work in the light of a bookseller's compilation. The narratives, being merely the detail of incidents bearing extreme resemblance to each other, is exceedingly fatiguing to the reader. So little research has, indeed, been used in putting this work together, that Defoe's "Life of Colonel Jack" is quoted as a genuine autobiography!!! Strange that the inimitable style of the author of Robinson Crusoe could not at once have been detected by an author of any experience, even if he had never met with any of Defoe's obscure sketches. The autobiography of Colonel Jack, we can assure the publisher, is still less to be quoted as genuine, than the still more renowned one of Robinson Crusoe. As filling-up stuff, the work is crammed with quotations from "Guzman d'Alfarache," done up as adventures pertaining to English thieves who performed their pranks half a century after that Spanish romance was translated. Besides, sundry old stories, hackneyed for twenty centuries, and to be found in the national traditions of every country, are done up as modern thievish exploits. The memoirs of "Captain Roberts," of "Eugene Aram," and "Barrington, the Pickpocket," are the best in the collection.

Job.—A Dramatic Poem. By RICHARD WHIFFEN. Smith and Elder.

The choice of Mr. Whiffen's subject makes us doubt whether he possesses that high taste, which although not always found inseparable from great poetic powers is an handmaid almost indispen-

occasion ladies will be admitted to witness the ceremony. Masoni intends to dedicate the fantasia, which he performed at the meeting in January, to the members of the club.

MR. PHILLIPS' LECTURES.—Mr. Thos. Phillips, whose course of Lectures on singing at the London Institution, was interrupted by the melancholy loss of his wife, has resumed his interesting task. It has been too much the practice to say of a song, "it is delightful—to be sure the words are bad, but that is of very little consequence." To this literary heresy Mr. Phillips opposes himself and insists that a higher order of talent is requisite for the production of lyric poetry than that which furnishes the unintelligible stuff by Tom, Dick, and Harry, of the present day.

AMERICAN THEATRICALS.—Sinclair has just terminated a very profitable engagement at the New Orleans theatre. The opera of "*La Cenerentola*" had been played there to crowded houses. Thorne, formerly of the English Opera-house; Mrs. Knight, who a few years since, as Miss Povey, made a decided hit at Drury-lane, in "*Der Freischütz*;" Mr. Benedict, of Covent-garden; and Mrs. Austin, are also engaged. By letters, dated the end of January, it appears, that theatricals in most of the American states are in a flourishing condition. Sinclair has concluded an engagement for the Cincinnati Theatre, on the Ohio, where he opens in June.

DEMAND FOR GIRLS.—The proprietor of the Fitzroy Theatre is advertising for 200 little girls, to personate fairies in a grand Eastern Spectacle, which is in preparation. We did not conceive the stage of the Fitzroy to have been sufficiently capacious for the display of half that number of beings, whether terrestrial or the inhabitants of fairy land.

OPERA AT LIVERPOOL.—The Italian Opera has not been successful at Liverpool. The *Liverpool Advertiser*, after regretting the thin attendances at the theatre on opera nights, endeavours to shame the inhabitants of that town into a love of Italian singing by telling them that not to admire "*The Semiramide*" and the "*Barbieri*," will argue themselves inferior in musical taste to their rivals "at the other end of the railway."

A NEW OPERA FORBIDDEN.—A new opera, announced for performance during the Frankfort fair, has been forbidden by the Censors. It was "*La Prison d'Edembourg*," in one scene of which the prisoners escape by setting fire to the prison.

THE NEW ENGLISH OPERA-HOUSE.—Some doubts have been expressed as to the possibility of erecting the theatre by the 1st of June. The late theatre was built in five months, and Mr. Beazley con-

trived to raise the present Theatre Royal, Dublin, in a period, from digging the foundation to opening the doors for the reception of the public, of *sixty-nine days only*! That house is universally acknowledged to be a substantial, commodious, and well-built theatre. The new English Opera-house will not be so large as the Dublin theatre, and there are 160 days from the commencement of the works to the proposed opening in July. The building is now rapidly proceeding—the foundations are of great solidity—the principal entrance to the boxes will be under a portico in the new street, at the eastern side of the theatre. The pit-entrance will be in the Strand. The private box-door will be in Exeter-street, which private door will also communicate with the dress-circle.

DEATH OF MR. E. KNIGHT.—It is with regret we notice the death of Mr. Edward Knight, after a short but severe illness. He was the son of the late Mr. Knight, the celebrated comedian in London. Previous to his leaving England for the United States, Mr. Knight married Miss Povey, of the Theatre Royal, Drury-lane. Mr. E. Knight completed his musical education in Germany, under the celebrated Ferdinand Ries, and was esteemed an excellent pianofortist and composer. The private worth of both Mr. and Mrs. Knight won them a numerous circle of friends in the various cities they visited, as well as the universal respect of a discriminating public. His widow has been making a successful tour through the western states, and is now playing to overflowing houses in New Orleans. Mr. Knight has left a daughter, who bids fair to inherit the musical talents of her parents.—*United States Gazette*.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF MUSICIANS.—The ninety-sixth anniversary festival of this institution, which took place on the 14th ult., was a splendid treat to the lovers of harmony; between two and three hundred amateurs and professors dined in the Freemasons' hall, Lord Howe in the chair. Many elegantly dressed ladies occupied the galleries and extra seats in the hall. A number of glees and madrigals were beautifully sung, and a band of the first wind instruments, perhaps in Europe, performed several marches, &c., admirably. The donations and subscriptions were numerous, and the evening was spent in the most delightful manner.

PRODUCE OF TAGLIONI'S BENEFIT.—Taglioni's benefit, March 20th, was very productive; the net receipts were nearly 900*l*. It is understood that it was insured to her by the lessee at 800*l*.

GERMAN OPERAS.—We are likely to have a German opera also this year at the

King's Theatre, as Laporte, through some continental agents, is in treaty with several of the male singers who afforded so much satisfaction during Monck Mason's season. It is expected also, that Madame Schroeder Devrient will also consent again to visit this country, although at present she holds out for terms.

The King's Theatre promises one of the most brilliant seasons that it has experienced for many years. The application from the nobility to Laporte for double boxes far exceeds the possibility of supply.

Mr. Morris, it seems, cannot make up his mind what to do with his theatre in the Haymarket: at one time he was for opening it at Easter or soon afterwards, but at present he has made up his mind to wait for events. He has engaged Mrs. Nesbitt for his season whenever it begins.

Mr. W. Bennett and Mrs. H. R. Bishop proceed to Leicester, to exercise their vocal talents at the Subscription concerts on the 8th of the present month. On the 11th, Mr. Bennett goes to Leamington, where he will be met by Mr. and Mrs. W. Knyvett. In the same week, Mr. Bennett will be at Birmingham, where he will be joined by Madame Caradori.

Mathews is ready with his annual monologue, but he does not intend to open the Adelphi Theatre with it until the week after Easter. He is in the best health and spirits.

A Brightonian writes, "We have a violinist in this town named Cramer who assisted at the last festival in Westminster Abbey; and notwithstanding his great age he was the instructor of a young player now in the Academy, whose talent bids fair to rival eventually some of the great 'lions of the day.'"

CONCERTS.

ROYAL MUSICAL FESTIVAL.—The first rehearsal of the Royal Musical Festival will take place on Friday, 20th June, but the performances will not commence until Tuesday, the 24th, and they will be continued on alternate days (Sunday excepted), until Tuesday, the 1st of July, when they will conclude with Handel's "Messiah," by the special command of her Majesty. The King takes very great interest in the success of the undertaking, of which there is not the smallest doubt; and the directors are indefatigable in their exertions to second his Majesty's benevolent intentions. Plans of the Abbey will be shortly lithographed, which will afford the public an idea of the splendid *light*, but they must attend the performances, that the sense of *hearing* may be gratified. Admission to the rehearsals will be half-a-guinea, and to the performance a guinea;

there will be a number of reserved seats, at two guineas each, besides the royal box and the places assigned for the presidents and directors, with their families.

ANCIENT CONCERTS.—The performance on Wednesday evening, the 12th ult., under direction of the Archbishop of York, for the Duke of Cambridge, commenced with a selection from Handel's "Dettingen Te Deum;" the company stood up at the fine burst of chorus "We praise thee, O God." Millico's elegant trio, "Fall'n is thy throne," was sung by Mrs. Knyvett, Bennett, and Phillips; the latter threw great spirit into the soul-stirring song "Why do the nations." Madame Caradori Allan made her first appearance; she sang "Let the bright seraphim" in a very animated manner. She also sang "Vengo a voi" with that sweetness of tone and flexible style for which she has been long admired. Mozart's pretty duetto, "Deh prendi," by Caradori and Mrs. Knyvett, was encored. After the fine recitative from The Creation, "In splendour bright," sung by Mr. Bennett, Haydn's magnificent chorus, "The heavens are telling," was finely performed. We have seldom heard Mrs. Knyvett to greater advantage than in Handel's beautiful air, "What though I trace each herb and flower." Handel's well-known air, "God preserve the Emperor," with words adapted to it by Mr. Gross, of York, we believe, was well sung by Miss Clara Novello, Terrail, Bennett, and Phillips. The chorus, was very grand and imposing,—"Lord of life, and light, and glory, Guide thy church and guard our King!" Handel's second oboe concerto was performed in good style; as was the sweet air out of his lessons known by the name of "The Harmonious Blacksmith." Martini's overture to "Henry the Fourth" was welcomed as an old friend by many an ancient; the oboe solo in the rondo was well performed by G. Cooke. The Duke of Cumberland was present during the first part. The Archbishop of York, Lord Cawdor, and their families occupied the Directors' box.

VOCAL SOCIETY.—The fourth performance of the Vocal Society, was extremely well attended on the 23d February. Mrs. Seguin sang Spohr's beautiful air, "Ah che i giorni," exceedingly well, and was loudly applauded. Miss Masson did justice to Knapp's very clever song, written by Lord Byron, "There be none of beauty's daughters." Mr. Hobbs sang his own prize ballad with much taste. A number of glees were well performed, particularly W. Lanley's "Hark! from yon ruin'd Abbey Walls," which was called for a second time, but not persisted in. "My ain fire-side," sung by Mr. Broadhurst, was repeated. Storace's septetto from the Pirates "Hear, O Hear, a simple story,"

loudly encored. Walmsley's elegant address to the cuckoo was greatly admired. Wilbye's beautiful madrigal, "Flora gave me fairest flowers," composed in 1598, was rapturously received and encored; as was Marenzio's "When April deck'd in roses gay," composed in 1580; hitherto this madrigal has been always sung in the original language (Italian), but in order to render it more interesting, T. Oliphant, Esq., on that occasion translated the words: he accomplished the task extremely well; the first few notes are precisely the same as the beginning of Rule Britannia.

The only instrumental piece was a fantasia on the oboe, by G. Cooke, in which he displayed his superior talents; a passage in triplets, brilliantly played, was rewarded with universal plaudits.

Mr. Cooke led the band, Mr. Goss presided at the organ and pianoforte, and Mr. Turle conducted the madrigals.

The fifth Vocal Concert, was well attended: the performances gave great satisfaction, particularly Lindley's fantasia on the violoncello, and Maenzio's madrigal, "So saith my Fair," composed in 1580; also Bennet's quaint composition, "Thyrsis! sleepest Thou?" (1590). A number of glees were well performed, particularly T. Cooke's "The Clouds of Night," which is a masterly composition. Miss Stephens made her first appearance this season; she was well received, and was *encored* in the harmonized air of "O! listen to the voice of Love;" and Haydn's canzonet, "My Mother bids me bind my hair." The other singers were, Mrs. Bishop, Miss C. Novello, Miss Woodyat, Mrs. G. Wood, Messrs. Vaughan, Bennett, Goulden, Atkins, Bellamy, Sale, Terrail, Hobbs, King, E. Taylor, Chapman, and Mrs. E. Seguin, whose exertions were most successful.

RIBAS' AND WEIPPERT'S CONCERT.—This concert took place at the Hanover Square Rooms, on the 14th ult., and was very fashionably and fully attended. A varied selection of music, instrumental and vocal, rendered this as good, perhaps, as any that will be given this season. Miss Bruce made her first appearance since her recent severe illness, which has in no way impaired the sweetness, flexibility, and delicacy of her voice. She sang, "Say but the Word," with her wonted taste and graceful ornament. Mr. R. Allan, gave Bellini's "Nel Furor" in a style to win him warm applause. Mr. Ribas' concerto on the flute, composed by himself, reflects great credit upon his talents. Weippert's concerto, by Herz, and a beautiful Swiss symphony for the violin, by Mori, were both played with the soundness of first-rate musicians, and afforded the greatest satisfaction.

LINCOLN'S-INN-DISPENSARY.—A Con-

cert, conducted by Sir George Smart, led by Mr. F. Cramer, and assisted by many of our most eminent instrumental performers and vocalists, was given on the 13th ult., in Freemason's Hall, Great Queen-street, in aid of the funds of the above most laudable charity, which, since its establishment in 1782, has afforded medical and surgical assistance to upwards of 150,000 poor persons, a large proportion of whom were visited at their own homes. The company, exceeded 600 persons. A spirited performance of Von Weber's grand overture to "Euryanthe," commenced the concert, which was followed by "Fortune's Frowns," by Rossini, admirably sung by Miss Shirreff, and greatly applauded. Moscheles brilliantly executed his "Recollections of Ireland," which were applauded to the echo; whilst Madame Caradori Allan was deservedly encored in "Come per me," from "La Sonnambula." Lindley's execution of his concerto was a magical effort, and brought successfully to a close, the first act. The second opened with Beethoven's Grand Sinfonia, No. 7, and followed by Haydn's "With verdure clad," very well sung by Clara Novello. Madame Caradori Allan and Zuchelli were encored in their duet from "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," called "Dunque io sono." Messrs. H. Phillips and Sapio gave their powerful aid on the occasion.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—The first public concert for the season, by the pupils of this admirable Institution, was given on Saturday, the 22d ult., at the Hanover-square Rooms. We cannot praise the execution of the duet between the Misses Hitchcock and Birch. The intonation of both ladies was bad. The concerto on the pianoforte was correctly played by Mr. P. Johnson, who displayed considerable facility of execution. Horsley's glee was sung effectively. The gem, however, of the morning's entertainment was Mr. George Le Jeune, in the aria and polacca out of the beautiful composition by Lord Burghersh, called "Il Torneo." The polacca bears one of the most delightful melodies. This young man is a most promising pupil of the Academy. He was very warmly applauded. We wish the instrumental performers would act upon the hint which has been so frequently given to them, by playing their accompaniments to the vocal pieces more piano, as on this occasion, as oftentimes, the singers' voices were in consequence frequently inaudible. We cannot avoid expressing our regret that Lord Burghersh was prevented attending the concert by a domestic calamity. Mendelssohn's beautiful and characteristic overture to the "Midsummer Night's Dream" was executed in a manner highly satisfactory. The second part of the con-

cert consisted of Beethoven's masterly oratorio the "Mount of Olives," which may be considered a bold attempt; yet it is a very praiseworthy one, for it affords the pupils an opportunity of studying a classical composition, which must tend to their improvement; and the way they acquitted themselves on this occasion does them great credit. Mrs. Seguin sang the recitative and air, "Oh! tremble mortals," with great spirit; and Miss Birch, in the duet with Mr. Allen, "Oh! Father," retrieved what she lost in Bellini's duet. The concert, on the whole, was considered to be extremely satisfactory.

Miscellany.

EVASIVE PERJURY.—A witness, whose testimony is submitted to the Committee of Privileges and Elections in writing, thus answers the interrogatories administered to him:—Question. "Did or did not your brother, who was and is a minor, tell you that he had sworn (in order to vote) that he was above twenty-one years old?"—Answer. "No; my brother told me that he had written the figures 21 on a scrap of paper, which he put in his shoe, and swore he was above 21"—*New York Paper.*

A NEW LANGUAGE.—A committee of the members of the Academy of the Fine Arts, at Paris, have just made a report on the merits of M. Sudre, who has invented a system of language by music. It appears that the committee have found that this new language is capable of expressing all our ideas; that these are capable of being communicated by sounds, characters and gestures; that it is calculated to communicate those ideas very near, or very rapidly to a distance; that it may be used for open or secret communications; and, lastly, that the system of sounds, and consequently the expressions of the thoughts were not liable to change, but would be in their nature permanent. The committee was struck particularly with the advantages secured for a remote communication. The members resolved to recommend M. Sudre to Government, in consequence of the universality of the application of this lingual telegraph, for it is capable of being put into practice on sea or land, and either at night or by day.

STATUES.—One hundred and fifty casts of bronzed statues arrived at New York from Liverpool, faithful likenesses of Bonaparte, Wellington, Van Buren, Jackson, Swartwout, Cambrelling, Hamilton, Biddle, and other distinguished personages, which turned out on inspection to be lead, some weighing 50lbs. The bronze figures are free of duty; lead pays three cents. per lb. The whole will be seized and melted down. What an amalgamation! Let's have no fighting in the crucible.—*New York Star.*

MESSRS. NELSON AND MORLEY'S CONCERT.—These gentlemen gave a concert at the Lowther Rooms on the 19th ult., on which occasion much of the talent of the metropolis rallied round them. At a late hour in the afternoon, however, they received an intimation that Mr. Bunn had issued his restriction against any of his conjoined company singing. The *beneficiaries* were, therefore, at five o'clock in the afternoon, compelled to seek for other assistance. Their places were soon filled. We have not space for particulars, but the concert went off to the evident gratification of a very crowded audience.

BEAUTY.—It is of external objects, particularly of objects of light, that we think most frequently when we speak or hear of beauty; but this does not arise from any exclusive peculiarity of the feeling excited by these objects, as if the term were only metaphorically applied to others, but because external objects are continually around us, so as more frequently to excite the emotion of beauty; and in a great measure, too, because the human form—itself an object of vision—is representative to us of the presence of all which we love, of those with whom our life is connected, and from whom its happiness has been derived, or from whom we hope to derive it. It is not wonderful, therefore, that when we think of beauty we should think of that by which the emotion of beauty is most usually excited.

THE GIPSIES are a relic of the old Nomadic life. We know not that they were ever better than they are, though certainly the tide of society is daily leaving them farther behind. In the list of retrograde nations, we may mention the Abyssinians; all their laws, customs, and forms, declare that they must once have been a civilised people. At present they seem to be barbarians, with a few antique traditions of civilisation; like Indians, armed with the weapons, and clothed in the garments of some murdered European crew.

NEWSPAPER PATRONAGE IN AMERICA.—An editor of the Mordecai Noah school, somewhere in the East, who was lately requested to advertise for an apothecary, and take his pay in drugs, utterly refused to trade, and says "he will take nearly all sorts of produce in payment for papers and advertising, such as parsnips, wooden combs, old clothes, cold victuals, &c., but he won't take physic." The other day, a gentleman proposed to subscribe for the *Republican*, and pay for it in tombstones. With our eastern brother we can say, that we "will take nearly all sorts of produce," even including physic, but we would rather be excused from tombstones.—*Cincinnati Republican.*

ROOKS.—The rook is a friend to agriculturists, and no farmer, who considers his own interest, will destroy a rookery. I once knew this done, in compliance with the request of many farmers, who, two years afterwards, were desirous that it should be restored; the wire-worms, cock-chaffer, grubs, and other destructive insects, having greatly increased within that period. In order to be convinced that these birds are beneficial to the farmer, let him observe the same field in which his ploughman and his sower are at work. He will see the former followed by a train of rooks, while the sower will be unattended, and his grain remain untouched.—*Jessé's Natural History*

THE MIGRATORY HABITS OF EELS.—So strong is their migratory disposition, that few things will prevent their progress, as even at the locks at Teddington and Hampton the young eels have been seen to ascend the large posts of the flood-gates, in order to make their way when the gates have been shut longer than usual. Those which die, stick to the posts; others, which get a little higher, meet with the same fate, until at last a sufficient layer of them is formed to enable the rest to overcome the difficulty of the passage. A curious instance of the means which young eels will have recourse to, in order to perform their migrations, is annually proved in the neighbourhood of Bristol. Near that city there is a large pond, immediately adjoining which is a stream. On the bank between these two waters a large tree grows, the branches of which hang into the pond. By means of these branches, the young eels ascend into the tree, and from thence let themselves drop into the stream below; thus migrating to far distant waters, where they increase in size, and become useful and beneficial to man. A friend of mine, who was a casual witness of this circumstance, informed me that the tree appeared to be quite alive with these little animals. The rapid and unsteady motion of the boughs did not appear to impede their progress.—*Ibid.*

SWALLOWS.—I have frequently noticed how apt swallows are to settle on the ground, in a row, or perfect line. I have no doubt but that many persons must have observed this, while they have been walking near the Serpentine River, in Hyde Park, during a fine autumnal day. The birds, after hawking for flies upon the surface of the water, will all at once settle on the path which extends across the head of the river in so perfect a line, that one looks at it with astonishment as the simultaneous act of the birds. Their flight is equally sudden and regular on the approach of an intruder. I have also noticed this regu-

larity of line in young birds, while waiting for food from their parents.—*Ibid.*

THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER'S ELM TREE.—It is not generally known that one of the elm trees standing near the entrance of the passage leading into Spring Gardens, was planted by the Duke of Gloucester, brother to Charles I. As that unfortunate monarch was walking with his guards from St. James's to Whitehall, on the morning of his execution, he turned to one of his attendants and mentioned the circumstance, at the same time pointing out the tree.—*Ibid.*

TRAVELLING IN SPAIN.—In Spain, the first consideration is the procuring every accommodation the country will allow, before persons are invited to travel in their conveyances; minutæ are attended to, and the result is a progress in a short period quite incredible, which is affecting the whole system of internal communications. The system is almost universally the same. The passengers are called at a very early hour, when chocolate, or coffee, or tea, which is becoming very much the fashion, is served, according to the inclination of the parties. A portion of the journey is made, and you halt at ten or eleven, sooner or later, as it may be, to dine, as it is termed. This is a regular *déjeuner à la fourchette*. Two hours are allotted to this halt, when you again start, and generally arrive before dusk, after which supper is served. These repasts being provided entirely for the passengers, every one is obliged to pay a proportion, whether he partake or not, unless he spend money to a similar amount in some other way. Whenever the coach stops, the *wayonal* opens the door, and asks if any one wishes to alight. Every thing in these conveyances is on the same uniform system of polite and respectful attention to the company and to each other.—*Cook's Sketches of Spain.*

THE POET GRAY had the odd contradiction of a manly mind, and fastidious and somewhat effeminate manners. His imagination was all rural; but his birth and habits lay in a town. He never took up a rural sport; it does not seem as if he had ever been on horseback. He amused himself in the fields with flowers and plants, and butterflies and insects. His fancy supplied him with the habits of countrymen; the plough, the axe, the spade, the scythe and sickle, the vocations of the shepherd and the herdsman. He loved to contemplate the snowy whirlwind, the April shower, the summer-morn, and the fading lights of evening, as the golden tints recede into twilight and darkness. His manner in society was that of *petit-maitre*; his solitary thoughts were never frivolous. He was serious, benevolent,

gentle, and conscientious. Perhaps he was too delicate for the rude tempers of the world; and he was like a tender plant, which could not bear the rough air, and tempests, and frosts.

PETRARCH AND LAURA.—A manuscript, on parchment, has been discovered in the archives of Montpellier, consisting of a series of poems in the Provençal tongue. They are thought to have been from the pen of Petrarch. They make frequent mention of Laura, of Vacluse, of Rome, and of his coronation there. Petrarch, it is known, studied jurisprudence at Montpellier.

THE SHADDOCK contains generally thirty-two seeds, two of which only will reproduce Shaddock's; and these two it is impossible to distinguish: the rest will yield, some sweet oranges, others bitter ones, others again forbidden fruit, and, in short, all the varieties of the orange; but until the trees are actually in bearing, no one can guess what the fruit is likely to prove; and even then, the seeds which produce shaddocks, although taken from a tree remarkable for the excellence of its fruit, will frequently yield only such as are scarcely eatable. — *Leu's Journal*.

FRENCH TRAVELLING.—A company has just been formed in Paris to accelerate stage coach travelling; a much lighter vehicle has been adopted, called a *véloce*, having four coupés, with three places in each, the first to be 1fr. 10c. the post, and the rest 1fr. throughout the whole line of route, including all charges. The company intend to commence operations next month. A lighter vehicle is contemplated for the Calais and Dieppe roads. A card of fixed prices for refreshments, adopted by the company, will prevent John Bull from suspecting imposition.

FOREIGN ROBBERY.—A letter of the 4th ult. from Bologna announces that the diligence between that city and Rome had again been stopped and plundered between Faenza and Forlì. Among the booty was the sum of 3,000 Roman crowns, belonging to Cardinal Maffei. The robbers who carried off the golden armilla have been taken and the gold recovered, though it had been melted down. The Museum of Bologna possessing a drawing of the armilla, intends to have it recast, to resemble as nearly as possible the ancient one.

AN ANCIENT TOMB.—The following is an extract of a letter from Kertsch, in Russia:—"The director of our Museum has found on the hill of Mithridates an ancient tomb, containing a coffin of cypress wood, in very good preservation, in which there were two skeletons. On the top there were two earthen amphore; on one of which is the figure of a dog in relief, with the Greek inscription 'Skulade.' At

the feet of the skeletons were two vases in alabaster, a metallic mirror, a small cup painted black, and another beautiful vase, ornamented with designs in red. On one of the sides of this vase the figures of the three fatal sisters, with their attributes, are distinctly marked. Although this vessel has suffered much from time to time, there remain traces of gilding, and of the oil colours in which the garments of the figures were painted. The vase is valuable from its remote antiquity, it being well known that the manufacture of these vases ceased on the conquest of Greece by the Romans. It has also an additional interest from the circumstance of there never having been any object of the same kind hitherto found at Kertsch, or in any other part of New Russia."

WHEN TO LEAVE OFF DRINKING.—When you feel particularly desirous of having another glass, leave off—you have had enough. When you look at a distant object, and appear to see two, leave off—you have had too much. When you knock over your glass, spill your wine upon the table, or are unable to recollect the words of a song you have been in the habit of singing for the last half-dozen years, leave the company—you are getting troublesome. When you nod in the chair, fall over the hearth-rug, or lurch on a neighbour's shoulders, go home—you are dead drunk.

PROBABLE EFFECT OF TEMPERANCE.—The last report of the American Temperance Society, showing the inconceivable mischiefs resulting from their consumption of ardent spirits, states that—one hundred million dollars was a sum far less than was annually lost to the United States by this destructive traffic—a sum which would purchase 4,000,000 sheep, 400,000 head of cattle, 200,000 cows, 40,000 horses, 500,000 suits of men's clothes, 1,000,000 of boys' ditto, 500,000 women's ditto, 1,000,000 girls' ditto, 1,200,000 barrels of flour, 800,000 barrels of beef, 800,000 of pork, 3,000,000 bushels of corn, 2,000,000 bushels of potatoes, 10,000,000 lbs. of sugar, 400,000 lbs. of rice, and 2,000,000 gallons of molasses; it would also build 1,000 churches, support 2,000 ministers of the Gospel, build 8,000 school houses, furnish 500,000 newspapers, and all in a single year!

MODEL OF A PYRAMID.—At the Duke of Sussex's late *conversazione*, at Kensington Palace, the attraction of the evening was a splendid model of the great pyramid of Cheops, composed of 43,000 pieces of cork, and a vertical section of the pyramid, from which it appears that the pyramid was not only built upon, but round a rock, which, it is stated, rises in the centre of the pyramid 130 feet, on the apex of which is situated what is called the Queen's

Chamber. The pyramid was originally covered with plaster or mortar, which made the surface even, and thus rendered the ascent so difficult as to be accounted by the ancients a great feat: this plaster having now fallen off, the ascent is easy.

HORRIBLE SUTTEE.—(From the *Bombay Courier* of Sept. 28.)—The Rajah of Eedur, a small independent state beyond the British frontier in Gtzerat, died in the afternoon of the 12th of August last; and when the event, which was for some little time concealed, became known to his household, seven of the Ranees (his wives) rushed into the apartment where the dead body lay. The mother of the present young Rajah was alone ignorant of the fact of the death, being detained in her room by the Karbarees, or native ministers. On the morning of the 5th the above seven Ranees, two concubines of different castes from the Rajah, one personal man-servant, and four female slaves, were taken down with the corpse and burnt with it, before the whole assembled population of Eedur. Every body of influence is stated to have aided in the horrid tragedy; and not a single person, either connected with the Rajah's family, or otherwise, appears to have interposed a solitary effort, by word or deed, to prevent these fourteen unfortunate people from taking the fatal step of burning with their chief's body. On the contrary the greatest alacrity was shown on all sides to complete this infamous outrage. One of the Ranees was several months advanced in pregnancy; another, who had throughout shown a disinclination to sacrifice herself, had only been married nineteen months to the Rajah, and was under twenty years of age. Just before the lighting of the funeral pile, the eldest Rane (sixty years of age) addressed the Karbarees, saying that "she herself had always determined to burn with the Rajah, and that no exposition would have turned her from her purpose, but that it was strange she had not heard one word of dissuasion or compassion expressed by any one." She concluded her remarks by desiring them to go and live on the plunder they were securing to themselves by the destruction of their chief's family. The Karbarees were influenced, it is understood, in sparing the life of the surviving Rane, as she is the mother of the late Rajah's only son, and her loss might have been injurious to their interest. An extensive pillage of the Rajah's personal property, consisting of various valuables in jewels, &c., is stated to have taken place for the benefit of the Karbarees.—Well may Mr. Poynder (the director) urge the East India Company, and the public to use every influence to put an end to such unparalleled atrocities!

And yet he stands as it were *alone* in the cause: the reader, even, reads and forgets the occurrence.

KITES IN THE AIR.—The kite has, from the extent of its wings and tail, very great command of the atmosphere and possession of itself in that element. It does not bear along in straight lines, but wheels in curves, which it is constantly opening and closing, and always in a smooth and graceful manner, without any jerks: and if it were possible to trace a day's path of a kite, it would be a very fine specimen of looped curves. The kite can hover for a long time over the same spot, with very little exertion of the wings, and though there is a fresh breeze; and there are times (probably when it has lost sight of some prize on the ground, or discovered that the prize over which it was hovering was no prize at all) at which it will "give itself to the wind," and drift to leeward in very beautiful style, and apparently with complete self-possession. Kites will also sometimes turn down the wind to escape the more powerful falcons, which, though they do not attack the kite, often frighten it, and make it lose its prey: and as going down the wind is not a habit of the falcons, the kite gets away from them by the manœuvre. That manœuvre, though held in great contempt by the falconer, is by no means an ungraceful or an uninteresting one: the bird rides lightly on the wind, but retains its self-command, so that it can take a new direction whenever it pleases. The axis of its body is placed at an angle to the wind, which is smaller in proportion as that is stronger, and the windward wing is elevated, so that the wind takes the under side at an angle, and tends to raise the bird obliquely upward, while its weight presses downward and counteracts. When looked at, the bird always has in these cases the appearance of descending as it drifts: but that is an optical deception; for all things that are higher than the eye appear to descend as they recede, even though they are rising, and the kite may often be observed to have gained height while thus appearing to float downward. If on these occasions an alarm is given, the bird hauls closer to the wind and makes off.—*Mullie's British Birds.*

A FEMALE GUARD.—The Nizam has a guard formed entirely of women. These Amazons are under a state of military discipline, can go through the manual and platoon exercises of the general drill. An European officer, whose curiosity had been excited to see this female prætorian band, observed with astonishment that the big drummer, or rather the beater of the big drum, had her instrument suspended behind, instead of having it in the usual position, and was in this attitude hammering away with great execution.

CHANGE OF FORTUNE.—Rowland Stephenson, the once wealthy London banker, whose society was sought for by nobles, whose parties were every thing that was stylish; whose dinners were rivalled only by Sir William Curtis in the east, or Lord Sefton in the west; whose influence and character in the world stood high, and apparently immovable, impervious, and unimpeachable, is now the mere creature of passing charity, the object of common bounty, of mere eleemosynary aid and support. For years he has been the inmate of a debtors' gaol in New York, which is described as one of the most loathsome

prisons in the world, and has been fed and clothed by the hand of the stranger.

A RICH BEGGAR.—An old woman of Calais, who lived upon alms, having lately died, a sum of no less than 10,000 francs in different kinds of coin was found in the hovel which she occupied.

COINS IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.—The number of coins purchased by the British Museum between Christmas, 1832, and Christmas 1833, was 3,968, of which 659 were pennies of William the Conqueror; 296 were coins of the Kings of Northumberland, and of the Archbishop of York; and 2912 Greek and Roman.

Births, Marriages, and Deaths.

BIRTHS.

Mar. 7th, at Middleton Rectory, near Manchester, the lady of the Rev. C. J. Way, of a daughter—Mar. 10th, at Woodford, Essex, Mrs John Knowles, of a daughter—In Brnton-street, the lady of George La Touche, Esq., of a daughter—Mar. 8th, at Hampstead, Mrs. P. Earle, of a daughter—Mar. 7th, at Hook, near Odiham, Hants, the lady of the Rev. E. R. Larken, of a son—Mar. 15th, at Lynn, the lady of the Rev. Ambrose Goode, chaplain to the Hon East India Company, of a daughter—Mar. 15th, in Bruton-street, Mrs. Beauvoire Berens, of a son—Mar. 17th, Lady Susan Lygon, of a son—Mar. 19th, in Bruton-street, the lady of B. Travers, Esq. of a son.

MARRIAGES.

Mar. 4th, at Aine, Vaughan Edwards Vaughan, Esq., of Rheola and Lanely, Glamorganshire, to Harriet Amelia, second daughter of Edward Swainston Strangways, Esq., of Aine Hall, Yorkshire—Feb. 28th, at Cardross, Dumbartonshire, Captain William Edward Alured Elliott, 29th Regiment Madras Native Infantry, to Isabella, eldest daughter of the late Thomas Ritchie, Esq., of Greenock—Mar. 6th, at Dover, Robert Shore Milnes Bouchette, son of the Surveyor-General of Canada, to Marianne, daughter of the Hon. Herbert Gardner—Mar. 11th, at Blatherwycke, Gerard Noel Hoare, Esq., nephew to Lord Barham, to Sophia Lillas, daughter of Stafford O'Brien, Esq., of Blatherwycke—Mar. 15th, at Brighton, P. Stewart, Esq., Bombay civil-service, to Matilda Frances, daughter of the late W. Dawson, Esq., of St. Leonard's-hill, Berks—Mar. 18th, in Cavendish-square, the Earl of Kerry to the Hon. Miss Ponsonby, daughter of Viscount Duncannon—Mar. 17th, at Gretna-green, and again at Marylebone on the 19th, C. F. Schrader, Esq., to Harriet, daughter of General Northey Hopkins, of Overpark, Bucks—Mar. 18th, Rev W. G. Moore, Rector of West Barkwith, and Vicar of Stixwold, in the county of Lincoln, to Emily Ann, widow of Major G. H. Rigby, late of the H. I. C.'s service—Mar. 18th, at Aston, Warwickshire, by the Rev. J. Smith, M.A., Mr. J. Kendall, junior partner in the firm of Kendall and

Sons, to Harriet, youngest daughter of the late T. Mole, Esq., of the Poplars, near Birmingham.

DEATHS.

Mar. 6th, of consumption, Mr. John Morris, nine years mathematical master in Uxbridge school—Mar. 7th, at his residence, Counter-hill New Cross, from a sudden fit of apoplexy, Mr. Thomas West, formerly of Thread-needle-street, London—Mar. 8th, at the Royal Arsenal, Woolwich, in the 70th year of his age, Major Gen. Sir George Bulteel Fisher, K.C.H., Commandant of the Garrison—Mar. 7th, suddenly, at Old Erompton, in the 45th year of her age, Mrs. Charles Maude, widow of the late Charles Maude, Esq., of the Ordnance Department—Mar. 9th, at Ramsgate, aged 72 years, John Henry Campbell, Esq., formerly Major to the 23d Regiment of Royal Welsh Fusiliers—Mar. 8th, the infant daughter of the Solicitor-General—Mar. 2d, at Paris, Charles Henry Templeton, Esq., late of Trinity College, Cambridge, son of Thomas Templeton, Esq., formerly of Calcutta—Mar. 9th, at Brighton, William Bicknell, Esq., in the 82d year of his age—Mar. 7th, R. Best, Esq., late Secretary of the Bank of England, in the 87th year of his age—Mar. 17th, at her residence in Southampton-place, Euston-square, deeply and deservedly lamented by her family and friends, Mary, widow of the late John George Graeff, Esq., in her 59th year—Mar. 14th, of a rapid decline, Mr. J. Palmer, Governor of St. Martin's Workhouse—Mar. 17th, in Devonshire-street, aged 76, Mrs. Morier, relict of Isaac Morier, Esq., late Consul General at Constantinople—Mar. 16th, at Dublin, aged 73, Mrs. Bunn, mother of the lessee of Drury-lane and Covent-garden—Feb. 28th, at Brussels, the Right Hon. Lady Charlotte Adelaide Constance Fitzgerald—Mar. 17th, at Mecklenburg square, Robert Barron, Esq., aged 62—Mar. 12th, at Wiesbaden, Eliza, wife of Captain Gardiner—Mar. 16th, Daniel Capel, Esq., late Captain of the 14th Light Dragoons, third son of the late W. Capel, Esq., of Prestbury-house, near Cheltenham—Mar. 19th, at Westhorpe, near Southwell, Notts, Charlotte Anne, only daughter of R. Warrand, Esq., aged one year and ten months.

THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE
AND
MUSEUM



OF THE BELLES-LETTRES, FINE ARTS, MUSIC, DRAMA, FASHIONS, &c.

IMPROVED SERIES, ENLARGED.

JUNE, 1834.

MEMOIR OF JANE SEYMOUR, THIRD QUEEN OF HENRY VIII.

Illustrated by a beautifully coloured whole length portrait after Holbein.

THE personal history of Jane Seymour is little known, nor was there a single action of her life recorded that appeared to spring from her own free will. Authors are profuse in epithets of panegyric on this lady; and we find in the annals of her times she is called *the gentle, the mild, and the excellent Jane Seymour*. Few readers of history pause to ask themselves the question—wherefore? She was certainly a woman of a quiet temper, and as there is so little known of her early youth, she was most likely of a disposition exceedingly retired. That she had great beauty is a self-evident truth, of which Holbein's portrait bears ample testimony; and though beauty and temper are desirable qualities in woman, yet there requires something more estimable than either, to justify the praises with which historians have loaded the memory of this queen—the very historians who cannot avoid bearing witness to the somewhat astounding facts, that sweet, placid, smiling Jane Seymour first stole the heart of her friend's husband, who falsely accused, and thereby caused to be immolated, the wife of his bosom, that her place might be filled by the beauteous Lady Jane; and that this fair one married the murderer the very day after the death of his victim without any outward show of reluctance. In this case the most *charitable* inference that can be drawn is, that though a party concerned in the perpetration of atrocious evil, she was but a passive agent in it. Such a character deserves to be pitied, but surely not to be praised: for if there is no positive evidence

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that Jane Seymour, independently and of her own will, did harm, there is not a shadow of proof that she ever did, or intended to do, any good. Those who read history may wonder why the writers of it unanimously join in commending this woman's character; but the question is easily solved. The Seymours were the leaders of the protestant party, which was then and has been ever since triumphant: the leaders of any party will meet with partisans, even if guilty of very startling acts. Jane Seymour was the mother, though dead, of the heir-apparent in the most servile era that England ever knew. The flattering writers of the times be-praised the memory of the sultana-mother that had borne the despot Henry a living son; and modern historians have, with their usual parrot-like imitativeness, copied the phrases of their interested predecessors, wholly blind to the fact, that this mild-tempered beauty was a passive adulteress and murderess. Had she not slyly listened to the wooing of a married man, the husband of her benefactress, the blood of Anna Boleyn* perhaps would not have been shed; at least she would not have been, as in our eyes and the eye of the thinking world, the ostensible cause of so dreadful a brutality. Would not a good woman have asked herself, when she saw the increase of the king's passion—What is to be the end of this?

"The dial spake not, but it made shrewd signs,
And pointed full upon the stroke of murder."

* See the portrait and memoir of this unfortunate queen in the No. for September, 1833.

Are we too severe upon this lady, by thus divesting her of the ancient trappings of renown that she has worn undisturbed for ages? Surely not: for if in the eyes of woman the rule of right is to be perverted by the false lights of a political influence, how is upright conduct to be appreciated, or where on earth to be found? There is a woe, and a bitter one, denounced against those who call good evil, and evil good. The sixteenth century abounded with examples of glorious resistance to evil effected by female virtue; and let us not place the passively wicked Jane Seymour on the same historical pedestal as the nobly independent Jane Grey, or the suffering Anne Askew. Neither let us scruple to visit with just abhorrence that adultery of the mind, which caused Jane Seymour to be wooed and won while Henry's wife was living; since short time for courting there was between Anna Boleyn's dying and Jane Seymour's wedding day: for the former occurred on the 19th, and the latter on the 20th of May, 1536. Henry was married to Jane Seymour at Wolfhall, in Wiltshire: a fact scarcely mentioned in history. He was thus absent from the metropolis at the time of Anna Boleyn's execution; so that humanity was spared the outrage of seeing the wedding and murder going on in the same vicinity on two succeeding days. Henry paid Jane the compliment of marrying her at her family residence.

The family of St. Maur, or St. Martha, now called Seymour, came originally from a town of the same name in Normandy. Their ancestor followed the fortunes of William the Conqueror, and shared in his success. We find this notice in Camden, in his account of Monmouthshire:—"Not far from Caldecot are Woundy and Penhow, the seats of the illustrious family of St. Maur, now corruptly called Seymour. About the year 1240, Gilbert Marshall, Earl of Pembroke, aided William St. Maur to wrest Woundy from the Welsh; and St. Maur kept possession by the law of the strongest. The Seymours in the next century increased their consequence by marrying an heiress of one of the branches of the illustrious family of the Beauchamps."

Mistress Jane Seymour, as she is called in chronicle, was the third daughter of Sir John Seymour, of Wolfhall, in Wiltshire, and his wife Elizabeth, daughter of Henry Wentworth, of Nettlested, in Suf-

folk: her father, previous to her elevation, held the situation of governor of Bristol Castle.

The first occurrence known with any certainty of this lady is that she was one of the maids of honour to Anna Boleyn; and as it is said that the friendship of these ladies was of long continuance, it is probable that this attendance commenced before the marriage of Anna, since we find she had other ladies of as good a family as the Seymours in her household while the divorce was pending, and Anna held the chains of the fickle king's fancy. At this time Jane Seymour was her favourite friend, and, if we may judge from Holbein's pictures, nearly the same age with her unfortunate mistress.

That Anna Boleyn was a zealous protestant is well known; and with the ardour and energy of her decisive character, she laboured to convert all around her to the protestant faith, and from her Jane Seymour received the first principles of protestantism. It is to be feared that both the friends were partisans of a fierce controversy, rather than true disciples of the pure reformed religion. Had the faith of either reached as far as conscience, Anna would have shrunk with horror from the passion of the king, the husband of the virtuous Catherine; while Jane in her turn would not have received the king's adulterous addresses, with the further aggravation that he was the husband of her benefactress, the friend of her youth. The religion of each must have been self-ended, or it would have produced purer conduct. These ladies, then, instead of being regarded as the pillars and promoters of our church, are, if tried by the inflexible rule of right and wrong, its shame and reproach; for they made religion a party to their own selfish views. Reformation must per force have taken place in England about that era; and it is the worst sorrow of the Church of England, that catholicism received its first blow from the vile passions of Henry VIII. Conscientious protestants mourned it then—they mourn it now, and with deep reason; for the abuses that Henry's wickedness interwove with the Reformation, are the excuses which the enemies of the Church of England ever plead in order to effect her destruction.

We have said that Anna Boleyn was an active agent in obtaining protestant

Memoir of Jane Seymour, Third Queen of Henry VIII.

converts, and one little anecdote will show that in her own household she left nothing undone which could promote the work of controversy. It is related by Strype. During the time of Henry's courtship of Anna Boleyn, while the divorce was pending, Anna was attended with little less than royal state. Among the ladies of her retinue there was a fair young gentlewoman named Gaynsford; and her equerry was George Zouch, a young gentleman of noble lineage; between these two some affection presently sprang up, and in the course of their "love tricks," George one day snatched a book from the hands of Mistress Gaynsford, who was busily reading instead of attending to him. It was a book that her mistress Anna Boleyn had lent her, strictly charging her to read it in order to complete her conversion to the protestant faith. This book was one of Tindal's forbidden works, which Wolsey had carefully concealed from the king; and he had taken measures, in the unsettled state of his mind in regard to religion, that Henry should never see it. George Zouch kept the book from Mrs. Gaynsford, in order that it might never engage her attention from him: again the young lady with tears and prayers begged him to restore it to her, but as George liked to be implored by her he loved, he remained perversely obstinate, and kept it to tease her. One day when he was at service in the King's chapel, he took it into his head to read the book of his beloved, and was entirely captivated with the style. The dean of the chapel, desirous to see what the young gentleman was perusing with so much attention, snatched it out of his hand, and finding that it was the forbidden protestant book, he carried it to Cardinal Wolsey. Meantime Anna Boleyn questioned the young lady respecting the book she had lent her, whereupon the girl, terrified at the loss of a book of so much consequence, fell on her knees, and confessed that her lover had stolen it, and tormented her by keeping it from her. Anna Boleyn sent for the culprit, and inquired into the matter; and when she heard the fate of her book, she was not angry with the young lovers; "but," said she, "it shall be the dearest book that ever dean or cardinal took away." Then hastening to the king, she entreated that Henry would interpose to recover the stolen volume; a request with which the monarch

instantly complied. The first use Anna Boleyn made of her restored treasure was, to entreat the king to read it; the king complied, and said that "it was fit for him and all kings to read." The perusal of this book is supposed to have settled Henry's wavering mind, in regard to the great change that followed.

From this circumstance may be gathered, that the active mind of Anna Boleyn was constantly employed in converting all around her to the protestant doctrines; and to her may be traced the conversion of Jane Seymour, who succeeded her unhappy mistress as head of the protestant party, which was necessarily the political as well as religious faith of the Seymour family, seeing that it was opposed to the catholic, who considered the Princess Mary as rightful heiress to the crown. When Queen Anna Boleyn lost her boy by a premature confinement, it is said that the accident was occasioned by the bitter grief the queen felt at witnessing the attentions that the king paid to her friend Jane Seymour, whereby she well knew that she had lost his tickle heart. Unfortunately the king had constantly the opportunity of beholding the dangerous beauty of Jane in the intimate intercourse of private life, owing to the affection that Anna ever cherished for her, which caused her to have her insidious rival ever near her. Jane Seymour was the court beauty, though very little younger than Anna Boleyn, having seen only her thirtieth year. It is already mentioned that Jane Seymour espoused the king the very day after the murder of her friend.* In the eyes of some this may not appear a degree more atrocious than Anna Boleyn's conduct to the admirable Queen Catherine, whom she supplanted; but it must be remembered that there were no ties of early love between them: they had never taken "sweet counsel together, or been familiar friends."

The Seymours were a *climbing* family; and Queen Jane, and her celebrated brothers, sacrificed every kindly feeling of the heart to ambition: for Jane the queen, Thomas the lord high admiral, and Edward duke of Somerset and Protector, fell in turn miserable victims to their pride of place.

* At Wolfhall, her father's seat, in Wiltshire, whither Henry went during the execution of Anna Boleyn.

Jane Seymour enjoyed the throne of her wretched friend little more than a year. Her advancement opened an extraordinary career of honours to her handsome aspiring brothers. Whatever was done in the political world was effected by them; the queen remained a quiet cipher; and the only circumstance recorded of her is, that, in company with Henry, she once rode across the Thames from Westminster to Greenwich, when it was frozen over in 1537.

On the 12th of October, 1537, she gave birth to the long-desired heir to the English throne. To aggravate the imputation of brutality justly affixed to the conduct of Henry on many occasions, some writers have assigned as the cause of Jane Seymour's death, the anxiety of Henry to save his child, and that he mercilessly commanded that the wretched mother should be sacrificed for the well-being of the infant. Such were the reports of the day: though they were attributed to the calumnies of the papists, such conduct was but too like the monster, and is corroborated by the death of the unfortunate lady. The birth of Edward VI. and the death of his mother took place at Hampton Court—that magnificent palace which the rapacious king had a few years before wrested from Cardinal Wolsey, and he himself newly fixed his residence therein.

The infant prince was born on the morning of the vigil of St. Edward; and this young professor of protestantism was named after one of the most catholic saints in the calendar, Edward the Confessor, who was likewise considered as his patron saint. His birth was hailed with great rejoicings by the populace. The baptismal service was performed on the day of the infant's birth, apparently after the catholic ritual, in the chapel of Hampton Palace; and to make the scene more extraordinary, Archbishop Cranmer and the catholic Duke of Norfolk stood godfathers to the infant; and his sister the Lady Mary, afterwards the queen, of persecuting memory, answered as godmother to her baby brother, holding him in her arms during the service, and perhaps wishing all the time to strangle him. The font, which was of silver, was guarded by Sir John Russell, Sir Francis Brian, Sir Nicholas Carewe, and Sir Anthony Brown, in aprons, with towels about their shoulders. And figuring in this ceremony we find the

wretched father of Anna Boleyn, Sir Thomas Boleyn, Earl of Wiltshire, who bore a great wax taper, and wore a towel about his neck.* The Princess Elizabeth, then an infant not three years old, was carried by Edward Seymour, the brother of the dying Queen Jane. The office of the little princess was to bear the chrysm, the white robe in which infants that are baptised are enveloped, according to the catholic ceremonial. The Marchioness of Exeter followed with the child, which she held till it was transferred to the godmother. When the ceremony had been performed, and the gifts offered at the font, the unconscious infant was borne in state to the apartment of the queen, to receive the blessing of its dying mother.

After lingering in great agony about thirty-six hours, Jane Seymour expired, Oct. 14, 1537.

The next ceremony that occupied the attention of the court was her funeral, which was performed with the utmost splendour. The order for the interment is dated the 29th of October, at the Herald's-office, where she is designated "most high, most excellent, and most Christian princess." Unlike her unhappy predecessor Anna Boleyn, she was not hurried to an obscure grave, but conveyed with great pomp to Windsor, and buried in the middle of the choir of the chapel of St. George. At St. Paul's, and at every parish church in London, masses and dirges were performed for this protestant lady after the catholic ritual. The king still wore mourning for her when he kept Christmas at Greenwich, nor did the court change this mournful garb till after Candlemas-day following. It is singular to remark, that the Princess Mary officiated at the funeral of her protestant mother-in-law, as well as at the baptism of her brother. Indeed, there seems to have been between these ladies an extraordinary intimacy, perhaps as much induced by Mary's hatred of Anna Boleyn, as by the pliable expediency of Jane's disposition, which

* The next day the Earl of Wiltshire was summoned to surrender all his places at court to the new favourites, Edward and Thomas Seymour; he had clung to his preferment till that hour. Six months afterwards, he died broken-hearted at Blickling-hall, Norfolk, not for the loss of his gallant heir, George Boleyn, Viscount Rochford, or the tragical fate of his daughter Queen Anna, but owing to his own disgrace at court.

appears truly of that smooth unfeeling quality that courtiers of either sex are known to possess in a peculiar degree. Jane Seymour was the only one out of all Henry's wives whose memory received the marks of respect that are usually paid (out of decency at least) by widowers: nay, he carried his regard so far, as to remain unwedded two whole years, declaring that Queen Jane had been so loving, dutiful, and meek a spouse, that he felt no inclination to wed immediately, although he had received very good offers. Lord Herbert declares Jane Seymour to have been the discreetest, fairest, and humblest of all Henry's wives!! Henry left in his will that he was to be buried at Windsor, by the side of the mother of his heir. He had erected there a monument for himself and his wife,

which was never wholly completed, owing to the state of exhaustion in which he had left his treasury; and during the civil wars it was pulled down, and sold for the value of the brass. *The coffins of Henry and Jane Seymour were discovered in the choir, when Charles I. was buried, and more recently, during the search that George IV., when Regent, made for the burial-place of Charles I.*

Southey, in his funeral song for the Princess Charlotte, which certainly is the finest poem that has been written by any laureate on any subject belonging to his peculiar vocation, thus alludes to the grave of Jane Seymour at Windsor, and draws withal a brief and spirited sketch of the evil doings of her detestable husband:—

Henry, too, hath here his part,
At the gentle Seymour's side;
With his best beloved bride,
Cold and quiet here are laid
The ashes of that fiery heart.
No with his tyrannic spirit,
Shall our Charlotte's soul inherit.
No, by Fisher's hoary head;
By More, the learned and the good;
By Catherine's wrongs and Boleyn's blood;
By the life so basely shed
Of the pride of Norfolk's line,
By the axe so often red,
By the fire with martyrs fed;
Hateful Henry not with thee,
May her happy spirit be!

DESCRIPTION OF THE PORTRAIT.

The chaperon is of black velvet, faced with fawn-coloured velvet, barred with gold; the point behind does not hang down as in the portrait of Anna Boleyn, but a fold of the velvet falls on the right shoulder like a lappet; the border of the head dress is a five-cornered frame of gold, studded with pearls; there are two cross folds of fawn-coloured gauze next the forehead. The dress is a superb robe of crimson velvet, with a square corsage, bordered with gold and pearls set in twos. The *rebras* sleeves are exceedingly graceful in form, they give a very fine fall to the shoulders; they are of fawn-coloured figured plush, or velvet. The under sleeves are of the same material with the dress; they fit close to the arm, but are slashed at the wrist. The skirt of the dress is cut with a train; and robing back, faced with fawn-coloured velvet like the sleeves, it shows a white figured damask petticoat, bordered with gold. The jewels are a necklace of pearls, and

a magnificent owche of emeralds on the chest, from which depend three pear pearls. The cordeliere is of pearls, and emerald medallions of wrought gold, finishing with a rich ornament of emeralds set in gold, and a pear pearl drop. The gloves are of tanned leather, worked and cuffed with gold. It appears that Jane Seymour did not alter the taste in dress introduced by the unfortunate Anna Boleyn, since there is an apparent likeness in general fashion to the costume of Anna Boleyn, although the dress is still richer and the materials more costly. The satins and velvets of that era were of surprising beauty and durability: they were exceedingly expensive, and the European courts were supplied with them from Venice and Genoa; and these cities chiefly imported them from the coast as articles of commerce, although some were manufactured by them.

Jane Seymour, third queen of Henry VIII., King of England, married 1536—died 1537.

THE CHILD'S EVENING KISS.

BY MRS. COCKLE.

Is it not Heaven's own seal of purity,
That last, sweet, Baby Kiss? that infant claim,
In struggling fondness urged with asking eye,
All playful lifted at a *Mother's* name.

Yes! 'tis the sacred stamp of cherub peace,
Half Angel in its sweetness,—impress pure
Of Paradise in its young happiness,
Ere forfeit bliss had taught us to endure.

Blest symbol too of Him, their guardian guide,
Who, own'd of these, his *Heavenly* Kingdom made;
And one cold cup to them in peace supplied,
Should prove the passport to celestial aid.

Springs not each feeling of the Mother's breast,
The sacred impulse of a happier sphere?
As in communion with some heavenly guest,
Who looks from higher realms approving here.

Whilst Cherub Forms, their high commission giv'n,
Have sanctified that Evening Kiss, and bend,
Waiting each infant orison to Heav'n,
To Him—their *Father—Guardian—Guide, and Friend.*

ELLEN NEWTON.

A TALE.

"A goddess! but a goddess who descends
To make her human mate immortal with her love!"

But fairer, fairer still,
When the dark clouds spread o'er our shining life,
In sickness, and in sorrow, and in toil—
When by the suffering couch she sweetly tends,
With step that yields no sound, and eye that claims no sleep,
Deeming devotion duty. Beauteous being,
Who shares our grief, and, sharing, soothes the pang:
For then man feels, mid all his misery,
Bliss still remains with such a ministrant."

D'Israeli's the Younger's Revolutionary Epic.

The last rays of an autumnal sun had shed their beautiful crimson glow over the face of nature, brightening up some far-off steeple, or tinging the waters of the river with its purple dye, which every now and then peeped out as it meandered through the green fields and sleeping woods, making the scene look like fairy land. Daylight, fast departing, appeared to the eye to flap its wings, like a bird as it flutters its distant flight, when Ellen Newton, seated on the bedside of her sick mother, looked first upon the lovely landscape, then upon the pallid face of the invalid; and she thought how like were the spirit and the day—both quivering to depart; both irradiated with a light so

transcendent, that it seemed the hue of some better world.

The sun sank behind the hills, and each little star began to trim its slumbering lamp, when the sick mother, turning, said, "Ellen, my dear child! did you see yon sun sink to rest? I know you did. I saw you watching it, and you thought I should never behold its light again."

"Oh, no! dear mother; I hope you will live to see many, many suns rise and set." "But there was a fervour in the manner in which Ellen pronounced the word *hope*, which too plainly told it was but a forlorn one.

"Ellen, you are a good, affectionate

girl," said Mrs. Newton, "and you wish to buoy up my spirits, but I feel that within me which says I shall never more see its beams in this world, but I trust I shall in a better. Oh! Ellen, though I am trembling on the brink of the grave, I feel a joy I never experienced before; for I am going from a clime of sorrow to that far-off happy land, whence no traveller returns; there, I shall meet my dear relations, my children, my Saviour, and never, never be torn away from them."

"Dear mother, you must not distress or ruffle yourself by talking of these things; the doctor says you must keep quiet, and you will yet recover."

"Never!" ejaculated the dying woman; "and it cannot distress me to talk about heaven, my future home, where I shall be so happy. All smiles—no tears can flow there; and you, Ellen, will soon join me, if you live a life of virtue and love to God. Oh! never, for the sake of a little comfort here, or because of the frowns of the world, forget your duty to him. Pray to him, and trust in him, and he will lead you through all dangers. E'en though you walk through the valley of the shadow of death, you need fear no evil, for he will be with you, his rod and his staff, they will comfort you. I have seen the sun set once more, and now, like him, I will lie down and try to sleep, for I feel exhausted and very faint."

As Ellen removed the pillows which propped her mother on the bed, the tears fell fast down her cheek; but the room being now nearly dark, the invalid did not observe them—she only wondered why her gentle nurse was so silent.

Long did the warm-hearted girl watch by the bedside of her parent. The time for taking her medicine was past, but as she appeared to sleep, Ellen feared to disturb her. The deep tone of the village clock was striking the hour of two, when the sick woman roused herself, and said, "Ellen, will you tell your father I wish to see him? I cannot now last long,—the film of death is coming over my eyes."

Ellen left the room in search of her father, whom she found in the next apartment anxiously waiting to hear how his wife was. When they reached the bedside of the invalid, they found her evidently drawing near the close of her pilgrimage. A deep stupor had come upon her, so that she seemed quite un-

conscious. After a little, she recovered sufficiently to discern who were in the room, and exclaimed, "Oh, my husband! I shall soon be taken from you, but do not grieve for me, I shall be very, very happy, Henry; only mind and follow me; let us meet in heaven, and spend a blissful immortality together; and my child, my child! you, too, shall come, and then we will sing in sweet union the praises of our God; but you must tread in the paths of religion, if you wish this to be the case; and I charge you, Ellen, that unless Edward Connorly forsake his former habits, and live an upright life, you never give your hand to him; but if—if—he reform—' convulsive shudders began to shake the poor sufferer's frame, "you—you may—you may," she gasped. One deep groan, and her spirit had winged its flight to heaven.

We pass over the anguish naturally felt on such an occasion for one much beloved. Mr. Newton now found his only consolation in his daughter Ellen, and she well repaid her father's love; but it was with great anxiety he, day by day, witnessed the rosy blush of her cheeks giving way to the pale hue of the lily; and her whole frame gradually wasting away, occasioned by her unremitting care of her late mother. For weeks she had tended her couch, many nights without tasting the sweet refreshment of sleep. O! how deep! how lasting is woman's love. When even the stern brow of man sinks under misfortunes, her spirit will bear him up and sooth his care. It is in the sick room—in the prison—on the bed of death—when all consolation seems to cease; that woman hovers near to support and to succour, like an angel sent from heaven. Oh, reader, if you have ever felt what it is to be loved by a dear, a virtuous woman, you have drunk of the honied waters which flow from the springs of Paradise.

Ellen became daily more languid; and Mr. Newton determined upon trying whether change of scene and the bracing air of the sea-side would again restore her to health. They fixed upon the pretty town of H—, from its being warm beneath the cliffs, and the hills possessing all that was needed of an invigorating atmosphere. In about a fortnight they were comfortably ensconced in a neat little cottage. It was so near the beach, that in the winter the waves came

within a few yards of the door, and at spring-tides were even rude enough to enter without invitation. The change soon made a visible difference in Ellen's health, and, in a short time, she was sufficiently well to enjoy a walk upon the sands; and, occasionally, to take a sail. Often would she gaze upon the fine extensive views from the Downs; but still the beach was her favourite, for there she could look upon the sea, and think of one far away, rocked on its briny breast, on whom three summer suns had shone since she had seen him; and she would often fondly build a bower of happiness yet to come; or mournfully weave a cypress wreath to bind her youthful brow.

One evening when taking her accustomed walk, with a little book of poems for her companion, she found she had strolled so far from the village, that the shades of night were fast gathering around her, and that she could hardly regain the house before it was quite dark. Ellen turned to hurry home, when close upon the track she perceived a group of men, busily employed, conveying a quantity of small packages from a long low boat which had crept so noiselessly and close to the shore that she had not seen or heard it until that moment. Her curiosity was excited to know what they could be doing, for there was no ship in the offing from which they could have come. Gazing upon them, yet still hurrying on, a pistol was fired from the cliff, and before its tones had ceased to echo from hill to hill, three men came winding down from the heights by an untrodden and dangerous path. Their appearance caused an evident sensation among the sailors: they stopped, then worked with greater fury to get the goods they had taken from the vessel back again. By this time the three men had gained the beach in safety, and Ellen could plainly perceive they were dressed in the uniform of revenue officers. She dreaded the meeting between men of such desperate character, and as they were still some little distance a-head, and appeared not to have noticed her, trembling with fear, she determined to conceal herself behind some of the jutting pieces of cliff, which the storm had rent from its breast, where she could see the movements of the parties without attracting attention. The preventive-men advanced until within a few yards of the boat, when they stopped, and she could hear them

demand of the sailors what they had in their vessel.

"What's that to you, you land-shark?—mind your own business," cried one of the suspicious party who seemed to take the lead.

"But it is our business to know what is in your boat, and where you brought it from," retorted the preventive-man; "and in the king's name we command you to inform us immediately, or we must proceed to take it by force."

"That you shall never do," said the sailor, "while I have breath in my body!—come, ho-a-hoa, my boys; shove her off!" cried he to his comrades; "let's show these lubbers the way to answer an uncivil question."

The men had no sooner put their brawny shoulders to the stern of the boat, than the coast-guard rushed upon them, and a dreadful struggle ensued; they would soon have been overcome by the superior number of their opponents, had not the alarm of the pistol brought a body of men from the station-house, at about a-quarter of a mile up the beach. The smugglers perceiving this reinforcement, lent all their energies to shove the boat off from the shore, and getting her fairly afloat, the men jumped in, and were full two cables length at sea before the new comers reached the spot. One of the preventive-men lay bleeding upon the sand, dreadfully wounded, and the smugglers had left one of their own comrades behind upon the beach. First of all, firing their pistols after the fugitives, who were already too far off for their shots to take effect, the preventive-men next secured their prisoner, who offered no resistance; then they picked up their wounded man, and across their shoulders conveyed him to the station-house. All that we have related occupied but a short time in action. Ellen had witnessed the conflict, and with the timidity of one unaccustomed to the sight of blood, and the sound of brutal oaths, had nearly fainted; she had seen the rough faces of both the parties, excepting the countenance of one tall young man, who, standing with his back to her, leant upon the gunwale of the boat, appearing to take no interest in the struggle; this she thought was the one who had been left behind; it seemed strange that he should not have endeavoured to save himself. As soon as the coast was quite clear, the fearful girl

shrunk from her hiding-place, hurried home as fast as her trembling limbs would carry her, and arrived at the cottage just as Mr. Newton, with anxious fears depicted in his countenance, was going out in search of his lost daughter.

"How now, my dear?—where have you been all this time?" cried the nervous parent; "I was just hastening to look for you. But oh, how pale you look!—what,—what is the matter?"

Ellen sunk down into a chair, unable to answer.

"La, bless you, sir! she be seen a hobgoblin. 'pend on't," said the servant-woman, as she untied her young mistress's bonnet, and tried to restore her to life by the effluvia from an old-fashioned smelling-bottle. "They be very common in these 'ere parts: there were Betty Fenning nearly tumbled over the cliff at sight of un, which turned out to be a donkey's ears which twiddled in the moon; and Johnny Tutt, too, he see the ghost of his great-grandmother, who used to tell fortunes here; poor fallar, he com'd home to his wife quite purrified."

"Hush, hush! be silent, woman," said Mr. Newton; "she is now coming to herself a little, and will soon be able to tell her own story without your assistance."

When Ellen was sufficiently recovered she related to her father all that had passed; and, after receiving an injunction from him never to wander again so far from home, they retired to rest.

The next morning, while sitting at breakfast, Mr. Newton sent his man to learn the name of the unfortunate prisoner, and any particulars which might have been extracted from him. When the man had returned he was sent for into the parlour to relate the news.

"Well, John," said Mr. Newton, "what's his name?"

"Edward Con—Coner."

"Edward Connerly!" exclaimed Mr. Newton and his daughter at the same moment: "impossible!"

"Well, sir, I doant know; it aren't for me to contradic my betters, but if it arn't Edward Connerly, or Connorby, or some such ere name, may I never kiss Joan again."

"Well, well! never mind, my good man. Depend on it, Ellen, he has made some mistake," said Mr. Newton, turn-

ing to his daughter. But Ellen had gone: as soon as she had heard the name of Connerly she had rushed out of the room.

"They say it be the one which fired the pistol at the preventif-man," continued John, "who be badly wounded, and they hardly think will get the better on't."

"Indeed," said Mr. Newton, trying to hide his emotion; "but don't let's hear any thing more about it, John. You may go now."

The affectionate father instantly sought his daughter, whom he found in her own room in violent hysterics. It was now evident to him that his daughter was deeply attached to Connerly, and he could not prevent a sigh escaping from his bosom. "I will leave her till she is more calm," he said to the servant who attended her, and quitted the room.

The next day found Ellen very low in spirits, but yet resigned. "Father," she said, "you do not, cannot believe that Edward is guilty. I am sure you cannot, for I will swear to you that I saw it all. It was not he—he did not stir. Oh! would to God I had known it had been he, for then I might have saved him from the imputation of so horrible a crime."

The prisoner was removed from the village of H—— to W—— gaol, to take his trial for murder. Thither did Mr. Newton and his daughter repair, and as the assizes were then on, they had not long to wait for the awful day; but however short the time, it appeared to Connerly and his unknown friends to fly on leaden wings.

The day at length arrived, and the parent and his child early took their seats in the hall of justice. The court was already nearly full, so deep was the interest for the fate of the unhappy man. Many a hardy, sun-burnt seaman's countenance might be seen among the crowd, eager to hear the lot of a brother tar; and many a rosy-faced blue-eyed girl, whose charms were heightened only by her plain country garb, had come to see the handsome sailor.

The judge, having taken his seat, read over the indictment, and put the question of "guilty or not guilty," to which the prisoner returned, in an unaltering voice, "not guilty." The trial was then proceeded in by the learned counsel who

appeared on behalf of the crown, concisely stating the facts of the encounter on the beach, calling the jury's attention to the most prominent features against the prisoner, and winding up by saying, "the wounded man has since died, from the effects of a ball which entered the right side of his neck, the side on which the prisoner was standing; and on the sand at his feet were found two pistols—one had been discharged, and the powder of the other was wet. The unfortunate man's last words were, 'that is the man who has brought me to this.' I think the case is clear, for, independently of the crime of murder, the prisoner's life is forfeited for five years to the king for smuggling. If crimes of this kind are allowed to escape without punishment, we shall never be safe in our homes, the duties of the customs will never be collected." The learned counsel, before sitting down, called Henry Johnson and William Paine, who both bore witness as to the identity of the prisoner, but were unable to state whether he was the person who shot the preventive-man or not.

The judge then rose and addressed the prisoner:—"Edward Connerly, you have heard the charge brought against you by my learned brother. The circumstantial evidence of the case appears to be much against you. You know the awful sentence which, if found guilty, will be pronounced. Have you any thing to say?"

The prisoner for a moment or two covered his face with his hands, his whole frame shook—a desperate struggle was going on within. He took his hands away, all trace of suffering and fear had vanished, and, confronting the judge with a steady look, he said,—“My lord judge, and fellow-countrymen, I am a sailor; I had been for nearly three years in the hot regions of the east; my burnt brow can well attest it has not received its hue from the fickle rays of England's suns. I sighed to see my native shores again. I longed to see once more that fair girl whom I had left as pure as the mountain snow, yet warm-hearted as the noontide breeze. Was it not natural I should wish to see such objects again? A vessel was in port, called *La Belle Matilde*, whose captain had died of a malignant fever then raging in Calcutta, and I agreed to navigate her home. After a continuance of favourable gales,

we arrived in the Channel, when, as if my mother country were angry to see her son return, the wind arose and howled around my helpless bark. I had no pilot on board; it thickened to a storm. In vain were cables put out, they snapped like twigs from the grasp of a falling man. A cry of horror arose—the vessel had struck, and the water was fast pouring in through the gaping planks. Death stared us in the face; some men drank and swore their senses away; others, upon their bended knees, sought for succour from Heaven. But every effort was fruitless; one dreadful sea parted the vessel in two, and we were launched into the foaming waves—some to enter an unknown world with curses on their lips. Lashed to a spar for nearly two hours, I felt the briny water wash over me; and yet no sound of human voice was near, save now and then the last gasp of some fellow-being as he sank to rise no more. My senses were going—I could no longer see. Methought I lay upon a downy bed, in a garden of flowers, lulled to sleep by the soft music of beautiful girls who flitted around me. I know no more till, as if disturbed from a pleasant dream, I awoke, and saw a dark-featured man standing over me, endeavouring to pour some brandy down my throat. I was in the boat of the smugglers. I asked them not who they were, but thanked them for my life. Oh! who can repay such a debt as this? and yet now you would take away from me that which you can never give again. But to return:—being a little recovered, I began to look around me, and saw that the boat was filled with tubs of spirits; I guessed immediately the character of my deliverers. We neared the shore; my native hills rose plainer and plainer upon my sight; the boat grounded—we were on the beach. I jumped out, but being still faint, stood for support with my back against the stern of the boat. The scuffle between the preventive-men and my preservers is true; but as I stand here before Almighty God, I never lifted my hand. I was then taken to the station-house, and from thence conducted hither, to answer for crimes I never committed.”

“But,” interrupted the counsel, “how do you explain the pistols being found at your feet?”

“I had a brace of pistols upon my person when the ship was wrecked, and

my position afterwards can easily account for their being wet."

"How came one of them to be unloaded?"

"I cannot tell; but, hanging as I do upon the brink of an eternal world, I attest again that I am innocent."

"Have you any witnesses to bring forward to prove the truth of what you have affirmed? Have you any that can speak as to the first part of your improbable story?"

"No; alas! none. I left my country in disgrace, and I now know not where to find that affectionate girl from whom I was torn away to visit foreign climes; and as to witnesses of my conduct on the coast, there were none save the smugglers, who have gone no one knows whither—perhaps have perished in the sea,—the two men who appear against me, and the unsleeping eye of God: he saw my actions, and to him I trust my cause."

"Yes! yes, yes! there is—there is," cried a female voice among the crowd.—A buzzing stir went through the court at this interruption. The judge requested that the person might be brought forward and placed in the witness-box. A deep silence again reigned around, as an aged man brought forward a young and trembling girl, who leant upon his arm for support.

"Good God! it is she—it is Ellen!" articulated the prisoner as he stretched over the dock, with feelings of the deepest interest depicted in his countenance. His eyes were fixed upon her, and a light of hope and joy sparkled in his handsome features.

"He is innocent—he is innocent!" exclaimed the beautiful girl; and then, as if for the first time recollecting where she stood, a deep blush passed over her pallid face; but it soon disappeared, and she raised her large dark eyes to the judge, imploring mercy. "My lord, you cannot believe that he is guilty; no, no! I will tell you—I will tell you all," gasped the girl, and she stopped for breath. The whole court was gazing on her in admiration, for scarcely ever had they seen one so lovely as the form which then stood before them. Her face was of the true melancholy mould, shaded by the dark hair which hung down in simple negligence on either side; her nose was nearly Grecian; and her sparkling eyes

beamed with such brightness, that, were it not for their long silken lashes, man's eye could scarcely dare to look upon them; her mouth was small, with lips rather pouting, seeming as though sorrow were their cast, yet as if, like the opening leaves of a flower, they could burst into mirth; her figure was short and a little *embonpoint*; and as her rich voice sounded through the hall, defending the cause of one for whom there was already a rising sympathy in the hearts of those present, she appeared like some good spirit winged from the skies. "My lord," she continued, "I was walking, as is my wont at eve, upon the sands, when turning to retire home, I perceived the parties alluded to. In fear, I hid myself behind the jutting cliff, and saw all that passed. He never moved. He is not guilty."

"When were you first acquainted with the prisoner?" inquired the officer of the crown.

"Before he left his home I knew him well. He was my companion by the fire-side, and in the field. We grew up together like branches upon the same stem."

"Did you know the prisoner when upon the beach?"

"No," answered the heroic girl, "or I could have saved this mockery."

During this discourse, and while he gazed upon the fair girl, Connerly seemed as though new life had been poured into him. He drank in her words as the thirsty camel in the desert eagerly stretches out its neck to the stream. Ellen had avoided looking at him; at length their eyes met, and a still deeper glow suffused her cheek.

After a little further cross-examination, the judge inquired of the prisoner if he had any thing further to state.

"No, my lord," answered Connerly, "I leave my cause in the hands of Him who seeth all our actions, and who will protect the innocent."

The judge having briefly summed up the evidence of the case, the jury retired. In about an hour's time they returned. They believed not the prisoner's story, and, as he had no witnesses to prove his case, pronounced him guilty.

Having put on the black cap, the judge proceeded to pronounce the awful sentence. "Edward Connerly," he said, "you are found guilty, by a jury of twelve

of your countrymen, of the capital crime of murder; for which it is my sorrowful duty to sentence you to be hung by the neck, by the hands of the common hangman, until you are dead, and that your body be then given to the surgeons for dissection. I have requested a clergyman to visit you in your cell, and it is my prayer, young man, that you may be forgiven, and find mercy in the dreadful day." A hum of dissatisfaction ran through the court, and many a cheek that had known no tear for years, felt the wet drop trickle down its hardened furrows. But Ellen heard the sickening doom without seeming conscious. No sigh rose from her bosom, her eyes were fixed and glassy, the soul appeared to have departed and left the body but a moving form. Mr. Newton led his heart-broken daughter from the court to seek comfort in their home, from that which alone can bind the wounded breast—religion.

The second day after the trial was appointed for the execution; on the evening before, Ellen visited Edward in his cell. The turnkey let her in without speaking, making as little noise as possible. He locked the door, and the sound of his feet died away along the stone passage leading to the prison. There was no sound of human being near. "Edward," exclaimed the affectionate girl, "Edward, dear Edward," but no voice answered:—"was she then alone? had he escaped?" She listened attentively, and thought she heard a voice speaking in a whisper. The rays of the setting sun burst through the iron grating of the cell, and fell upon the face of Connerly. He was on his knees, his hands were clasped fervently together, and his eyes were lifted towards the light. He prayed. She heard him articulate her name, the dying words of her mother were in her thoughts, and she wept bitterly. The sound of her grief roused the suppliant, who hastily sprang up to chide the intruder on his devotions. The lingering sun was shining full on Ellen's brow. It was his own true love. For one moment they gazed, deprived of speech, then rushed into each other's arms.

"Oh, Ellen! Ellen! that we should meet thus," cried Connerly, "to meet, but to be severed, till we are joined again in the realms of bliss; to put the cup to our lips, but to have it dashed upon the

ground. But why do I talk thus? How can you love *me*? A traitor to my country! a murderer!"

"Edward, say not so. You are not guilty. You are innocent," sobbed the dark-eyed girl. For woman, when she truly loves, even though the object of her regard be stigmatised with the blackest names, believes no ill of the chosen object of her hopes: she loves, and loves for ever.

"Do you, can you think that I am innocent?" exclaimed Connerly: "then I am happy—I can die resigned."

The knocking of the gaoler at the door, told them their time was past, and they must part to meet no more on earth.

"Farewell, dear Ellen, farewell," articulated the prisoner, as he once more pressed the weeping girl to his heart; "you love me, and you believe me innocent; these thoughts will support—these assurances will comfort me. But for you, dearest Ellen, may your consolation be above; remember we shall meet there."

"I do love you, Edward, and I have a right to love you, for I have a dying mother's consent;" and she related to him the scene at the commencement of this story. When she had finished, she said, "Edward let us pray together, ere we part. We shall never pray together again."

The two lovers knelt down, and their supplications, their thanksgivings, and their praises, wafted by their mingling breaths, arose before the throne of God. Their tears fell fast upon the ground, but as they prayed, a peace, a calm the world can never give, stole through their minds. Beautiful beings. O! what a scene; two fond hearts before the altar, seeking a blessing from their heavenly Father. Their breasts are bare to him; he sees their faults, he knows their thoughts. They rise happier, much happier than they were before.

The turnkey had been waiting some time, but dared not interrupt such holy moments. As soon as they had ended, he came in and gently conveyed the almost fainting girl from the prison. The stately pillar had fallen to the ground, and left the ivy shivering alone; the ship had lost its towering masts, and floated careless down the stream; deprived of all for which she wished to live, of all she loved, poor Ellen Newton was like a

blossom plucked from its parent bough, but to wither and to die.

Early the next morning the streets around the gaol were thronged by the curious and sympathising inhabitants of W—, to witness the last moments of the smuggler. At the appointed hour the prisoner was conducted from his cell, and ascended the scaffold with a firm step; they were about to put the cap over his eyes, when he turned to the sheriff, and said, "May I be allowed to speak a few words before I am launched into eternity? It is but a small boon."

"You may," replied the officer.

"My countrymen, my fellow-beings," said Connerly, turning to the multitude, "you behold before you an unfortunate, but an innocent man. A few days ago I looked forward to bright years of happiness: my bark neared my native country, and all the fond imaginings of hours long gone by, flitted once more over my spirits; the voice of home, the sense of love, returned again; in fancy I bounded o'er the hills, or lay musing by some murmuring brook, thinking of nought but joy to come. How sad the change a few hours have wrought: now the dark clouds have gathered round my brow; I am condemned of horrid crimes I ne'er committed, for which in a few seconds I shall appear in an eternal world. The gulf will be crossed—I can ne'er return. May God in his mercy forgive my accusers. My time is short, very short; but before I depart for ever, let me do what good I can. Learn of me, then, not to lay your hopes, your treasures here below; the summer may glow with warmth, and the bright rays of the sun may kindly shine, but remember the hoar-frosts of winter will come, and then your treasure will be lost, your hopes blasted. The world is like a beauteous landscape, reflected in the water; the green fields, the dotted hills, the wavering foliage, the blue vault spangled o'er with silvery clouds, meet your eye; you think it is an Eden; a sense of joy runs through your veins at thought of having found so dear a spot, and hastening to taste its sweets, you fall upon the tide; the placid stream gives way beneath your weight, and you find, alas, too late, that all is cold and death below. Take then the advice of a dying man, and hoard not your brightest gems on earth, but place them in heaven, and all will be well. Farewell, my friends—

once more farewell!—Believe me, I am innocent—innocent!"

At a given signal the cap was over his eyes, the rope was round his neck, for the sheriff feared the people might rise and rescue the prisoner from his fate. For an awful moment they waited for the fall of the drop, a still calm reigned among the crowd, when a man from among them bounded on the scaffold, and with one fearful cut severed the cord. The platform descended, and with it the prisoner, unhurt. "Oh, short-sighted creatures," shouted the new-comer, in the hoarse tones of a seaman, "you would have destroyed the innocent, you would have committed murder. I—I alone, am the guilty one, the raging waves would not take my life—it was left for you. Is it not written 'whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed;' they dared not disobey their Maker. Let the guiltless go," continued he, casting off the cap, and removing the cord from the neck of the prisoner; and folding his arms, he gazed upon the astonished multitude.

A shout of joy rent the air at this happy deliverance, which was followed by a low sigh of woe, for the sailor who had thus boldly stepped forward was well known to most of those present, as Tom Page, commonly called Rap, a notorious and desperate smuggler.

After such an interruption, nothing more could at that time be done. Connerly and Page were both conducted back to the gaol, and on the next day the case was again brought forward, when it appeared that the statement of Connerly was correct, and Page was recognised by him as one of the boat's crew.

The story of Page is simply told. After they left the beach, the wind still blew a gale; the boat filled with water, and they were all cast adrift on the waves. His companions, no doubt, found a watery grave; he was picked up on the rocks at some distance from H—, and had not till the evening before the execution, heard that the innocent was about to suffer for the guilty. He immediately hastened to W—, and arrived just in time to save the life of Connerly. From Page's wild and romantic character he was well known to many of the noblemen and gentlemen residing in the neighbourhood, who interceded with the king on his behalf; and on account of his hav-

ing so honourably and freely offered his life to save that of a guiltless man, succeeded in getting the punishment of death mitigated to that of serving in his Majesty's navy for the remainder of his days, where his generous behaviour, and extreme bravery and fidelity, have caused his former crimes to be forgotten.

We need not say with what joy Ellen heard the sweet tidings of mercy; her young spirit rose once more from its bed of sorrow, like a drooping leaf refreshed with rain. Edward Connerly immediately joined the good old man and his affectionate daughter, and was welcomed by them as one from the grave. Congratulations were showered upon him from all sides; and in a few months the happy lover led the beautiful and blushing Ellen to the altar, as his bride: and for many years they lived in the little cottage on the sea-coast, where the greatest of human

miserly was turned into the extreme of human happiness. E. G.

[They PRAYED together in the prison, and time rolled on, and that *time* which was so spent, like the sun when it stood still that the work of the Lord might be performed, brought about a happy deliverance. Had they *parted* ere they had prayed together, the fatal cord might have been fastened, and the fatal beam have fallen ere the cord was *cut* in two: had their devoutness been less sincere, their piety less ardent, the heart of the gaoler might not have been softened to have granted them the indulgence of those few but auspicious moments of delay, and a death of ignominy would have sealed the doom of the one, and have entailed perpetual misery on the other; but the good work was wrought by a superintending Providence, by a process at once simple, intelligible, and just.]

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

If musing Melancholy ever chose
A holy spot to sooth her cherished woes,
'Twere surely here—in these immortal fanes,
Where heavenly solitude supremely reigns.
The world has many dire mutations seen,
But these old walls immutable have been;
Who can relate the changes *they* may see?
What mortal shall embrace futurity?
Can any learned seer—however wise,
Foretell *this* day what may the *next* arise?
And yet—perhaps—within these very walls,
Have deeds been done, at which the soul appals.

'Tis strange to think in what a narrow space,
Repose the ashes of a mighty race:
Methinks their awful shades before me stand,
As though they mingled with the living band:
And see—they move—in noiseless pomp along,
A chilling grandeur hangs o'er all the throng:
Princes and peers, by warrior monarchs led,
Like some unearthly coronation of the dead:
Poets, and priests, and mimic kings appear,
The hero and the actor both are here.
As one by one before me slowly pass,
I single forth from out the shadowy mass,
Chatham,—th' assertor of my country's right;
Chatham,—who died upholding Britain's might;
And Chatham's son—who sunk beneath *its* woes:
An early victim to the world's repose.

And strange to think how many pass this place,
The proud descendants of its mouldering race;
And lo!—in yonder dome assembled sit,
The modern stage of eloquence and wit;

And there the living light for ever shines:
Th' eternal phoenix of these holy shrines.
But late I listened to the matchless lore,
That gives the moral law to every shore:
And hailed with high applause the splendid theme,
The gifted language and the power supreme;
Of him, on whose divine, persuasive tongue,
The holy magic of conviction hung;
That fix'd the integrity of Britain's land,
When bloody Faction raised the severing hand,
And heard the mighty captain of the age,
Who sponged the bigot-blot from England's page;
Yet madly spurned the renovator's fame,
And gave to high renown—his great opponent's name.
Again—they speak—within the temple famed,
To-morrow—and their *deeds* may here be named.

And is it thus—that all must pass away,
The weak—the wise—the witty, and the gay:
That talent—beauty—fortune—love, and song,
To death's eternity—all—all belong.
For him whose soul hath yearned a deathless name,
And pawned its happiness for paltry fame,
Whether he seek renown in court or camp,
Or, pale with study, by the midnight lamp,
Or if for immortality he sigh,
In the sad bliss of holy poesy,
Here let him pause—and through the stealing tear,
Survey the frail mementoes treasured here.

TACT.

THE TWIN BROTHERS.

An Egyptian Tale, from my Great Grandfather's Portfolio.

Two twin brothers had fallen in love with the same woman, and she with them. The men and the women lived in different parts of the same *nome*,* and met accidentally at one of their great solemnities; it was at the feast of the Sun, which is kept twice a year, because their kingdom lies between the tropics, but more on this side of the line than the other. This situation is the occasion that they have

* *No-om*, or *Noon*, signifies, in the old Mezzoranean, or old Egyptian language, the house of the Sun. Their words are made up of monosyllables, put together like the Chinese, which is, amongst other reasons, why the Chinese ought to be looked upon as a colony of the Egyptians. The patriarch Joseph married the daughter of the priest of On, which several learned men say is the same with Heliopolis, or the city of the Sun. From *no* comes the Egyptian *nomes* or divisions of the country, which the great Bochart, in his *Plaleeg*, says is an Egyptian, not a Greek word, though *dynasty* is Greek, Bochart, lib. iv. c. 24. Hence very likely came the Nomades and Numidæ, from their wandering and frequently changing their habitation or *nomes*. The first and most ancient of all nations lived thus.

two springs and two summers. At the beginning of each spring there are great feasts in every *nome* in honour of the Sun; they are held in the open fields, in testimony of his being the immediate cause (in their opinion) of the production of all things. All the sacrifice they offer to him are five little pyramids of incense, according to the number of their *nomes*, placed on the altar in plates of gold till they take fire of themselves. Five young men and as many young women are deputed by the governors to perform the office of placing the pyramids of incense on the altar: they are clad in their span-gled robes of the colour of the *nome*, with crowns on their heads, marching up two by two—a man and a woman between two rows of young men and women, placed theatrewise one above another; and make the most beautiful show that eyes can behold. It happened that one of the twin brothers was deputed with the young lady that I am speaking of to make the first couple for the placing the incense

on the altar. They march up on different sides till they come to the altar : when they have placed the incense they salute each other and cross down, the men by the ranks of the women, and the women by the men, which they do with a wonderful grace, becoming such an august assembly. The design of this is to encourage a decorum in the carriage of the young people, and to give them a sight of each other in their greatest lustre. When the five couple have performed their ceremony, the other ranks come two by two to the altar, saluting each other, and crossing as before ; by which means the young people have an opportunity of seeing every man and woman of the whole company, though the placing of them is done by lot. If they have not any engagement before, they generally take the first liking to one another at such interviews ; and the woman's love and choice being what determines the marriage, without any view of interest, being, in fact, all equal in quality, the young gallants make it their business to gain the affections of the person they like by their future services. To prevent inconveniences of rivalry at the beginning, if the man be the person that the woman likes, he presents her with a flower just in the bud, which she takes and puts in her breast : if she is engaged before, she shows him one, to signify her engagement ; which, if in the bud only, shows that the courtship is gone no further than the first proposal and liking ; if half-blown, or the like, 'tis an emblem of further progress ; if full-blown, it signifies that her choice is determined, from which they can never recede,—that is, *she can change the man that presents it, but he cannot challenge her till she has worn it publicly.* If any dislike should happen after that, they are to be shut up, never to have a husband. If she has no engagement, but does not approve of the person, she makes him a low courtesy, with her eyes shut till he is gone away. The women, 'tis true, for all this, have some little coquetish arts, dissembling their affections now and then, but not often. If the man be engaged, he wears some favour or other to show it ; if he likes not the woman, he presents her with nothing ; if the woman should make some extraordinary advance, without any on his side, she has liberty to live a maid, or to be disposed of among the widows,

being looked upon as such : these, by-the-bye, marry none but widowers. But to return to the twins.—It happened that the brother who went with the lady to the altar, seeing she had no bud upon her breast, fell in love with her, and she with him. The awe of the ceremony hindered them from taking any further notice of each other at that time. As she went down the ranks, the other brother saw her, and fell in love with her likewise ; he contrives to meet her with a bud in his hand just as the ceremony ended, which she accepts of, taking him to be the person who had marched up with her to the altar ; but being obliged to go off with the other young ladies, whether the concern she had been in in performing the ceremony before such an illustrious assembly, or the heat of the weather, or the joy she conceived in finding their affections reciprocal, or all together, had such an effect, that she fell into a fainting fit among her companions, who, opening her bosom in haste, not minding the flower, it fell down, and was trod under foot. Just as she was recovered, the brother who performed the ceremony came up and presented his bud. She, thinking it had been that she had lost, received it with a look that showed he had made a greater progress in her affections than what that expressed. The laws not permitting any further conversation at that juncture, they retired to their respective habitations. Some time after, the brother who had the luck to present the first flower, whom for distinction I shall call the younger brother, as he really was, found a way to make her a visit by stealth at a grated window, which, be it observed, is publicly prohibited by the wise governors, but privately connived at to enhance their love. He came to her, and after some amorous conversation made bold to present her the more advanced mark of his affection, which she accepted, and gave him in return a scarf worked with hearts separated by little brambles, to show him there were some difficulties for him to overcome yet ; however, they gave one another mutual assurances of love, and he was permitted to profess himself her lover, without declaring her name, for some private reasons she had. Not long after the elder brother came, and procured an opportunity of meeting her at the same window. The night was very dark, so that he could not

see the second flower which she had in her bosom, only she received him with greater signs of joy and freedom than he expected; but reflecting on the signs he remarked in her countenance and after her illness, by a sort of natural vanity for his own merits, he flattered himself that her passion was rather greater than his, and excusing himself for being so long without seeing her, added, that if he were to be guided by the height of his flame, he would see her every night. She, reflecting how lately she had seen him, thought his diligence was very extraordinary, but imputed it to the ardour of his passion; in fine, she gave him such assured signs of love, that he thought in himself he might pass the middle ceremony, and present her with the full-blown flower, to make sure of her. She took it, but told him she would not wear it for some time, till she had passed some forms, and had further proofs of constancy; but for his confirmation of her affection, she put out her hand as far as the grate would permit, which he kissed with all the ardour of an inflamed lover, giving her a thousand assurances of his fidelity; and she, in return, gave him a riband with two hearts interwoven with her own hair, separated only with a little hedge of pomegranates almost ripe, to show that the time of gathering the fruit was nigh at hand. Thus were the three lovers in the greatest degree of happiness imaginable. The brothers won her favours on all public occasions, congratulating each other for the success in their amours, but, as lovers affect a secrecy in all they do, never telling one another who were the objects of their affections. The next great feast drew on, when the younger brother thought it was time to present the last mark of his affection, in order to demand her in marriage, which was usually performed in those public solemnities. He told her he hoped it was now time to reward his flame by wearing the open flower, as a full sign of her consent, and gave her a full-blown artificial carnation, with gold flames and little hearts on the leaves, interwoven with wonderful art and ingenuity. She thinking it had been a repetition of the ardour of his affection, took it, and put it in her bosom with all the remarks of tenderness by which the fair sex in all countries know how to reward all the pains of their lovers in a moment. Upon this, he resolved to ask her about

her parents, which was the only thing necessary on his side,—the woman having a right to demand any man's son in the kingdom, if he had but presented her with the last mark of his affection. The elder brother having given his some time before, thought the parents' approbation was the only thing wanting on his side, and resolved the same day on the same thing. They were strangely surprised to meet one another, but, seeing the different favours, they did not know what to make of it. When the father came, they declared the cause of their coming in terms which fully expressed the agony of their minds. The father was in as great concern as they were, assuring them he had but one daughter, who, he was confident, would never give such encouragement to two lovers at the same time, contrary to their laws; but seeing their extreme likeness, he guessed there must be some mistake. Upon this the daughter was sent for, who, being informed it was to declare her consent in the choice of her lover, came down with four flowers in her bosom, not thinking but the two full-blown had belonged to the same person, since she had received two before she had worn the first. The descriptions that the poets give of the goddess *Venus* rising out of the sea, could not be more beautiful than the bloom that appeared on her cheeks when she came into the room. I happened to be then present, being sent before by the *Pophar* to let the father know of the regent's intended visit, that, being a considerable officer, he might order his concerns accordingly. As soon as the young lady heard the cause of their coming, and saw them indistinguishably like each other, with the public signs of her favours, wrought with her own hands, which they brought along with them, she screamed out, "I am betrayed!" and immediately fell in a swoon flat on the floor, almost between her two lovers. The father, in a condition very little better, fell down by his daughter, and, bathing her with tears, called to her to open her eyes, or he must die along with her. The young men stood like statues, with rage and despair in their looks at the same time. I being the only indifferent person in the room, though extremely surprised at the event, called her mother and women to come to her assistance, who carried her into another room, undressed her, and by proper remedies brought her at

last to herself. The first word she said was, — "Oh ! Berilla, what have you done ?" All the rest was nothing but sobs and sighs, enough to melt the hardest heart. When she was in a condition to explain herself, she declared she liked the person of the man who went up with her to the altar ; that some time after, the same person, as she thought, had presented her with the first marks of his affection, which she accepted of, and in fine, had given her consent by wearing the full-blown flower ; but which of the two brothers it belonged to she could not tell ; adding, that she was willing to submit to the decision of the elders, or to undergo what punishment they thought fit for her heedless indiscretion ; yet protested that she never designed to entertain two persons at the same time, but took them to be the same person.

The care of their marriages being one of the fundamentals of their government, and there being no provision in the law for this extraordinary case, the matter was referred to the Pophar regent, who was to be there in a few days : guards in the mean time were set over the brothers, for fear of mischief, till a full hearing. The affair was discussed before the Pophar regent, and the rest of the elders of the place. The three lovers appeared before them, each in such agony as cannot be expressed. The brothers were so alike, it was hard to distinguish one from the other ; the regent asked them which of the two went up to the altar with the young lady ; the elder said it was he ; which the younger did not deny ; the lady being interrogated, owned she designed to entertain the person that went up with her to the altar, but went no farther than the first liking. Then they asked which of the two brothers gave the first flower ; the younger said he presumed he did, since he fell in love with her as she went down the ranks, and contrived to give her the flower as soon as the ceremony was over, not knowing of his brother's affections ; whether did she bear any mark of engagement, but accepted of his service ; the lady likewise owning the receipt of such a flower, but that she lost it fainting away in the crowd ; but when, as she thought, he restored it to her, she did not like him quite so well as when she received it the first time, supposing them to be the same person. Being asked who gave her the second, third, and last mark

of engagement, it appeared to be the younger brother, whose flower she wore publicly in her bosom ; but then she received the full-blown flower from the elder brother also. The judges looked at one another for some time, not knowing well what to say to the matter. Then the regent asked her when she gave her consent, if she did not understand the person to be him that went up with her to the altar ? She owned she did, which was the elder ; but in fact had placed her affections on the person who gave her the first flower, which was the younger. Then the two brothers were placed before her, and she was asked, that, supposing she were now at liberty, without any engagement, which of the two brothers she would choose for her husband ? She stopped, and blushed at the question, but at length said, the younger had been more assiduous in his courtship ; and with that burst into tears, casting a look at the younger brother which easily showed the sentiments of her heart. Every one was in the last suspense how the regent would determine the case : and the young men expressed such a concern in their looks, as if the final sentence of life and death, happiness or misery, was to be pronounced to them. When the regent with a countenance partly severe as well as grave, turning towards the young lady, "Daughter," said he, "your ill-fortune, or indiscretion, has deprived you from having either of them : both you cannot have, and you have given both an equal right ; if either of them will give up their right, you may marry the other, not else. What do you say, sons," said he, "will you contribute to make one of you happy ?" They both persisted they would not give up their right till the last gasp. "Then," says the regent, turning to the lady, who was almost dead with fear and confusion, "since neither of them will give up their right, I pronounce sentence on you, to be shut up from the commerce of men, till the death of one of your lovers ; then it shall be left to your choice to marry the survivor ;" so, giving orders to have her taken away, the court was going to break up, when the younger brother falling on his knees, cries out, "I yield my right, rather than the adorable Berilla should be miserable on my account ; let me be shut up from the commerce of men, for being the occasion of so divine a creature's misfortune ; brother, take her,

and be happy; and you, divine Berilla, only pardon the confusion my innocent love has brought upon you; and then I shall leave the world in peace." Here the whole court rose up, and the young man was going out, when the regent stopped him: "Hold, son," says he, "there is a greater happiness preparing for you than you expect; Berilla is yours, you alone deserve her, you prefer her good to your own; and as I find her real love is for you, here join your hands, as I find your hearts are already." They were married immediately; the regent leaving behind him a vast idea not only of his justice, but wisdom in so intricate a case.

I drew an historical piece of painting of this remarkable trial, expressing, as nigh as I could, the postures and agonies of the three lovers, and presented it to the divine Isyphena, the regent's daughter; telling her, that if she were to accept of flowers, as that young lady did, she would ruin all the youths of Mezorania: she received it, blushing, and said she should never receive any but from one hand, nor even that, if she thought she should do him any harm; adding, that she thought her father had given a just judgment; she then waived the discourse with such innocence, yet knowledge of what she said, that I was surprised to the last degree, not being able to guess whether I had offended her or not.

I am now going to enter on a part of my life, which bring to view the hopes and fears, the joys and anxieties of a young man in love, in an honourable way, with no less a person than the daughter of the regent of this vast empire. I shall not, however, enter into the detail of the many various circumstances attending such a passion; but shall just touch upon some particular passages, which were very extraordinary, even in a passion which generally of itself runs into extremes. It will be remembered that there is no real distinction of quality in these people, nor any regard either to interest or dignity, but merely to personal merit; their chief view being to render that state happy which makes up the better half of human life. I had nothing, therefore, to do in this affair, but to fix my choice, and endeavour to please and be pleased; my choice was soon determined; the first time I saw the incomparable Isyphena, the regent's daughter, though she was

then but ten years old, ten thousand budding beauties appeared in her, with such unutterable charms, that though I as good as despaired of arriving at my wished-for happiness, I was resolved to fix there, or no where.

I observed, when I was first introduced into her company by the regent, her father, that she had her eye fixed on me, as a stranger, as I supposed, but yet with more than a girlish curiosity. I was informed afterwards, that she told her playfellows that that stranger should be her husband, or no one. The wise Pophar, her father, had observed it; and whether it was from his knowledge of the sex, and their unaccountable fondness for strangers, or whether he disapproved of the thought, I cannot tell, but he was resolved to try both our constancies to the utmost. I was obliged by the Pophar to teach her and some other young ladies, as well as some young men, to paint; but it was always in the father's or mother's company. Not to detain my readers with matters quite foreign to, and perhaps unworthy your cognisance, it was five years before I durst let her see the least glimmering of my affection. She was now fifteen, which was the height of her bloom. Her father seeing she carried no marks of any engagement, asked her in a familiar way, if her eyes had made no conquests? She blushed, and said she hoped not. He told me also as a friend, that I was older than their customs cared to allow young men to live single, and with a smile, asked me, if the charms of the Bassa's daughter, of *Grand Cuiro*, had extinguished in me all thoughts of love. I told him there were objects enough in Mezorania to make one forget any thing they had seen before, but that being a stranger, I was willing to be thoroughly acquainted with the genius of the people, lest I should make any one unhappy. I was just come back from one of our visitations, when I was struck with the most lively sense of grief I ever felt in my life. I had always observed before, that Isyphena never wore any sign of engagement, but when I found she carried a bud in her bosom, I fell ill immediately upon it; which she perceiving, came to see me without any bud, as she used to go before, keeping eyes upon me to see what effect it would have. Seeing her continue without any marks of engagement, I recovered, and made bold to tell her one

day, that I could not but pity the miserable person, whoever he was, who had lost the place in her bosom he had before; she said, unconcernedly, that both the wearing and taking away the flower from her bosom, was done out of kindness to the person. I was then so taken up with contrary thoughts, that I did not perceive she meant to try whether she was the object of my thoughts or not. However, finding she carried no more marks of engagement, I was resolved to try my fortune for life or death, when an opportunity offered beyond my wish. Her mother brought her to perfect a piece of painting she was drawing; I observed a melancholy and trouble in her countenance I had never seen before: that moment the mother was sent for to the regent, and I made use of it to ask her what it was that affected her in so sensible a manner? I pronounced these words with such emotion and concern on my part, that she might easily see I was in some very great agony. She expressed a great deal of confusion at the question, inasmuch, that, without answering a word, she got up and went out of the room, leaving me leaning against the wall almost without life or motion. Other company coming in, I was roused out of my lethargy, and slunk away to my own apartment, but agitated with such numberless fears, as left me almost destitute of reason. However, I was resolved to make a most just discovery, and to be fully determined in my happiness or misery. There was a grated window on the back side of the palace, where I had seen Isyphena walk sometimes, but never dared to approach; I went thither in the evening, and seeing her by herself, I ventured to go and falling upon my knees, asked her, for Heaven's sake, what was the matter, or if I had offended her? She immediately burst into tears, and just said, "Ask no more," and withdrew; though I cannot say with any signs of indignation.

Some time after I was sent for to instruct her in the finishing of her piece. I must tell you, that I had privately drawn a picture of her. In my hurry I had left it behind me in my closet, and the Poplar finding it by accident, had taken it away without my knowledge, and shown it to the mother; and making as if he did not mind Isyphena, who stood by and saw it, (as she thought undiscerned) seemed to

talk in a threatening tone to the mother about it. When I came in, I had just courage enough to cast one glance at Isyphena, when methought I saw her eyes meet mine, and show a mixture of comfort and trouble at the same time. ^A—this subject may be troublesome to my readers, I shall comprise in half an hour what cost me whole years of sighs and solicitude, though happily crowned at last with unspeakable joys. This trouble in Isyphena was, that having made herself mistress of the pencil, she had privately drawn my picture in miniature, which she kept secretly in her bosom, and it having been discovered by the mother, as that which I had drawn was by the father, to try her constancy he expressed the utmost indignation at it; but Isyphena's greatest trouble was, lest I should know, and take it for a discovery of her love, before I had made her some overture. In progress of time we came to an *eclaircissement*; she received my two first flowers; but because I was half a stranger to their race, we were to give some more signal proof of our love and constancy than ordinary: we frequently had common occasions offered us, such as might be looked upon as the greatest trials. She was the paragon not only of the kingdom, but possibly of the universe, for all perfections that could be found in the sex. Her stature was about the middle size; the just proportion of her shape made her really taller than she seemed to be; her hair was black,* indeed, but of a much finer gloss than the rest of the sex, nor quite so much curled, hanging down in easy tresses over her shoulders, and shading some part of her beautiful cheeks. Her eyes, though not so large as our Europeans, darted such lustre, with a mixture of sweetness and vivacity, that it was impossible not to be charmed with their rays; her features were not only the most exact, but inimitable, and peculiar to herself. In fine, her nose, mouth, teeth, turn of the face, all concurring together to form the most exquisite symmetry, and adorned with a bloom beyond all the blushes of the new-born *Aurora*, rendered her the most charming and the most dangerous object in nature. The noblest and gayest youths of all the land paid their homages to her adorable perfections, but all in vain. She avoided

* The author, being an Italian, did not think black hair so beautiful.

doing hurt where she could do no good; she did not so much scorn, as shut her eyes to all their offers, though such a treasure gave me ten thousand anxieties before I knew what share I had in it; but when once she received my addresses, the security her constancy and virtue gave me was proportionable to the immense value of her person. For my part, I had some trials on my side: I was surrounded by beauties, who found a great many ways to show me they had no dislike to me. Whether being a stranger, of different features and make from their youth, gave them a more pleasing curiosity, or the tallness of my stature, something exceeding any of theirs, or the gaiety of my temper, which gave me a freer air than is usual with them, they being naturally grave. Isyphena's bright sense easily saw that I made some sacrifices to her. But we had greater trials than these to undergo, which I shall briefly relate, for the particularity of them. When I thought I was almost arrived at the height of my happiness, being assured of the heart of the divine Isyphena, the *Pophar* came to me one day with the most seeming concern in his countenance I ever remarked in him, even beyond that affair with the great bassa's daughter. After a little pause, he told me he had observed the love between his daughter and myself; that, out of kindness to my person, he had consulted their wise men about it, who all concluded that, on account of my being a stranger, and not of their race by the father's side, I could never marry his daughter; so that I must either renounce all pretensions to her, or be shut up for ever, without any commerce with his people, till death. But, says he, to show that we do justice to your merit, you are to have a public statue erected in your honour, because you have taught us the art of painting, which is to be crowned with a garland of flowers by the most beautiful young woman in the kingdom: thus you will live to glory, though dead to the world. But if you will renounce all pretensions to my daughter, we will furnish you with riches, sufficient, with the handsomeness of your person, to gain the greatest princess in the world, provided you will give a solemn oath never to discover the way to this place. I fell down on my knees before him, and cried out, "Here—take me—shut me up!—kill me! cut me up in a thousand pieces!

I will never renounce Isyphena!" He said no more than their laws must be obeyed. I observed tears in his eyes as he went out, which made me see he was in earnest. I had scarce time to reflect on my miserable state, or rather was incapable of any reflection at all, when four persons came in with a dismal heaviness in their looks, and bade me come along with them—they were to conduct me to my place of confinement. In the mean time, the *Pophar* goes to his daughter, and tells her the same thing, only adding, that I was to be sent back to my own country, loaded with such immense riches, that might procure me the love of any woman in the world: for, says he, these barbarians (meaning the Europeans) will marry their daughters to any one who has but riches enough to buy them. *The men will do the same with respect to the women: let the woman be whose daughter she will, if she had but money enough to purchase a kingdom, a king would marry her.* Before he had pronounced all this, Isyphena had not strength to hear it out, but fell down in a swoon at his feet. When she was come to herself, he endeavoured to comfort her, and added, that she was to have Young, the *Pophar's* son, a youth about her age: for though he was not old enough to govern, he was old enough to have children. He went on and told her I was to have a statue erected in honour of me, to be crowned by the fairest woman in all *Mezorania*, which, says he, is judged to be yourself; and if you refuse it, *Amnophilla* is to be the person. This was the most beautiful woman next Isyphena, and by some thought equal to her, whose signs of approbation and liking to my person I had taken no notice of, for the sake of Isyphena. She answered, with a resolution that was surprising even to her father, THAT SHE WOULD DIE BEFORE SHE WOULD BE WANTING TO DO HER DUTY; but that their laws allowed her to choose whom she pleased for her husband, without being undutiful: that as for the crowning of the statue, she accepted of it, not for the reason he gave, but to pay her last respects to his memory, who, she was sure, would never marry any one else. As for the young *Pophar*, she would give her answer when this ceremony was over. When all things were ready for it, there was public proclamation made in all parts

of the nome, that "whereas I had brought into the kingdom, and freely communicated to them the noble art of painting, I was to have a public statue erected in my honour; to be crowned with a crown of flowers by the fairest woman in all Mezorania." Accordingly, a statue of full proportion, of the finest polished marble, was erected in one of their spacious squares, with my name engraven on the pedestal in golden characters, setting forth the service I had done the commonwealth, &c. The statue had the picture of Isyphena in one hand, and the emblems of the art in the other. The last kindness I was to receive was to be permitted to see the ceremony with a perspective glass, from the top of a high tower belonging to the place of my confinement, from whence I could discern every minute circumstance that passed. Immediately the crowd opened to make way for Isyphena, who came in the regent's triumphant chariot, drawn by eight white horses, all caparisoned with gold and precious stones, herself more resplendent than the sun they adored. There was a scaffold with a throne upon it just close to the statue, with gilt steps for her to go up to put the crown on the head of it. As soon as she appeared a shout of joy ran through the whole crowd, applauding the choice of her beauty, and the work she was going to perform. Then proclamation was made again for the same intent, setting forth the reasons of the ceremony. When all was silent, she steps from the throne to the degrees with the crown in her hand, holding it up to be seen by all, supported by Amnophilla and Menisa, two of the most beautiful virgins after herself. There appeared a

serenity in the looks of Isyphena, beyond what could be expected, expressing a fixed resolution at the same time. As soon as she had put the crown on the head of the statue, which was applauded with repeated shouts and acclamations, she stood still for some time, with an air that showed she was determined for some great action; then turning to the officers, ordered them to make proclamation that every one should remark what she was going to do. A profound silence ensuing through the whole assembly, she went up to the steps again, and, taking out the most conspicuous flower in the whole crown, first put it in the right hand of the statue, and then clapt it into her bosom with the other two she had received from me before, as a sign of her consent for marriage, which could not be violated. This occasioned a shout ten times louder than any before, applauding such an heroic act of constancy as had never been seen in Mezorania. The regent ran up to her, and embracing her with tears of joy trickling down his cheeks, said she should have her choice, since she had fulfilled the law, and supplied all defects by that extraordinary act of fidelity, and immediately gave orders to have that heroic action registered in the public records for an example, and encouragement of constancy to posterity. But the people cried out, "Where is the man, where is the man? Let their constancy be rewarded immediately."

The sequel need only be briefly told: the divine hand of the beauteous and faithful Isyphena was freely bestowed by her willing parent upon her brave and constant lover, and years diminished not the fervor of their early and ardent devotions.

THE INFANCY OF A GREAT MAN.

Le génie rend l'homme illustre, et non pas la naissance."

Towards the end of the last century, there was a poor family of strolling musicians residing at Pesaco, in Italy, which gained a scanty subsistence by attending the neighbouring fairs. Though their wants were but few, yet their earnings were so trifling, that they were with difficulty enabled to satisfy them.

The *Padrone* was a horn-player, in which capacity he assisted at fairs, or in barns, whenever they chanced to fall in with one of those operatic companies of strollers who labour so zealously to carica-

ture the immortal works of some of the greatest masters. The *Padrona* was of a more elevated *caste* in her profession, she styled herself a *seconda donna*, in which character she appeared on the boards, *bien entendue* when the theatre happened to have any company, which was not always the case.

Every one knows that in Italy a theatrical season lasts little more than six months: as soon as the season was over, the man used to pack up his horn, and the *donna* her theatrical wardrobe and

partitions; and thus lightly laden with worldly goods, and even more lightly burdened with fame, the miserable pair toiled their weary way back to their hovel at Pesaco, patiently awaiting the commencement of another season.

During one of these intervals (if I mistake not, on the 29th of February, 1792,) the signora presented her lord and master with a son. The child was destined from his birth to tread in the footsteps of his father, and like him to gain a livelihood by playing the horn, in the village orchestras. The poor musician paid the utmost attention to his musical education, and did not despair of being able by perseverance to instil into him a portion of his own talent. Unfortunately the boy was idle and obstinate, and his success seemed doubtful. His progress was but slow, until at length his parents took him to Bologna, in hopes that hearing others might create in him an emulation to excel: they were, however, mistaken, for if he listened at all it was without profit or improvement.

At twelve years of age, however, his

musical organs began to develop themselves—thanks to the lessons of an old priest, called Angelo Jessi; he got a taste for the horn, studied thorough bass and counterpoint, and bade fair by perseverance to become a tolerable village musician. What a glorious day for his parents was that on which he made his *début* at a concert given in the open air at Sinigaglia, to celebrate a marriage: tears of joy streamed down the furrowed cheeks of his father, who beheld a future rival in his son. He soon had the honour of being engaged in the orchestra at the fairs of Lugo and Forli, at a salary of fifteen sous a day! his future welfare was thus assured. * * *

Reader, this child, whose entrance on the stage of life is now relating, the son of the poor horn-player at Pesaco, the little boy who rambled from village to village, blowing into a brass tube to earn “his daily bread,” is the man who has since made such a glorious revolution in musical art; one of the richest *artistes* of the day, both in money and in genius—ROSSINI!!!

A PERSIAN HYMN.

Who is he that can number the perfections of God? Where can the being be found that has rendered him thanks sufficient for any one of his innumerable benefits?

He has unfurled the vast canopy of the universe, and has therein sown the most variegated and the most beautiful colours.

The earth, the sea, and the forests; the sun, the moon, and the stars, are the works of his creative power.

His infinite goodness embraces the world from one extremity to the other, and the firmament of heaven sinks under the pressure of his favours.

He causes delicious fruits to grow on a tender and fragile stem; he fills the interior of a reed with sugar, and from a drop of water forms the dazzling pearl.

By the benign influence of the rays of the sun, he has changed barren and sterile fields into orchards and gardens of tulips and roses.

From the bosom of the clouds he causes abundant rains to fall and refresh the thirsty and drooping plants, and in the spring he arrays the naked branches with a dazzling garb of verdure and flowers.

For which of his benefits has man ever testified his gratitude? He who reflects on the thanks and praises which he owes his Creator, remains confounded at his own unworthiness.

He is prodigal of his gifts; but the greatest, the most inestimable of them, is that of having engraven on our hearts the blessed hope of a future life.

Oh, weak mortal, bow the head of humility on the threshold of adoration; remember that pride precipitated Eblis into the realms of shame and despair.

Avoid evil, for the master of heaven only admits into his beautiful regions the man who hates iniquity.

He who has not supported fatigue, will never find treasures; he alone who has worked courageously will receive a reward.

Fool! thou hast not done good works, and yet thou hopest to partake the favours of the supreme God: thou hast not sown, and thou expectest to reap an abundant harvest!

The world, which the great prophet calls the bridge leading to life eternal, is not the place where we see to fix our abode: let us then pass over it rapidly.

The garden of supreme felicity is the eternal abode of man; this world is only the road leading thereunto: let us go forward then without stopping.

What remains of all the bones piled together by the hand of death? They have been so ground in the mortar of centuries, that the residue thereof is but a vain dust.

BIOGRAPHY OF FLOWERS

TURF FLOWERS, AND GARDEN GRAVES

"Bring hither all your quaint enamelled eyes,
That on the green turf suck the honied showers,
Bring the rath primrose that forsaken dies,
The tufted crow toe, and pale jessamine,
The white pink, and the pansy freck'd with jet,
The glowing violet,
The musk rose, and the well-attired woodbine,
With cowslips wan, that hang the pensive head;
Bid amaranthus all his beauty shed,
And daffodillies fill their cups with tears,
To strew the laureate hearse where Lycid lies."

THE FAIRY'S BURIAL.

Where shall our sister rest?
Where shall we bury her?
To the grave's silent breast,
Soon we must hurry her.
Gone is the beauty now,
From her cold bosom,
Down droops her lid brow,
Like a wan blossom.
Not to those white lips cling,
Smiles or caresses,
Dull is the rainbow wing,
Dim the bright tresses.
Death now hath claimed his spoil,
Fling the pall over her;
Lap we earth's lightest soil,
Wherewith to cover her.
Where down in yonder vale,
Lilies are growing;
Mourners, the pure and pale,
Sweet tears bestowing

Morning and evening dews,
Will they shed o'er her,
Each night their task renews,
How to deplore her.

Here let the fern grass grow,
With its green drooping;
Let the narcissus blow,
O'er the wave stooping;
Let the brook wander by,
Mournfully singing;
Let the wind murmur nigh,
Sad echoes bringing.

And when the moon-beams shower,
Tender and holy,
Light on the haunted tow'r,
Which is ours solely:
Then will we seek the spot,
Where thou art sleeping,
Holding thee unforgot,
With our long weeping.

Blackwood's Magazine for May.

In the stiff old gardens of our ancestors, there were sometimes to be found a picture-que custom or two, well worth reviving in modern times. The rage for improvement is too sweeping in its practice; and instead of judicious alteration, is apt entirely to obliterate all traces of what once was, when it would be better to select with discriminating taste the pleasing and natural, and reject what is forced and affected; and while we laugh at the antique passion for yew trees clipped into dragous and Adams and Eves, we might not be disgusted with one solemn dark yew cut into a simple pyramid, and rising in majestic contrast among the free waving foliage of the elegant deciduous trees and brighter evergreens. Again, the embroidered turf, so eloquently described by the writers of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, was beautiful, and well worthy of attention in the present day; by this is not meant embroidery in turf, which was performed by laying down slips of green sward on

the ground in affected figures, something like the pattern; that old ladies used to work in point stitch. This mode was the fashion of French gardening in its most initial state. But, in truth, the turf here recommended was termed embroidered, because it was formed of masses of blossoms, thickly intermingled as if in a state of nature, and of course was planted with wild flowers, which we distinguish by the name of turf flowers, for the reason that they love to grow among grass, which is indeed their natural home, and abiding place. No one in the present day has ever thought of cultivating native flowers, with a picturesque regard to their natural modes of growth; nor is any thing more difficult than to introduce an elegant turf or forest flower into a garden, and induce it to group in appropriate arrangement. An embroidered turf, where scarce and shy beauties meet together, is not to be found in our woods and banks, because the natural growth induces large plots of one species to spread far and wide in

favourite situations; therefore in making an embroidered turf, the natural mode of growth is considered; for by the hand of taste, nature may be assisted by introducing variety, and not superseded; and the groups that the exquisite taste of Milton imagined, as the adornment of the grave of his friend,* may easily be effected.

Modern gardeners are too apt to consider these beautiful intermixtures as heaps of weeds; and though we allow that it is a crying shame to introduce turf flowers into the *parterre* devoted to exotics, because in rich mould they lose their native grace, and become unwieldy encroachers, yet we repeat that there is not sufficient attention paid to the cultivation of turf and forest flowers in their proper situations; if the beautiful natives are planted in our shrubberies and gardens, trimness and formality usually attend their introduction, and the ground is not suffered to assume that wildness which suits best with them. Besides many species of wild flowers that are ornamental to a high degree, are often extirpated as weeds, along with the hostile nettle, the dank sad dock, the deadly hemlock, and the flowerless plantane. Before we proceed to mention the natural flowers that ought to be spared and cherished, as the most appropriate ornaments to a wilderness or green bank, we must bestow a few words on the pedantry of our modern gardeners, who refuse to suffer any sort of green leaf or modest flower to intermingle itself with the velvet shortness of their smooth shaven green sward. They reject every thing excepting the finer grass tribes; even the beautiful trefoil, from the emerald shamrock to the lovely white perennial clover, notwithstanding the shortness and close thickness of their verdant carpeting, are rejected, and with daisies, cowslips, celandines, and other charming lowly turf flowers, are destroyed as injurious intruders on the true English green sward, whereby the turf in gardens, near the metropolis, becomes as uninteresting and monotonous as the green baise that covers the carpets within doors. However, we will permit the gardeners to have their own way in the open

lawn, provided they will here and there suffer us to scatter a cowslip, which alike dislikes the hedgerow shade and trim border.

This unmixed green sward is not very easy to procure to any extent, it is generally obtained by paring commons, where the natural grasses are free from any intermixture: green sward is seldom obtained in any beauty, except by this practice; and those persons who wish to convert several acres of arable land into fine lawn, will find themselves not a little embarrassed how it is to be best done, supposing their object is beauty and not the profit of grazing. A moment's reflection will show that sufficient turf could not be obtained for the transfer, by the usual methods of paring. In this case, the best plan is to sow pure seeds of the fine perennial meadow grasses, the *fescuta arvensis* being the best. Specimens of the kind may be seen in the left-hand green-house at Covent-garden, and much useful information obtained there respecting turf grasses, which it would be advisable for any one much interested in converting a considerable extent of arable ground into turf to obtain.

Meantime, although we would allow the professional gardener to take possession of the open lawn, and clothe it with green sward, according to his most approved receipts, yet in all extensive grounds there are green banks and odd nooks, where a flower embroidered turf would look far more lovely than the trimmest green sward.

Let us suppose that one of these spots was about to be planted in a way that would assimilate closest with a state of nature; we will mention a method that has been tried with great success for the last five years. The piece of ground, which perhaps may have been foul with unsightly weeds, should be dug in October, and well picked, then rolled as level as possible, and inoculated with bits of fine grass or turf, planted in diamonds, at about nine inches square; little seedling tufts of grass may easily be collected, which will bear transplanting admirably; then in the intermediate spaces may be put in turf bulbs, as blue bells, grape hyacinths, single snow-drops, and daffodils; crocuses of all kinds, the triberous rooted saxifrage, and wood anemones; the azure throatworts, (which though wicked weeds in the borders, are appro-

* A young student of the name of Edward King, who was drowned in the passage from Holyhead to Dublin, was the beloved friend that Milton celebrates under the name of Lycidas, in his immortal monody.

priate and lovely in the turf,) and orchissis' will grow in the turf though they languish in the parterre. Besides these, bulbs may be planted plenty of purple and white violets. The bright blue wood violet, primroses of all colours, common polyanthus, star-leaved moss, the lovely little celandine and cowslips, daisies will freely plant themselves by seed, so no need of making a provision. About the end of May the beauty of most of these flowers will be over, and the turf may be closely mowed; this operation will perhaps a little retard the summer turf flowers, but it will do their beauty no permanent injury, while the violet leaves, in particular, will spring again, and make a charming carpeting of summer leaves; this plant is fond of the scythe.

Besides these spring flowers, there must be planted, at the same time, ladies' bed straw, white and yellow; the soft downy hircacums or hawk's-eye, the beautiful blue scabiosa, to be found on heaths; the harebell in quantities, several sorts of myosotis of British kinds, several sorts of veronica or speedwell, the English colchicums, the robinia geranium, the golden milk vetch and throatwort, and potentillas, will produce a succession of blooms till the early frosts; these will be most of them more lovely for a monthly application of the scythe. While the ground is yet fresh, white clover seeds, fescue grass seeds, and violet seed, may be scattered between.

No person who has not tried this method of making an embroidered turf, can tell how surpassingly lovely this arrangement of natural flowers appears, after the second year of its formation, when they are so thick that nothing but herbage and flowers can be seen. It must be noticed, that performed in this manner, all the plants have an equal chance of earth and moisture, and they settle their roots close to each other, just as plants establish themselves, when a hedge or ditch has been newly made up, and the banks are clothed by the seeds of weeds and wild flowers. Supposing that an admirer of nature wishes to transplant a forest or field flower, he will find it a difficult matter to make it grow, either in the parterre or turf; the latter would be the most natural station, but then, being full of thickly rooted, vigorous plants, the poor transplanted stranger finds it scarcely possible to strike a fibre among the others

who have not suffered the pangs of removal, but when all are in the same state, every plant has an equal chance of getting its share of nourishment.

Before we leave the subject of turf flowers, we must mention, that whoever introduces either a double flower or an exotic into such a mixture, will be exceedingly disappointed; for if the double flowers are natives, as snow-drops or violets, in the turf they will infallibly grow single, and very much in the right of it so to do: all sorts of native single roses, as sweet-brier, the Scotch rose, the Dunwich rose, and eglantine, will blossom wild and free, with masses of flowering turf about their roots; but double and exotic roses, or delicate plants, as jessamine or trumpet honeysuckle, are strangled in a year or two, if turf grows close to the stem.

It will be needful now and then, in the first year of the formation of an embroidered turf, to look over it, and see that no unsightly weeds, as docks, plantanes, nettles, hemlock, chickweed, groundsel, or clivers, have seeded themselves, nor an undue proportion of crow-foot or yellow ranunculus has been intruded. Should the spot be near a hedge or shrubbery, all the sorts of periwinkle may be introduced in the back ground; but this species does not assimilate well with turf.

In pursuing this matter, we are naturally led to introduce the subject of the extensive Garden Cemetery at Notting Hill, which, during the past month, has by general invitation, been the resort of vast numbers of persons. The plan, viz. the establishment of extra-urban Cemeteries, is one of the greatest improvements in this country for many years past. Since the year 1824, Mr. George Frederick Carden has with the greatest perseverance, both by his pen and active personal exertions, urged his countrymen to the adoption of those improvements that have been found on the continent so highly satisfactory, as well as extremely beneficial. Liverpool, Manchester, and Norwich, early adopted the plan, to the great benefit of those towns, and of the public-spirited companies who severally tried the experiment, producing, as the effort did, large profits to the proprietors. Mr. Carden founded the General Cemetery Company, and we well remember the just but verbal tribute paid to his

exertions by the noble chairman, Viscount Ingestrie,—“ That he deserved the gratitude of his country.” We hope the issue has been equally to Mr. Carden’s profit and renown, and that this is an instance at least, contrary to the too general rule of human nature, “ that the first founders or inventors of any beneficial system are wholly neglected or put aside, when their active services are not quite essential.” We leave the answer to the managers and parties concerned.

Whatever may have been their conduct, Mr. Carden is now pursuing his plans and founding the Great Western Cemetery, in a spot so replete with beauty, that the object he has so long striven to accomplish appears actually attained, namely, another Père-la-Chaise: a ground where flowers and trees may surround the abodes of the dead with beauty, and take from the ideas of death the loathsomeness of city burials. Never was a spot better chosen for that purpose, than the Norlands; its close vicinity* (the distance being only two miles,) to the most beautiful entrance of the metropolis; its neighbourhood to the lofty trees of Kensington Gardens, and the woodlands of Lord Holland, and its own noble forest trees and full-grown shrubberies, point it out as a place where the public would not need to wait half a century to see the experiment realised, of an ornamental metropolitan burying ground.†

The train of thought that has recalled these facts, is connected with the subject of turf flowers. In the ex-urban Cemeteries that have been hitherto effected, a want of taste has always appeared in the manner in which flowers have been introduced round graves. Affectionate relatives love to see flowers springing on the

spot where the beloved remains are deposited. In order to indulge this feeling, so interesting and natural, at Père-la-Chaise, Liverpool, Manchester, and Norwich, little plots are portioned out, railed or bordered, and kept in order at the expense or by the personal care of friends of the deceased; and though in a public establishment of the kind this is an indulgence that ought to be allowed, if requested, yet at Père-la-Chaise it has been found, that in course of time many of these little individual garden graves are neglected, the funds devoted to keep them in beauty fail, or those that supplied them, and perhaps tended and watched them, are themselves in turn lowly laid within the bounds of the family sepulchral ground, and leave none to adorn and visit it;* when this is the case, these garden graves soon assume the forlorn appearance that ever appertains to neglected ground, which has once known careful cultivation. This objection would be obviated, if the chief adornment of graves was an embroidered turf, for being formed of native flowers, when once a few months’ care was bestowed on them, every year would add to their beauty, and a few strokes of the mower’s scythe would sweep away decayed flower stalks, and set leaves and buds springing with renewed beauty. This species of covering is peculiarly adapted to the purpose, since it is well known that the shortest green sward that ever carpeted the hungry soil of a common, grows rank and dark when used to turf a grave, while that superabundant richness could only make the violet and crocus glow with deeper lustre; thus realising the touching lines of Miss Jewsbury, when speaking of the garden grave of an infant,—

* Mr. Loudon, in his *Encyclopædia of Gardening*, part 6, describing the extra-urban Cemeteries of Liverpool, says, “ The practice of removing Cemeteries out of towns, will, no doubt, soon become general in England.”

† We are glad to observe a very rapid increase in the number of suburban Cemeteries, for, assuredly, to a country in so high a state of civilization as ours, it is a subject of sore reproach, that the pernicious practice of burying within the walls should have endured so long. Besides the Metropolitan Cemetery near Westbourne-green, there have been ten others established within the last eight years for different country towns; and Mr. Carden, to whom the honor belongs of having taken the lead in this matter, and persevered in it with a rare spirit of zeal and determination, is now engaged

in organising a second Metropolitan Cemetery, to be called “ the Great Western,” in the vicinity of the Parks and Kensington Gardens. We can hardly imagine a spot better fitted for an establishment of this kind than the ground selected for this new Cemetery—indeed, we had no idea there was any thing so suitable within so short a distance of town, it forms part of the western face of Notting-hill, is beautifully undulated, well wooded and watered, and perfectly secluded.—*Mechanics’ Magazine*, April 12, 1834.

* An admirable arrangement in the model of the plan of the Great Western Cemetery, (a review of which is elsewhere,) is in the construction of *Alms-houses*, by which greater care and attention can be bestowed upon the garden portion of the Cemetery.

Garden Graves.

"It is thy dust, my darling, gives life to each rose,
And because thou hast perished, the violet blows!"

Before Père-la-Chaise was fully established, or while it was yet struggling with the prejudices of the ignorant Parisians, who for half an age preferred pestilence and ugliness in the crowded city repositories of the dead, to healthfulness

and beauty, De Lille, the French poet bestowed some fanciful, but elegant lines, on the subject of garden graves, the second verse of which presents an image of classic beauty, worthy of the Greek Anthology.

GARDEN GRAVES: OR THE SWISS CUSTOM OF PLANTING FLOWERS IN CEMETERIES.

From the French of De Lille.

Since in the tomb our cares, our woes,
In dark oblivion buried lie,
Why paint that scene of calm repose,
In figures painful to the eye

The wiser Greeks, with chaste design,
Pourtrayed a nymph in airy flight,
Who hovering o'er the marble shrine,
Reversed a flambeau's trembling light.

To die!—what is in death to fear?
'Twill decompose my lifeless frame!
A power unseen still watches near
To light it with a purer flame

The love that in my bosom glows
Will live when I shall long be dead,
And haply tinge some budding rose
That blushes o'er my grassy bed.

Ah, thou who hast so long been dear,
When I shall cease to smile on thee,
I know that thou wilt linger near
In thoughtful mood to sigh for me.

And when the rosebuds' virgin breath,
With fragrance fills the morning air,
Imagine me released from death,
And all my soul reviving there!

It is singular that the burial of the dead in retired spots of natural beauty, which fine taste and philosophical reasoning has caused to be gradually adopted throughout Europe, and tardily and unwillingly by England, was the spontaneous feeling of our transatlantic brethren; the scattered distance of their forest abodes

in America, has caused the family burying places to be in general, spots of the greatest beauty, adjoining to the homestead in the wilderness. How beautifully has our favourite American writer, William Cullen Bryant, thus alluded to this national custom, the following lines will show:—

I gazed upon the glorious sky,
And the green mountains round,
And thought, that when I came to lie,
Within the silent ground,
'Twere pleasant, that in flowery June,
When brooks sent up a cheerful tune
And groves a joyous sound,
The Sexton's hand, my grave to make,
The rich, green mountain-turf should break.

A cell within the frozen mould,
A coffin borne through sleet:
And icy clods above it rolled,
While fierce the tempests beat.

Away, I will not think of these,
Blue be the sky and soft the breeze,
Earth green beneath the feet,
And be the damp mould gently prest
Into my narrow place of rest.

There, through the long, long summer hours,
The golden light should lie,
And thick young herbs, and groups of flowers,
Stand in their beauty by
The oriole should build and tell
His love-tale, close beside my cell.
The idle butterfly
Should rest him there, and there be heard
The housewife bee, and humming bird.

I know, I know, I should not see
The season's glorious show,
Nor would its brightness shine for me,
Nor its wild music flow;
But if around my place of sleep,
The friends I loved should come to weep,
They might not haste to go.
Soft airs, and song, and light, and bloom,
Should keep them lingering by my tomb.

These to their softened hearts should bear
The thought of what has been,
And speak of one who cannot share
The gladness of the scene;
Whose part, in all the pomp that fills
The circuit of the summer hills
Is—that his grave is green;
And deeply would their hearts rejoice
To hear again his living voice

THE MOTHER'S GRAVE.

How calmly sleeps upon the hamlet's scenes
The sunset's glory! and o'er lulls and woods
That mingle in the lovely landscape round.
Sheds forth a lustre earth can seldom claim.
Autumn's wild hand upon the woods had thrown
Her many-colour'd mantle, brighter now,
Where the rich hues of golden sunset fall;
Grey mists hang shadowy o'er the distant scene,
Broke by some cottage smoke, that curls alone
From the low bosom of a silent dell:
Oh! how it speaks of quiet to the heart!
Peeping from out umbrageous woods and old,
The dim grey tower o'erlooks the vale below;
And beauty is on all things; beauty tints
The glorious sunset of an autumn's day.

But let me turn from these to where the yew
And statelier lime their mingled shadows throw
On grassy mounds, and urns, and headstones white,
Mark'd with sad tales for melancholy's eye;
Around yon fane, wherein the voice of praise,
The prayer of penitence, and hope sublime,
And the sweet voice of holiest truth are heard:
Blest temple of devotion, see it stands
In evening's golden light; its Gothic peaks,
Its fretted windows of antique device,

And old grey walls half-clad with ivy wild,
Shine as if light divine had pour'd from Him
Who claims that sanctuary, old and lone,
To grace the humblest of his fanes on earth.

But lo! a sweeter theme to claim the song
Of poesy, and wake each tenderer thought:
Behold affection's tribute fondly paid
In secret to the unforgotten dead.

Beside a grave whereon no stone reveals
How passed its tenant unto kindred clay,
But where young mourning hearts and scatter'd flowers
Tell that affection lives e'en for the dead,
A maiden kneels, and, kneeling at her side
A fair-brow'd boy and girl of tenderest years
Mingle with hers their silent sorrows there.
Their hands have strewn with flowers that lonely grave,
Their hearts are grieving o'er the dead below,
Yet comfort with their sorrow seems to blend;
E'en while big tears are gather'd in her eye,
E'en while the prayer hung on her falt'ring lips,
A transient smile illum'd that maiden's face—
A smile, that told how sweetly in her heart
Came the still voice of comfort from above.
Then whispering low, a simple prayer she taught
To those beside her, told the mournful tale
Of the beloved and lost, for whom they grieved;
Of hope and comfort spake, then kiss'd away
The infant tears, that mingled with her own.
Oh! as I saw them kneel devoutly there,
Touched by o'erwhelming sorrow, yet upheld
By trust in Heaven, the orphan's sure resource,
With evening's softest glories round them shed,
Methought a group of youthful angels knelt,
And sought translation to their native heaven.
Whom might they mourn?—Why dost thou weep, sweet maid
"You scatter'd wild flowers, mark my mother's grave."

Oh! what a host of sad o'erwhelming thoughts
Might gather round their young unpractised hearts,
When bent in anguish o'er that lowly mound:
The smile that blest their youthful sports was gone.
The voice that barr'd their sorrow, soothed their pain,
Taught the wild artless song, and humble prayer,
Whose blame was woe, and whose approval, bliss,
Is heard no more, to blame, or to commend,
Within the precincts of their quiet home.
No more beside their humble couch at eve
She bends to bless them, nor at morning greets
With her beloved smile their eager eyes:
Their cottage home is sad and lonely now,
Where joy so late in her lov'd presence dwelt:
They seek, yet find her not, then turn, and weep;
Where is she gone? ah, where? the fleeting smile,
That flash'd a moment in the maiden's face,
Tells how their hearts will answer words like these
Of her they lost. Ah yes; they fondly dream
She still o'erlooks them from the pitying skies,
To guide and guard them from distress and guilt.
The precepts now are hallow'd, *every* word

And wish of hers is TREASUR'D *in their hearts*
 Like sacred councils breathed to them from heaven,
 And these will be their guardians; these will prove
 Amid a world of darkness, lights to guide,
 Where virtue, peace, and innocence are found.
 And when delusive vice her snares shall spread,
 When smiling pleasure lures them on to guilt,
 A thought of these shall turn their hearts from ill;
 Memory shall lead them to their mother's grave,
 And give their hearts to virtue and to peace.

G. J. N.

SETTLEMENT OR NO SETTLEMENT.

"That is the question."

BY MRS. HOFLAND.

"My dear Louisa, how fortunate I am in meeting you," said a young man, hastily, dismounting, and giving his bridle to his groom, as a sudden turn in the road blest him with the sight of a lovely girl to whom he was then hastening.

The heightened colour, and the beaming eye of her whom he addressed, spoke not less pleasure in the rencontre than his own, but her brow became somewhat shaded as she observed, "that she had promised to drink tea with poor Mrs. Waring; and as she was much of an invalid, and could not always receive a friend, it would be cruel to disappoint her."

"And may I not accompany you, Louisa?"

"Oh! certainly, dear Charles, if you please, for she wishes to know you, of all things, and she is herself a woman any one would wish to know; we all love her exceedingly at the rectory."—"But her cottage is quite a cottage, for her means are, I fear, very limited, and she lives so decidedly out of the world, and is so far advanced in life, that I fear the visit will hardly be agreeable."

Charles Livingstone probably thought so too; but where is the lover who cannot make a sacrifice, or would shrink from encountering an old woman in companionship with a young one, who is the chosen of his heart? A short walk brought them to the little embowered entrance of Mrs. Waring's humble dwelling, who sat there awaiting her beloved visiter, who with blushes of hesitation introduced her *friend* "who she had met accidentally."

"I am very happy to see you, sir," said the old lady, "I had understood that, in

consequence of a journey into Staffordshire, you were not expected in this village till to-morrow?"

"I went on horseback, therefore, used the shortest roads, and by rising early have managed to come sooner than I had hoped for. I left Stone this morning at six."

"I know your route, you came through the village of——"

"I did, ma'am—a very pretty part of the country I found it, thereabout—you know it, I conclude, well?"

"I ought to do so, for I was born there, but of course it is now much altered; yet the large stone house with the rookery which you passed on this side of the village, with its descending terrace gardens, cannot be much altered; and the little inn, I suppose, is still the Lowthwaite arms."

Livingstone did not answer, for a new light had darted on his mind, and he could not forbear exclaiming—

"Is it possible, ma'am!"—I beg pardon, I fancied at the moment you might be the widow of Mr. Waring, of Wolverhampton, but I must be wrong."

"Indeed you are not, I *am* the person you are thinking of."

"Good God!—are you, indeed, that noble woman who gave up her settlement—the estate of her ancestors, to her husband's creditors, although no blame whatever rested on his name? I have heard my poor father speak of you many a time."

Charles paused, for the eyes that darted round the little parlour (where neatness and good taste in vain had sought to obliterate traces of the poverty they yet ameliorated) were filled with tears, and in the keenly-awakened feeling of the

moment he could have flung himself at the feet of the woman whose habitation he had expected to find completely wearisome. It will be readily believed that Louisa not only sympathised in his feelings, but was proud of them, as it was evident the good widow held herself flattered by the genuine admiration and esteem evinced by the young stranger, which, in displaying his own character, won upon her affections, and rendered her not less his friend than the friend of Louisa.

Few words passed for some time, with those whose hearts and minds were nevertheless very busy with looking either backward or forward on the path of life; but when the tea-things were removed, Mrs. Waring, after evidently considering much, thus addressed Mr. Livingstone:—

“You have heard your father speak of my excellent husband, you say: probably he told you that he lost his life in a vain attempt to recover considerable property ventured in Russia. As you, like him, are a merchant, I recur to the circumstance only to caution you against trusting any *one* house with more than a portion of your capital. No gains can repay the anxieties arising from placing in the hands of another not only your property, but your means of proving your principle.”

“I remember only the praise given to your conduct. After what you have done (and I fear suffered also), well may you advise others to be cautious.”

“Caution is considered the vice of the age, because its tendencies are all to selfishness; but surely a portion of it should be considered a virtue in youth, because they are so much to the contrary in kind confiding natures, that prudence includes self-denial. For instance, our friend Louisa would rather present you with her fortune than ask for a settlement, I dare say; but it was, nevertheless, to urge her on that very point that I requested her company this evening.”

“Louisa knows my circumstances exactly—knows, too, that if it were in my power I would double her fortune in making any future provision for her; but as I require all I have, and even more, to render me an equal partner, and no house in the British dominions can be doing better than the long-established one to which I belong, this is not in my power.”

“Neither of you ought to desire it; but it by no means follows that, because you cannot increase her fortune, you should not secure it. There is great risk in all commercial affairs, for the politician holds the merchant’s purse. You may have an immense property locked up in a country where war prevents intercourse, and the most upright creditor be unable to make you remittances; in which case, you will allow a trifle coming in for present help to a family is no small comfort; more especially would it be so if you found yourself on a death-bed, and knew that your widow most probably would, from the distance and sufferings of the parties abroad, the carelessness, chicanery, or losses arising to your partners at home, never secure a tithe of that property so situated, for such has been for many, many years my situation.”

“Very true, madam—very true: Louisa shall not be so situated.”

“She is, nevertheless, willing to venture,” said the bride elect. “I have thought much on the subject, because urged to it by my brother-in-law; and the result of all is, that I think people who go together for better and worse, ought to be rich and poor alike. How could I bear to have any thing which he had not? Surely, you are the last person, dear Mrs. Waring, to urge me to demand the settlement of a small fortune—you who, I apprehend, sacrificed a large one.”

“Stop a moment, my dear; we will talk of my affairs by-and-bye. Yours are to be considered first, for you are beginning life. You say you could not bear to possess any thing, your husband did not; nor would I wish you to do so, unless that time should come when he was stripped of all—a time which has come to many as wise, and good, and well-provided as he is. In such a case, would it not be sweet to provide your beloved husband with a certain, though a humble, home?—to pillow his aching head, after its injuries and buffetings, on that little competence where his old age might repose, or where his maturity might rest and regain strength to wage the war again? If you knew how grim the face of poverty is when she is viewed closely, you would gladly save one you love from being compelled to live with her; nor can the best of us answer for the effects of such

intimacy on our tempers, our affections, or even our principles."

"But I have been told that settlements frequently cause great divisions in families, and that independence is inimical to that obedience demanded from our sex; that wives so situated become, haughty and self-willed, are sometimes extravagant, and sometimes covetous, and given to thinking they have a right to do what they will with their own."

"I doubt not the world contains many wives who have all those faults, *without* settlements as well as with them; and indeed those who brought no fortunes, and who married to better their situation in life *merely*, without either love for their husbands, or those principles of religion which inculcate the duties of marriage, are the most subject to these sins; but you, my dear Louisa, are not of this class, you are by nature gentle, but also firm, and are, therefore, calculated to perform your vows of obedience fully, so long as they are *lawfully* demanded. As to your fortune being a stimulant to extravagance, that is out of the question, it is too small for that, considered as income only."

"Dear madam," cried Charles, "she is utterly incapable of any such faults, and I see clearly that she must, and ought, to have her own seven thousand pounds settled on herself; but the truth is, that I wish to make it ten; yet so far from being able to produce the other three, that is the very sum necessary for my own advancement."

"And why should not Louisa give it to you? why should she be denied that pleasure when she prudently curbs her wishes by securing the rest, which, in case of ruin, will be valuable, and cannot be required in prosperity? In truth it would, if left in an untrammelled state, only be a temptation to speculate with in business, or expend in some of the many ways by which luxury leads the young astray, when they are fondly attached, and anxious to shower all the gauds of fortune on each other."

The language of the eyes had, on either side, agreed that this advice was indeed the most discreet, most virtuous, and the best, and should be acted upon immediately; but Louisa observed, "that, at all events, she could lend Charles the money if he wanted it."

"I trust," said the old lady, with dig-

nity, "that your friends will take care so to construct the deed in question, as to withhold from you the power of injuring yourself, and those who may be dependent on that deed; otherwise, who shall say that one may not ask, and the other grant, what both shall alike repent of. No, no, if such things are done (and, in the present state of society, they ought to be done), let it be done effectually."

"But in case of the worst, why should not I be as magnanimous as you have been?"

"Because, my dear, though I trust your integrity may be as pure as mine, your situation most probably will be different. I was childless and a widow; to this it may be added, that I was young and romantic. In the sense of desolation into which I was thrown, I believed that my mind must retain its sense of misery to the last moment of existence, and I became reckless of fortune, no less than animated by a sincere love of justice, a profound sense of compassion for those who would suffer loss, and a passion for my husband's reputation, which absorbed me. I acted, as I now see, under mixed motives, but I was then sensible of one only."

"No matter, it was well and nobly done."

"Nobly, if you please, Louisa, not *well*. In my haste I threw my property into the hands of assignees, who, in their eagerness to realise money, sold it for half its value, paid themselves hastily, and left the worthier to wait; whilst I, who certainly had expected a residue on which to mourn in privacy, was utterly bereft of *all*, and have, for more than thirty years subsisted on the chance remittances from abroad of creditors, whom I cannot compel to do me justice — of my sufferings and my mismanagement I would not speak, save as offering a lesson which, I trust, you will never be called to practise: and now let us leave it, and talk of your prospects. I have yet a heart left, and that enables me to live in the happiness of others."

The evening passed cheerfully, but all he way home our young couple spoke only of the friend they had left, and whose affairs Livingstone determined to look into, in the full persuasion that he should be able to recover much that was due to her husband; and never had the hearts of both been drawn so closely to

each other, as by this object of mutual interest, whose every word appeared to them that of wisdom rendered sacred by sorrow.

Time passed; the gaiety of bridal hours was succeeded by the happiness of married life, which, in the case of Louisa, was a state of considerable activity, as she now resided in a larger town, was under the necessity of receiving much company, and engaging in all the duties which result from a conspicuous station, along with those more endearing ones which belonged to her as a wife and a mother. These cares did not, however, prevent her from occasionally corresponding with her venerated friend; nor did the increasing business and progressive prosperity of her husband prevent him from effectually serving her through the medium of his travellers; but there were times when both would smile at the recollection of her anxiety to secure for Louisa that which was now considered a mere pittance.

Times, too, when they sighed over the misfortunes of those they had known in better days, and schooled their own hearts in the lessons of adversity, by intimately acquainting themselves with its sorrows, and freely relieving them. The more they had, the more they gave; and in thus disposing of the superfluities of fortune, they were preserved from that idle and enervating expenditure, which is at all times an error where property is fluctuating, and a numerous family rising around you.

Louisa had become the mother of five

—“ the grief which cannot speak,
Whispers the o’er-fraught heart, and bids it break.”

In consequence of which conviction, he flew to the pretty cottage-ornée, where Louisa and her little lovely group now resided, and with little preparation (for his countenance was too faithful for the disguise his affection had meditated) gave her to understand that notwithstanding his apparent and even his actual prosperity, in the course of a single week he might be to all intents and purposes a ruined man.

The alarmed, astonished wife, became of a deadly paleness, but she did not faint, nor could she weep until she had thrown her arms round her husband, and besought him “to take comfort, since no one could blame him, come what might;”

little children, when Livingstone and his partners engaged in a banking concern, said to be much wanted in their city. The firm soon became important, and every way successful; and such was their uninterrupted prosperity, that the good sense and moderation with which it was enjoyed was not less remarkable than the personal qualities which had won for them the esteem of the good, and the admiration of all, although they had ventured of late to increase their expenses, and visit with certain families, generally unapproachable by persons in their rank of life, on terms of equality.

Such was their situation at that period now generally designated as the “time of the panic,” when the great commercial interests of the country were shaken as by an earthquake, and credit, property, and confidence might be described like the shipwreck, in the emphatic language of holy writ, to “reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man.”

The first news of this awful crisis in London, which reached Mr. Livingstone, overwhelmed him with astonishment and terror, for he could not for a moment doubt that the shock which was felt in the heart, must speedily be communicated to the *members* — unfortunately both his partners were at a considerable distance, he could neither advise with them, nor receive the counsel or the means to meet the storm he expected.

After an hour of agony those only know who have felt the overwhelming anguish of such a situation, poor Livingstone found

when her strong emotion being blended with her affectionate devotion to him, she melted into tears.

“Ah! Louisa, if you are thus moved with the apprehension of misfortune, what is to become of you if my fears are realised?”

“I have no fears for myself, Charles, nor our dear children, who are too young to recollect their present situation, and can step down in life without shame or sorrow; and the change will only serve to show you what a good manager your poor wife can be with a little income. Preserve your spirits, in order to ensure your health; and then all will be well with us, and eventually so with our cre-

ditors, even if things come to the worst. Meantime, cheer up, and, if possible, find the means of averting that which you dread."

The tone in which she spoke, still more than the words, had the effect her heart panted to bestow. Livingstone returned to the scene of his duties and his cares; but he found no means of meeting the demands which the very following day were poured upon him beyond even all that he had foreseen, "yet a little, a very little help, might still preserve the house."

During the whole of this eventful day Louisa sat in a little back parlour listening, watching, trembling, and inwardly praying; but there were also moments when her mind reverted to her marriage, and the words of Mrs. Waring were present to her memory as consolatory for the future. In one of these her husband rushed into her retreat, exclaiming—

"In one hour it will be all over: we must close our doors. And yet, three thousand pounds—yes, *three* only, would turn the tide."

At that moment, what would not Louisa have given that she had possessed the means of aiding him; but as it was impossible, she could only offer eagerly to go out and try to borrow it from different friends to whom she could personally explain the case.

"We have no friends, Louisa, at such a moment as this—it is *sauve qui peut* with every one. My bills have been offered this morning, alike by those most intimate with me and most obliged to me: the only hope I can have is in the return of one or other of my partners, in consequence of what they must know is taking place in London—if not, in another hour—"

Many a task of agonising solicitude fell on Louisa's watch during the next hour, and her ears seemed to have doubled the acuteness of their sense, when the rapid driving of a chaise just before the specified time gave her a new sensation.—"Was it arriving to make new demands, or to bring relief?"

Whatever it might be, the bustle occasioned was tenfold, and she could not forbear to press towards the place and look for her husband. In doing so, she became aware of the loud chinking of money on a counter opposite to that which was used for payment, and a

feeble voice was heard to say, as if in reply,—

"Oh! yes—I am a great hoarder of gold, and my pocket-book is well stocked also, and, depend upon it, my good sir, I will support you to my last shilling."

Numbers of those who were waiting left the place satisfied that they might do so safely, others received their due from the new supplies, and quickly followed, both alike eager to impart the good news, and magnifying, according to their own imaginations or wishes, the influx of wealth brought by the elderly lady. The effect was instantaneous—credit was restored, the remaining claimants retired, and when the partner really arrived, to whose exertions Livingstone had justly looked, the danger was over.

When the still agitated wife had drawn her beloved old friend into that little sanctum in which she had been so long trembling, and folded her gratefully to her breast, she could not forbear saying—

"How strange it is that you should be the first to help us!—*you*, whom in my heart I have been blaming these two hours."

"How sweet it is to receive aid from you," said her husband, who was following, "you to whom I have been indebted for the one point in my situation which saved me from distraction."

Mr. Waring smiled as she answered, "I can enter into the feelings of both, and rejoice in the attachment to each other these different sentiments imply; and—"

"But where did you get so much money? I heard you speak of hoarding. You were the last person to do so, and how could you risk so large a sum!—there must be two thousand pounds?"

"Not quite; but I made as much show as I could with it. I have gained this principally by your husband's exertions, and meant to have lodged it in his hands when it became even money; meantime, I heard by chance how you were situated, and lost no time in hastening to your assistance, bringing my landlord with me, to guard myself and my treasure: from which circumstance, and the display made of the gold, a result, even beyond my hopes, is now evidently taking place."

"But if you had lost it—lost your all again?"

"I spoke to your husband before I produced it, and doubted not his word. Had I arrived too late to prevent the stoppage of the house, I should then have rendered it the medium of assistance for the future, and have remained with Louisa as one capable of instructing her how to manage a small house and small means. Let us all thank God that she is spared the trial."

"Nevertheless, remain with us; be to us the friend, the mother, we have found you already, You are childless, and we are both orphans. Louisa does not speak; but I well know her heart on this point goes beyond mine in its wishes. Our offspring shall be yours—our comforts yours. My dear, have you not a word to say?" cried Livingstone.

"I shall have a thousand, by-and-by. My little Charles will be so fond of you—so proud of you. It was only last week he was wishing for a grand-mama."

"Nor shall the dear child find her useless. Here, son Charles, is a letter I received just as I was setting out; from which you will perceive that the distant relation who bought my estate for half its value, who was a bachelor and immensely rich, yet never once noticed me 'in my low estate,' has actually bequeathed it to me on condition of resuming the name of Lowthwaite, and providing for its continuance in that name. Henceforward, my children, we will be one family. I both accept a settlement and give one."

HOME.

Home-bound a traveller thou!—then why
A loiterer too through day's short hours?
Casting thy staff of travel by,
To gather bright but transient flowers.

Are they not drooping even now
In tears, and fann'd by evening's sigh?
Who mourns that night with clouded brow.
Doth frowning bid them close and die.

How wilt thou, when his pall is spread,
Retrace thy steps—in darkness find
The narrow way that homeward led—
The path for sandal'd feet design'd.

Hark! how yon murm'ring stream repines,
From nature's channel wand'ring slow;
The fretting wave but force confines
From hast'ning back with rapid flow.

Mark, too, yon bird—in vain invite
The leafy boughs her wing to rest;
She stays not till her eager flight
Has brought her to her native nest.

In childhood's home, the wand'rer leaves
His heart, an hostage true to be;
And love assured, the trust receives,
Nor doubts the pledge redeem'd shall be.

Bears Heav'n, then, the name of Home to thee
Thence so unwilling to depart?
For, ah! where'er that spot may be,
There lies the loadstone of the heart.

REVIEW.

Literature.

Helen. By MARIA EDGEWORTH. A Tale. In 3 vols.

Those who regard Miss Edgeworth's genius with the affectionate admiration that we do, cannot help looking forward to the perusal of '*Helen*' without anxiety. A long time has passed by since this first and greatest of modern novelists favoured the world with any of her productions; and those who loved her as the delight of their childhood, and the guide of their opening life, dreaded lest the vivid power of talent should be deadened by the advance of years, and that she should publish aught beneath the high standard familiar to their memories.

The works of Maria Edgeworth may be divided into two classes: the first being devoted to the improvement and amelioration of all sorts and conditions of her oppressed and degraded compatriots, and to the development and explanation of their characters, and a generous vindication of them in the eyes of their fellow-subjects: the other class is conducive to the instruction and delight of that part of the community generally termed "genteel society," to effect which she has written several novels portraying domestic life in family intercourse, in various natural pictures of persons, from the age of Rosamond, in the first baby tale so entitled, up to the period of maturity. In the first class of her tales we rank her national ones of '*Ennui*,' '*Castle Rackrent*,' the '*Absentee*,' '*Irish Bulls*,' and '*Rosanna Mill*.' These admirable productions give her the high meed of a patriotic benefactor, as well as the rank of a masterly writer. It is a glory to womanhood that the pen of a female has had a more powerful and beneficial effect on the mental and physical condition of her oppressed countrymen, and done more to exalt them from the low level in which they were considered by England, than all that has been attempted by kings and legislators since the days of Henry II.

Who ever did justice to the wit, the valour, or the genius of an Irishman till Maria Edgeworth showed cause for it? There are no set of beings for which we have a more hearty detestation than those combative animals of the Elizabethan order called heroic women, who are vi-

ragos with their hands and vixens with their tongues. How different is the high moral courage of a noble-spirited woman of first-rate talents, who ventured to stem the tide of that cruel persecution which was grinding her beloved country to the dust; and this courage, the courage that calmly encountered general national scorn and antipathy, makes Miss Edgeworth a real heroine, without her overstepping the graceful tenderness of her sex. There was some personal danger in this conduct. The jealous suspicions of the Irish government we find, in her memoirs of her father, had already glanced at her family, somewhat in the manner we see portrayed with such admirable comic skill in her tale of '*Ennui*;' and now prejudice is worn away sufficient to suffer the dismal detail of private persecution connected with the Irish rebellion to awake humane sympathy, persons versed in that history will duly weigh and value the risk run by those who pursued in fearful times the conscientious path between slavery to the government and partisanship of the turbulent population. Yet Miss Edgeworth was not a political writer. She sought to heal the woes of Ireland, by drawing the attention of the Irish people to the necessity of individual reformation in life and manners as producing a general reform. In these days she would have been styled a *political economist*; but she was too wise to degrade the commanding genius (that charmed all readers, and did good to every class and division of human beings, whatever their prejudices) into the one-sided tool of party. She was to Ireland what Harriet Martineau was meant by Providence to be to the pauper class in England, if that lady had not excruciated her intuitive knowledge of the human heart, and her high powers of developing it, on the iron rack of political systems and fanciful and financial calculations, and made herself, in consequence, a mark for abuse from all those who were leagued with a party opposing that to which she was linked. Miss Edgeworth is a proof that a woman with great practical abilities may tread a distinguished path without swerving into any literary errors dangerous to her peace and reproachful to her sex. Her moral courage and sense of right led her to own and

cherish her hapless country in the worst of times. She dared be an Irishwoman. In strong contrast to this conduct, how many do we meet among the worthless idlers in the whirl of Cheltenham and London society, who, with Irish names, Irish tongues, and with as much of the national religion as worldlings can have of any faith, basely disown their country, and, like Lady Clonbrony, in the excellent tale of the 'Absentee,' truckle to the insolent prejudices of the master-power, by denying any filial connexion with that ill-fated land which supplies them from her bleeding bosom with the substance they consume far from her. Was that the line of conduct pursued by the generous Maria Edgeworth? No.—With a name of English derivation and protestant religion, she shrunk not from owning and aiding the unhappy country in which she drew her breath, in times when to belong to Ireland was to incur a reproach and scorn from all the fellow-subjects of the British empire. Nor ought it to be forgotten by those critics who deny that female writers possess the power of original delineation of scenes and characters, that Sir Walter Scott declared that he owed the first idea of his far-famed series of national novels to the vivid natural pictures drawn by Miss Edgeworth.

Among the domestic novels written by this talented authoress, we may reckon 'Helen.' There is scarcely a trait in the work that reminds us of her national tales, but we easily recognise the hand that wrote 'Patronage,' 'Belinda,' 'Almeria,' 'Manceuvring,' and 'Leonora;' perhaps there is a shade of the fashionable novels that have been the mania of the last few years, and her titled dramatis personæ of 'Helen,' and some of their doings, are rather in the style of Mrs. Gore and her imitators. This is a depreciation of Miss Edgeworth's talents and high moral worth; for the further she gets from the lower and middle classes of life, the less vigorous and valuable are her delineations. It is curious to trace the gradual assumption of aristocracy in Miss Edgeworth's tastes and feelings through the tale of 'Rosamond.' It begins with the story of the 'Purple Jar,' an incident in the infancy of a little girl, whose mother finds it needful to inculcate a laudable attachment to economy even in the matter of the outlay of the cost of a pair of shoes.

The popularity of the simple story of the 'Purple Jar,' caused the production of several charming volumes in continuation, in which Miss Rosamond is traced from the infantine adventure of the 'Purple Jar' and the old shoes through her juvenile years, to the important era of "coming out." We do not find in these volumes any particular change recorded in the circumstances of Rosamond's family. Yet there is a change, but it is in the mind of the authoress, who, from the simple and useful economy of middle genteel life, gradually invests her young heroine with the fastidious luxuries of the daughters of families of high birth, or the still meaner pretensions appertaining to the parvenu aristocracy of wealth. Years intervened during the writing and publication of this progressive work; and in this space of time Miss Edgeworth had learned to bow down to the Baal of artificial life and manners. Her novel of 'Helen' is certainly imbued with no little of the same spirit. There is too much of Mrs. Gore in it; yet the native high-mindedness that made Maria Edgeworth in the first glow and vigour of her talents devote them to a noble and patriotic purpose, does not suffer her to descend to the level of that clever writer's worldliness. The moral perceptions of Miss Edgeworth can never be so obtuse as those that dictated the 'Sketch-book of Fashion.'

There is a valuable lesson afforded to young women in the character of Lady Cecilia Clarendon, a beautiful woman, possessing every charm of mind and manners, united to faithful affections and warmth of heart, but utterly devoid of mental integrity, being used to habitual falsehood and deception; in the course of these practices she involves in misery her husband, friend, parents, and all that are deservedly dear to her. The story turns on a circumstance which we think somewhat improbable and discordant with feminine feelings. Helen, who is an orphan, has been educated with Lady Cecilia, and owes great obligations to her parents, to whom she is devotedly attached. At her first entrance into life, Lady Cecilia is in love with a colonel in the Guards, of high fashion and sentimental celebrity in the arts of seduction. A series of florid love letters passes between the colonel and the young lady, who is afterwards wooed and won by Ge-

neral Clarendon, a manly and noble-minded soldier, whose character, drawn as it is, with some stern qualities about it, is peculiarly attractive to women; it is a character that does the authoress great credit. Lady Cecilia truly loves her husband, and her love is tempered with just as much fear as is necessary to make love lasting. These unfortunate letters, which were the indiscretions of a romantic girlhood, are ever thought of by her with terror, as she knows that Clarendon would regard such effusions almost in the light of dishonour. Through the agency of a fiendish spinster of quality, Lady Catherine Hawksby, these letters fall into the hands of a notorious publisher of libels on the nobility; and in the agony of the dread of detection, and the consequent loss of her husband's esteem and love, Lady Cecilia asserts to General Clarendon that these letters are written by his ward Helen, her early friend and companion, who since her marriage has been resident in his house, and is about to be united to a young man of great consequence and fortune, another ward of the General's. It appears that the handwriting of the two friends, like the handwriting of most modern young ladies, is utterly divested of all decided character, and the two are so much alike, as not to be distinguished from each other. To this fatal correspondence were no signatures. That in a fit of heroic self-devotion, a young woman might be induced to own that she had forged a check, it is possible to believe; but to suppose that any young woman who loved devotedly a man to whom she was about to be united, could be induced even tacitly to suffer the imputation of writing rather warm love letters to a notorious *roué* whom she hated, is wholly against feminine nature, and therefore a defect in the work. Notwithstanding this flaw in the cast of the plot, all the development of character relating to it is admirably drawn. Lady Catherine Hawksby and her circle are fit subjects of legitimate satire, and are done great justice to. Miss Clarendon is a noble and peculiar character, though every one must pity poor Helen when under the spasms of heart-sickness for the loss of her lover, she is enduring her course of mental discipline.

Many persons have by this time read 'Helen,' and will see how far our judgment coincides with their own; and those

who have not seen it, may be assured that though not free from defects, they will find higher pleasure in its perusal than in most other contemporary works of imagination.

Letter to the Peereesses of Great Britain.

By an Englishwoman. Rivington and Co.

This lady, in her well-meant appeal to our female nobility, uses every argument that piety or expediency can urge, to put a stop to the system of absenteeism from this country—a system, the ill effects of which are beginning to be felt in England, who, in her turn, is made to have a taste of the evils so long endured by unhappy Ireland. It is to be hoped that the ardent zeal of the fair writer will win some converts to practise the domestic virtues she eloquently recommends. As the pamphlet is short and cheap, we do not think it right to transfer its best passages to our pages, but advise our noble subscribers to purchase it, and give attention to the wholesome truths it contains.

The Old Maiden's Talisman. By the author of "Chartley;" "The Gentleman in Black," &c.

Although "Chartley" was an utter failure, "The Gentleman in Black" is a very clever writer in works of a peculiar cast. He excels in supernatural stories of every-day domestic life, blended with the ludicrous, and is, in English literature, what Hoffman is in the German, but, in general, bearing a better moral. In the romance of "Chartley, the Fatalist," he got out of his accustomed track; wandered into the regions of doleful dulness, and utterly lost his way. Right glad are we to welcome him back to his old style of telling a story, which we recognise in the "Old Maiden's Talisman."

The tale that bears this title, occupies the principal part of two volumes. The heroine is a lady of high rank, but her fortune is only just sufficient to maintain her; she possesses a considerable share of beauty, and great sweetness and cheerfulness of temper, and she loves her few friends with singleness and trusting devotion of heart, for the simple reason, that she is convinced they have no other motive in life for seeking her company, but regard for herself. She was attached to

a nobleman of broken fortunes, who gave her up on account of her insufficiency of fortune, and afterwards married the ugly heiress of a London banker. The happiness of Lady Mary is not injured by this desertion, because her lover had given many proofs of worthlessness of character; yet she resolves to remain single, that she may enjoy the unbroken serenity of mind that she considers to belong especially to that state of life, and therefore declines every offer of marriage that is made her. The tale commences with the death of her uncle in India, who, unexpectedly, leaves her a fortune of three hundred thousand pounds; nay, further, his executor, Mr. Yerraway, a nabob of immense wealth, presents her with a ruby heart, in which is enclosed a talisman that can impart to her the real thoughts of every person who is speaking to her, differ they ever so much from the words on their lips.

As the possession of such immense wealth has already filled the heart of Lady Mary with distrust, she hails the gift of this ruby talisman as a treasure, in value surpassing her riches. As soon as she places it on her heart, she has the advantage of knowing every person's real thoughts, as far as relates to herself. The author has, with great skill, shown what is indeed very true, that, if we could actually ascertain the thoughts and opinions of others upon ourselves, we should not even then have a true insight into their feelings and affections, as the train of thought alters with every variation of temper and spirits; and yet the under current of affection may remain steady to its object. This fact may be proved by the every-day occurrence of family quarrels: persons with warm affections and queer tempers, often think they hate those that are, in the depths of their hearts, most dear to them, and commit every outrage, not only of word and deed, but even of thought, against them: this is often the case with husband, wife, brother, sister, and child; yet let any one but themselves dare to abuse or injure the supposed hateful relative, and lo, the enemy is up in arms to defend the object of their own expected antipathy, with all their energies; or let death, or irrevocable absence separate them, and that unhidden yearning of heart so beautifully described in Scripture, reveals the human nature—this poor blind erring

human nature that seldom finds the right path till it is too late to follow it—it reveals, we aver, that word and thought may both be strongly at variance with the real feelings, that the evil demons of pride and temper may make persons outrage the love dwelling in their own hearts: yet bitterly does the heart avenge itself for wronged affections. Any species of fiction that casts a light on the difficult art of self-knowledge, is highly valuable, and perhaps, in intrinsic morality, surpasses mere preceptive sermons. Few persons of reflective minds will read this work without some such idea presenting itself to them. The book, notwithstanding this character, is in many parts written in a comic lively spirit, and it is very entertaining. The end, however, is melancholy; the unfortunate Lady Mary dies of a broken heart, from the oppressive misery of more wealth than she knows how to use, and the hideous distrust that her money and her talisman together give her of human nature.

The remaining volumes are filled up with comic tales of coarser construction, that seem to have no higher object than promoting a hearty laugh.

The Wonders of Chaos and the Creation Exemplified. A Poem. Part. I. Cantos 1 and 2. Hatchard.

We have little doubt, from the perusal of the notes of this poem, that the author is a person of learning and piety; and that if not misled by the wrangling spirit of polemics, he would be eminent as a prose writer in our church, to which he seems to belong. But it would be to the last degree uncandid and deceitful, if we used the slightest word that could be construed into praise of his poem: he has not the least poetic genius, nor a germ (as far as we can perceive, through the dangerous facilities of his prosaic blank verse,) of poetic taste, feeling, or idea. We would earnestly advise him not to continue the publication of his work, for the many tasteless lines that might be extracted by the scoffers of the tenets he upholds, will throw ridicule and scorn on the good cause which seems dear to his heart. Many will tell him these painful truths in ungentler language,—many reviewers will fill their pages with passages held up to public scorn, at his attempt of a Miltonic subject on which he has sadly

failed: yet we would not wish to visit poetic aspiration thus heavily, since even the wish to excel in such a department, bespeaks a feeling heart and sensitive mind, which will be more than sufficiently wounded by the impossibility of success; but let him rest assured that poetry is to him a most pernicious bias, which ought not to allure him from pursuits in which his learning and habits of reflection might render him successful.

Solitary Hours. By HARTLEY LLOYD. Baldwin and Cradock.

Did Mr. H. Lloyd never hear of a collection of poems bearing this title, written by a certain Miss Caroline Bowles, of Blackwood celebrity? Strange as it may be, he has not, we are sure, and will feel great vexation that he has called his pleasing little volume by the same appellation. There is a gentle elegance that pervades the style of these poems, which are harmonious and unaffected, yet they possess few claims to strength or originality. The following is a fair specimen of the collection:—

FIRST LOVE.

"Remember me! remember me!"

These parting words of thine
Oft fall from my unconscious lips,
When solitude is mine.

Remember thee, can love forget
The cause of his first sigh?
Can the heart's first impassioned thoughts
But with our being die?

Never! oh, never! Oft when sleep
Steals o'er my languid eyes,
As, far from man, I rest where vast
Canadian forests rise.

Thy smile again becomes my own,
Thy voice salutes my ear,
Breathing those plaintive melodies
I oft have wept to hear.

Again I view thy graceful form,
With all a lover's pride,
And wander with thee, hand in hand,
By Lynn's secluded tide.

The Cabinet Cyclopaedia. Conducted by Dr. LARDNER. *History—Europe during the Middle Ages.* Vol. 3. Longman and Co.

The third volume of the "History of Europe in the Middle Ages," is devoted to a dissertation on particular passages in the religious and civil history of our own country, from the times of the Anglo-Saxons to the accession of the Tudors: we say, partial dissertation, rather than a

history, for there is little regularity in the information given. The author is extremely minute in research as to some characters and eras; while in regard to others connected with equally important changes, little attention is paid: they are slurred over in a few generalising words. The favourite aims of the author are to establish the following points:—That the state of England under her Anglo-Saxon constitution was far worse than under the Norman yoke.—That the great and good Alfred was a vile character; which accusation is founded on the plea that he had early errors to reform, and, before he conquered his enemies, conquered himself, which self-reformation we humbly think his greatest glory.—That St. Dunstan was a good and benevolent man; that the unmanly and atrocious cruelty perpetrated on the helpless Elgiva, was not done by him; or, if it was, that her fate was deserved by her.—That William the Conqueror was an estimable and just person, and his invasion of England was a benefit to England.—That Edward I. first took Wales and Scotland as a rightful King, and not as an unrighteous robber.

It is desirable that a learned man should make researches on points that he thinks involved in prejudice and vulgar error; yet we cannot help saying that, considering the limits of the volume, too much space is devoted to controversy, when a more regular stream of information is required. Modern historians ought to be faithful collectors of facts, as related by various ancient authorities; if they arrange these in an attractive manner, drawing from sources to which the public cannot have access, they do an important duty, and may leave their readers to draw their own inferences on character from what is before their eyes; but if they devote the principal part of their pages to establishing their own particular opinions and party, their works will be flung aside as lumber, as soon as the controversies they have raised go to sleep.

We think our author leans with a little more favour than is rational to the discipline of the Roman Catholic church: there is nothing that raises the indignation of those who are deeply read in annals and chronicles, more than the ignorant abuse that is generally lavished upon the saints and great men that adorned that mighty but erring hierarchy: we are

willing to allow that the Catholic priesthood of the middle ages stood, in many instances, with Christian intrepidity between ferocious military tyrants and their lawless nobility, and the harmless and industrious commonalty,—that for many ages their general occupation was to soothe, to civilise, to protect, the defenceless, ignorant, and oppressed people; but we are not prepared to excuse or explain away every individual record of fraud, violence, or imposition, in the manner that our author does in his history of St. Dunstan.

As to the manner in which he exalts the government of the Norman invaders over the Anglo-Saxon constitution, its futility is shown by the demand constantly made, from the Conquest to the reign of John, by the Norman lords, as well as by the commonalty, which was appended to every petition, and shouted in chorus from every subject's mouth. "The Saxon laws—the good old laws as established by St. Edward." If these were not more equitable and virtuous than those in vogue during the Norman dynasty, how came the Norman peer and the Saxon subject alike to unite in enforcing their restoration?—especially when the descendants of William's band of victorious robbers, most of whom who signed Magna Charta have Norman names, and still spoke Norman French, could only have known this beloved constitution through the report of their vassals; yet they asked for nothing new—nothing but the laws of good St. Edward;—and if the Saxons had been, as our author sums up briefly, "an abominable people,"—how came their government to be so popular even with their foes? Our author utterly slurs over the facts, in the still more important reign of Henry III., when the cry for "the old Saxon laws—the laws of St. Edward," grew stronger, and the result was, that the first House of Commons was summoned, that had been since the Saxon kings held their Wittenagemot. Ladies have seldom an opportunity of making research into chronicles and charters; they seldom have an opportunity of obtaining a supply of knowledge from those pure well-springs of history: it therefore behoves us carefully to point out the instances where a party-spirit makes modern historians faithlessly deprive them of important information relative to the very existence of the laws of their country.

Many readers will wonder at the whim

that causes this author to call Richard II. the last of the Plantagenets (page 96), since a monarch of the same name and branch succeeded him. But George IV. might as well be called the last of the Guelphs. The third Richard was the last king of the name of Plantagenet; but two direct male branches of that name successively occupied the English throne in the years that intervened between the second and third Richard.

An Encyclopedia of Geography. Part III. By HUGH MURRAY, F.R.S.E. Longman and Co.

This valuable work maintains the same high rank that it took with the commencing numbers. The section devoted to the general principles of Geography is concluded in this number, and the rest comprises the geographical features of Europe, and commences the particular geography of England, in which the peculiar botany, zoology, and geology of this country are luminously treated, together with the statistics, language, and climate. There are wood-cut maps and some spirited little marginal cuts. It is no slight praise to declare that the language, though conveying scientific information, is simple and perspicuous enough to be comprehended by a child of common sense.

An Encyclopedia of Gardening. Part 6. By J. C. LOUDON, F.L.G.H., &c.
The Architectural Magazine. No. 3. By J. C. LOUDON. Longman and Co.

These clever publications are peculiarly suited to the two most prevailing pursuits of the times. The "Encyclopedia of Gardening," in the present number, treats of the scientific progress in the art of gardening, and the history of English, Scottish, and Asiatic gardens. The account of the late Earl of Shrewsbury's eccentric works at Alton Towers is very curious. There is a great deal of entertaining reading in this work, as well as valuable information. The "Architectural Magazine" contains useful papers and reviews of national improvements, and other works and subjects connected with building.

National Lyrics. By FELICIA HEMANS. Curry and Co., Dublin.

Those who really feel poetry cannot sit down and calmly criticise such as Mrs. Hemans writes; and when we say that many of the beautiful stanzas contained in this volume send unbidden tears

to the eyes, and thrills to the heart, the true admirer of poetry will know that all is said that ought to be said, and that wordy epithets of praise would rather injure than add to the fame of this gifted lady. Indeed, praise, in the present day, is so profusely, so recklessly, lavished on the vapid and the imitative productions with which the press teems, that what more can be offered, when a book glowing with immortal genius and fadeless beauty, like the present, appears? Verily, the silence of some periodicals would be its best praise; for, have they not profaned the incense that should be reserved as the due of real poetic genius, by lavishing it on the altars of dulness and plagiarism. The truest, the sincerest recommendation that can be given to the poems of Felicia Hemans is, to present our readers with specimens of the contents of her volume, with the assurance that it contains many gems equally worthy of extraction.

DIRGE.

Where shall we make her grave?
Oh! where the wild-flowers wave
In the free air!
Where shower and singing bird
Midst the young leaves are heard—
There—lay her there!

Harsh was the world to her,
Now may sleep minister
Balm for each ill.
Low on sweet nature's breast,
Let the meek heart find rest,
Deep, deep and still!

Murmur, glad waters by!
Faint gales, with happy sigh,
Come wandering o'er
That green and mossy bed,
Where on a gentle head
Storms beat no more!

What though for her in vain
Falls now the bright spring rain
Plays the soft wind;
Yet still from where she lies
Should blessed breathings rise
Gracious and kind.

Therefore let song and dew,
Thence in the heart renew,
Life's vernal glow:
And, o'er that holy earth
Scents of the violet's birth
Still come and go!

Oh! then where the wild-flowers wave,
Make ye her mossy grave
In the free air!

Where shower and singing bird
Midst the young leaves are heard—
There, lay her there!

ANCIENT, BATTLE SONG.

Fling forth the proud banner of Leon
again,
Let the high word, "*Castile*," go resounding
through Spain;
And thou, free Asturias, encamped on the
height,
Pour down thy dark sons to the vintage of
fight!
Wake, wake! the old soil where thy
children repose
Sound hollow and deep to the trampling
of foes;
The voices are mighty that swell from the
past,
With Arragon's cry on the shrill mountain
blast;
The ancient Sierras give strength to our
tread,
There pines murmur song where bright
blood hath been shed;
Fling forth the proud banner of Leon
again,
And shout ye "*Castile*!—to the rescue for
Spain!"

THE CURFEW SONG OF ENGLAND.

Hark! from the dim church-tower
The deep slow curfew's chime!
A heavy sound unto hall and bower,
In England's olden time!
Sadly 'twas heard by him who came
From the fields of his toil by night,
And who might not see his own hearth-
flame
In his children's eyes make light.
Sternly and sadly heard,
As it quench'd the wood-fire's glow,
Which had cheer'd the board with the
mirthful word,
And the red wine's foaming flow!
Until that sudden boding knell
Flung out from every fane,
On harp, and lip, and spirit, fell,
With a weight and with a chain.
Woe for the pilgrim then,
In the wild deer's forest far:
No cottage lamp to the haunts of men,
Might guide him as a star.
And woe for him whose wakeful soul,
With love aspirings fill'd,
Would have lived o'er some immortal scroll,
While the sound of earth were still'd!

And yet a deeper woe
For the watcher by the bed,
Where the fondly lov'd in pain lay low,
In pain and sleepless dread.
For the mother doom'd unseen to keep
By the dying babe her place,
And to feel its fitting pulse, and weep,
Yet not behold its face.

Darkness in chieftain's hall!
Darkness in peasant's cot!
While Freedom under that shadowy pall,
Sat mourning o'er her lot.

Oh! the fireside's peace we well may prize,
 For blood hath flow'd like rain,
 Pour'd forth to make sweet sanctuaries
 Of England's home again.

Heap the full faggots high,
 Till the red light fills the room;
 It is home's own hour when the stormy sky
 Grows thick with evening gloom:
 Gather ye round the holy hearth,
 And by its gladdening blaze,
 Unto thankful bliss we will change our
 mirth
 With a thought of the olden days.

On Dentition. By Dr. ASHBURNER.
 Longman and Co.

There is certainly a great superabundance of technical phraseology in this work, which is in a style rather too learned for the unlearned; this circumstance is the more to be regretted, since it contains new and valuable information relating to the causes of the decay of the teeth, which are interesting to nine-tenths of the human species. Would that Dr. Ashburner had, before he wrote his useful work, studied the luminous and intelligible style in which Dr. Arnott communicates his invaluable

stores of knowledge to the public! The most important principle of this work on dentition, is the proof that the rapid decay of the teeth, which often takes place in persons from the age of fourteen to twenty-two or three, is caused by the crowding of the discretion teeth, which very often not finding sufficient room, crush and destroy the roots, as well as the sides of the others. It has been observed, that the English people and Anglo-Americans are peculiarly afflicted with the tooth-ache, and this, previously to the publication of this work, has been attributed to the effect of climate; but as the English are noted on the Continent for the roundness and flatness of their faces, and that conformation is usually attended by shortness of the jawbone, from this cause may arise an affliction, which is certainly a national one.

We would advise all those suffering with the tooth-ache to peruse this volume, which explains the dangerous diseases that may be contracted by the crowding of the teeth, and the evils of permitting decayed ones to remain in the mouth. Besides this, mothers will receive many new hints on the management of infants, during the dangerous process of dentition.

Fine Arts.

The Third Annual Exhibition at Exeter Hall.

The collection of paintings at Exeter-hall we do not scruple to recommend to our fair readers as one of the very superior exhibitions in the metropolis. It contains, this year, many well-chosen and rare treasures from the ancient masters, some valuable historical portraits and small scarce gems of art, the like of which are not to be met with elsewhere. Before we proceed to notice these, it must be premised, that we are by no means under the magic influence of mighty names, and that we are thoroughly convinced of the fact by means of examining many galleries, that most of the renowned Italian and Flemish masters painted a very great abundance of genuine rubbish.

1. *The Battle of Trafalgar.*—This noble picture will be more interesting to professional men than the public in general. The eyes of the beholders are certainly drawn from it to its companion, No. 2, representing the "Gale after the Action," which shows how picturesque human destructiveness may be made to

The effect of the water and is almost magical, and every one

will sympathise in the approaching fate of the magnificent Santissima Trinitade, which is succumbing under the united injuries of the battle and the breeze.

4 and 5—are celebrated and valuable pictures by Corregio, representing the colossal heads of angels. They are undoubted originals, greatly esteemed by connoisseurs, and are valued at many thousands. The red hue of the complexions offends eyes unaccustomed to the warm tints of the south; but it is the tint that the skins of young children assume in southern countries before the sun has bronzed them. These paintings, from the every-day careless look in the faces, have been studied evidently from the features of some little peasants caught for the occasion. There is a good deal of natural common life in the full face of the picture hanging to the right, opposite the door of entrance. The earnest stare of the eyes, and the half-opened mouth, have all the vacancy of uncultivated childhood. Near them is an angel's head, by Albano, with the same red skin, superior in expression, but not so firmly painted.

9. *Pontia*: by Godfrey Schalken.—This is a most striking picture, of the

highest finish, uniting expression with an extraordinary effect of light. The artist was celebrated for his lamp-light scenes. We need not recommend the close examination of it, for it draws the eye from every picture in the vicinity.

12 and 16—are Zoffany's celebrated pictures of George the Third and Queen Charlotte. The portrait of the queen is a very fine work of art, far superior to the hitherto most esteemed of Sir Joshua Reynolds' portraits of her. The costume is very rich and majestic. The queen was not more than nineteen when it was painted. Her eyes and forehead then were pretty, and her hands, arms, bust, and figure very lovely. The nose and mouth have the defects that time exaggerated, but the whole expression is pleasing and sensible.

13. This portrait of Bayard, by Giorgione, is familiar to the eye, because it has been engraved in hideous caricature; but this original is excellently painted, and is most spirited in point of attitude. The colouring is very fine, and the whole reminds us of the peculiar excellencies of the painter's own portrait, which has been admirably engraved. Giorgione is rather a scarce, but a most powerful master. This piece is well worth the study of portrait painters.

24. We never have seen a finer animal picture by Rubens than the present. It is reported that this great artist studied lions from nature in menageries indefatigably, and the wonderful spirit of this picture strongly confirms the assertion. The sunset over the desert distance is grand and poetical.

28. The portrait of an Italian nobleman reading a letter is a scarce but noble work of art by Giovanni Viani. It would be difficult to obtain such another study from this fine old master in England.

33. Portrait of Queen Mary the First of England.—The sight of this portrait alone is worth the admission fee. It is one of the best of the age; and as Mary certainly sat for it to Sir Antonio More, who was portrait painter to her husband, Philip II., it ought to be in a national collection: the working of the flesh, the fine drawing of the hands, and sad ascetic expression of the countenance, impress the mind of the beholder with a certain feeling of reality. Never were the semi-transparent and middle tints of the flesh finer wrought by the pencil. A

portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds hangs near this fine historical likeness; the opaque colouring of which, and the faulty working of the complexion, as if smeared with yellow wax, and the vulgar expression of the countenance, are in strong contrast with this gem of Sir Antonio More's. Those who view this picture of Mary will be astonished to find how very different she must have been in person to all historical tradition, and even to the engravings published of her. Here are the remains of delicate beauty early broken up by care and mental suffering. We can scarcely suspect flattery, seeing that the painter has with the most minute detail traced the progress of age in the face of his subject, by faithfully marking all the little furrows round the eyes and cheeks, which are seen in the faces of most women past thirty-five. The picture is old looking even for the time she died, viz. at the age of forty-three.

Besides these pictures, we note a St. Joseph and Child, of the greatest beauty. The childish impatience of a boy reaching after the lily that St. Joseph is holding just out of his reach, is worthy the attention of all modern portrait painters, who wish to break the usual monotony of a stiff likeness. "Amor," a cabinet picture, by Domenichino, deserves great attention for the fine pencilling and working of the flesh-tints and hair, and for the beauty of design, which indeed surpasses the expression. In the small room to the left are several cabinet Flemish and Spanish pictures of merit. "A Tinker, by Joardans;" a Spanish lady and peasants, &c.

In the entrance leading to the great room is a very finely pencilled painting of Hollars, representing London Bridge in the reign of Charles I., with the draw-bridge; it is exceedingly curious as to the detail of costume, and is an instance of an art of painting which seems almost lost in the present day, in this method of working with thin slight tints the delicacy and transparency of water-colours is given to oil. This picture is not placed in a situation such as its merit deserves. The beautiful portrait by Honthurst, of Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia, in her early loveliness, as Princess Royal of England, is likewise put in a corner as of little worth, when it ought to be exalted to the place occupied by the worthless production of Sir Joshua before mentioned,

near Sir Antonio More's fine portrait of Mary. This portrait is erroneously stated in the catalogue to be of Elizabeth, daughter of James II., but James had not a daughter Elizabeth. It really represents that charming princess, who, when driven from her throne, still reigned by means of her virtues and talents in the hearts of all who saw her. It is to be regretted that Miss Bengier did not append an engraving of this lovely picture to her memoir of this celebrated lady, instead of the hideous caricature which is the frontispiece of her book.

We have forgotten to note a fine conversation piece by Tintoretto, representing the Doge Pacini and his son; it is well worthy attention, not so much as a well-preserved and authentic specimen of the Venetian school (for we are rather at war with all particular schools and styles that distinguish by mannerisms a set of peculiar masters from natural representation), but this picture is a speaking one, full of natural character and expression, and carries us back to the times in which it was taken, and exalts portrait painting even above grand historical composition; for by means of its superior faithfulness and reality, we see the illustrious dead of other days stand before us as they lived and looked.

On the great staircase of Exeter-hall, leading to this collection, are paintings, after Walker and Vandyck, of Cromwell and James II.; the latter taken about his twenty-fourth year, before his person was marked by the small-pox.

We have now mentioned the pictures that are most deserving the attention of the public; others there are, attributed, perhaps, justly, to masters of great name, but we bow not to names, but to merit; and the public will find merit enough in those we have noted, to make the paintings at Exeter-hall an attractive exhibition.

Before we quit this subject we will mention that there is to be seen in the room a lithographic drawing of some ingenious improvements in Westminster, designed by Mr. W. Bardwell, architect, who has the superintendence of the paintings at Exeter-hall.

The Juvenile Musical Library. Allan Bell and Co.

We place this number among the fine arts for love of the clever little cuts

from Cruikshanks' illustrative of Johnny Gilpin's well-known progress. It is a sin that these droll things should be lost on the music, as they would be treasures for a child's scrap-book, or, indeed, for any other. The music is sprightly and easy, and, altogether, the number must be attractive to children.

Illustrations of the Bible, from the original Paintings by Richard Westall and John Martin, Esq. Part I.—Bull and Churton.

These illustrations are miracles of cheapness, but the style of the designs are ill-suited to wood-cuts. If the word "original" means to imply that the designs have never been published before, there is some mistake in the statement in the title-page, since they are popular and well-known subjects of Martin's, if not of Westall's. From Martin there are copies of "the Creation," "the Judgement," "the Deluge," and "the Temptation," cut in wood, and much arduous work and curious art is shown by the cutter of the blocks; yet we deem it little better than lost labour, for there is no species of engraving, even of the lowest kind, such as lithograph and aquatint, but what would have shown Martin's bold distances and far aerial perspectives to greater advantage. Those who are judges of wood-cutting will be surprised at what has been done, yet will regret that such adverse subjects should have been chosen. This art should be devoted to near work, where delicate outline and sketchy pencilling is required, not in designs whose grand distinction is the magical effect of cloud and sky, light, distance, and shadow. These are utterly impracticable in wood, which admits few middle tints. There are eight engravings in all: the "Expulsion" and the "Cain and Abel" are the worst, and "the Deluge" the best among them.

DECLINE IN THE PRICE OF WORKS OF ART.—The two Correggios lately bought for the National Gallery for 11,500*l.*, may be considered a great bargain, as the Noble Marquis to whom they belonged was offered some years ago no less than 20,000*l.* for them by Mr. Phillip's of Bond-street. The Peer was reminded of this a short time back, when his answer was, "I would not then have parted from them for 50,000*l.*"

Harmonicon.

The Mountaineer's Return. The words by C. JEFFERYS; Music by L. DEVEREAUX. L. Lee
The composer is in this abundantly successful.

"*I dream'd I saw a Garden gay*," an admired Cavatina. Written by W. KIRBY, Author of "the Bouquet," &c. Robinson.

An effective and pretty composition. We subjoin the poetry, as well adapted to our pages:—

I dream'd I saw a garden gay,
'Twas deck'd with flowers of spring,
Where little wild birds lov'd to stray,
And linnet lov'd to sing.
The crocus, bell, and roses red,
There wanton'd in the gale,
While modest lily bent its head,
And woo'd the snow-drop pale.
And woo'd the snow-drop pale.

Again I dream'd I saw that place,
But, ah! its bloom how brief!
For sadly chang'd was nature's face,
And faded every leaf,
No snow-drop pale, no lily fair,
No blushing rose in dew,
No one sweet flowret blossom'd there,
So cold the east wind blew.
So cold the east wind blew.

I wept to see such falling pride,
So chilling was the sight;
Farewell, oh, desert wild! I cried,
Sweet garden, once so bright.
And thus, alas! it is with man,
His spring is bright and gay,
His length of life is but a span,
So soon it pass'd away.
So soon it pass'd away.

Two Lips. The Poetry by C. V. INGLETON; the Music by C. HODGSON. Duff and Co.

The poetry is of a superior character, and wedded to her sister muse, music. The composer has not failed to make the most of the opportunity offered. The title-page is embellished with one of the most elegant lithographs we have seen, by Madeley.

Could you roam through the World.—The Poetry by MISS CHENNELLY; the Music by GEO. LE JEUNE. Duff and Co.

A most beautiful and pathetic ballad. It is the production of one of the most promising vocal pupils of the Royal Academy of Music, and reflects equal credit upon the institution and the student.

Drama, &c.

KING'S THEATRE.—This theatre has had a most prosperous course. Grisi more than compensates for the absence of Pasta, and any other female "artiste" comes not within degrees of her. Since our last, the operas of "La Gazza Ladra," "Anna Bolena," "Otello," "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," and Mozart's "Don Giovanni," have respectively been performed. On several occasions a seat could not be obtained in the pit a quarter of an hour prior to the rising of the curtain. Novelty, however, is wanting; and we, in common with the multitude, expect it at the hands of the manager of this, as well as of every theatre. One of the morning journals asks—What can prevent the production of the magnificent works of Mozart, and other eminent composers? Can Grisi perform no other characters than the few she has represented? Has Tamburini forgotten the powerful sensation he made last season in Agnese, and the fine effects he has produced in many other operas? Will Rubini attempt the execution of no music but such as we have known him sing a thousand times? And is Ivanoff fearful of not being heard to advantage in other compositions than those with which he has favoured us? A new ballet put forth its attractions. The subject may be traced to that grand chronicle of romantic chivalry, "Il Gersusalemme Liberata;" but the cause and the effect have so

little resemblance, that many might question their relationship. It is one of Tasso's episodes. The hero, Rinaldo, or Renaud (Teresa Elsler), falls into the power of the enchantress, Armida (Fanny Elsler), who exercises her magic influence so completely as to deprive him of all his valorous impulses, and make him an unresisting victim to her seductions. He, however, happens not to be quite alone in the world. He has been accompanied in his daring adventures by three knights, well worthy to be his companions in arms, who had previously, by sleeping potions, cunningly administered, been made prisoners by the same fair magician. They, however, have the good fortune to escape out of her power, and shortly afterwards are met by a holy palmer, who bestows upon them a wand invested with the peculiar property of counteracting the spells of witchcraft. Having discovered that Rinaldo is in the enchanted palace of Armida, they immediately return to their old abode, free the hero, and deliver over the enchantress to the custody of some impatient demons, who appear evidently for the purpose of executing justice upon the offender. Teresa is too tall for a woman, yet, in male attire, too effeminate for a man. She imitated in her dancing, the steps and motions of a masculine performer with much expression, yet not with much fidelity. Fanny is one of the most fascinating dan-

cers on the stage. In her *pas-de-deux* with Perrot she exhibited some movements particularly beautiful. Perrot bounds about the stage with so much elasticity, that we wondered at his extraordinary agility. The ballet seemed to give general satisfaction; the Elslers were loudly applauded.

On the 17th ult., Grisi repeated her part in "Anna Bolena" to a full audience. The few who, since the appearance of Grisi, have cast "a longing, lingering look behind" at Pasta, or the still fewer, who have an affectation of thinking unlike the rest of the world, are beginning to admit the equality of Grisi as an actress, and her vast superiority as a singer. We will merely say, grief was never more truly or forcibly expressed by an actress.

Between the acts of the opera, the Spanish dancers, so long announced, made their first appearance, and met with a very favourable reception. Those who like nothing out of the usual course, may say such an exhibition is ill-suited to the place—that it is a vast deal too boisterous, and too full of "alacrity of spirit." There was no elaborate posture-making, no straining for painful attitudes, no twirling on the extreme of the toe, no twisting like a tetotum for a quarter of an hour, but all sheer merriment and hilarity. They seemed to dance from excess of animal spirits, as if they could not help it, and that it was the natural mode of expressing pleasure. The two ladies are no beauties, either in figure, face, or feet; and the men (two also) are not remarkably well formed, but they made a very agreeable and novel exhibition, contrasting excellently with some French dancing by two men and three ladies, which was introduced after the Bolero. The movements are very rapid, and by no means ungraceful, and the dancers performed with admirable precision and exactness in point of time. Between the Bolero and the Zapateada the performers changed their dresses, and in the last the men accompanied themselves on tambourines, while the women "struck the merry castanets." Both the dances are purely national, and it is agreeable to have such an opportunity of seeing them without the trouble of travelling as far as Madrid. There was just enough of it; for the airs, like the motions of the dancers, have too much sameness to render a lengthened performance desirable.

It is impossible for a greater musical treat than that which was enjoyed by a most crowded audience on the 20th ult. Mozart's "Don Giovanni." Grisi's extraordinary talents can be displayed in no stronger light than in Donna Anna. None will say so after they have heard her; for though the great composer, for the sake of preserving the balance of his work, kept down the character to a certain extent, Grisi rendered it

not only more prominent than Mozart intended, but more prominent than any singer who ever appeared in it. She is not, to be sure, always before the audience; but when she is upon the stage, the eye is fixed on her and follows nobody else. Grisi, when she first opens her lips, inspires perfect confidence. Tamburini's Don Giovanni is a most capital performance. Ambrogetti, during Mr. Ayrton's management, was, no doubt, more vivacious and unrestrained in the character of the hero, but it had some coarseness that Tamburini avoids; and nobody will dispute that Ambrogetti, as a singer, was not equal to the task. Tamburini is so thoroughly at home in all he has to say and do, that he seems "speaking" music. Caradori is a most engaging Zerlina, and sings "Batti, batti, o bel Masetto," with really touching pathos. Zucchelli, as the hero, wanted a little comic force. Mrs. E. Seguin is an admirable and trustworthy musician. Giubilei's Masetto, was not at all below what it ought to be; and, in all respects, this delightful opera has, perhaps, never been better cast, from the day it was first produced.

Madame Caradori's benefit, on the 15th, (her first appearance in London, as Anima, in "La Sonnambula,") was tolerably well attended. The melody which characterises this opera is admirably suited to her delicate voice, and she made a most flattering impression upon her company. The feeling she imparted to the character was only equalled by the ease and grace with which she sang the music, and her quiet unobtrusive style was not the less admired after the more impassioned intensity of Malibran in this, and Grisi in some other parts. An apology was made for Rubini, owing to hoarseness and sore throat, but there seemed no necessity for the excuse. Giubilei sang with a just expression, and the true spirit of the composer. He displays power and judgment. Mrs. Seguin, now familiar to these boards, is very efficient in "La Sonnambula." An act of "Anna Bolena," and the new ballet, completed the evening.

THE GERMAN OPERAS. — The impediments which prevented the German company from appearing, have at length been overcome; and they made their *debut* on the 14th, in Mozart's "Zauberflöte," her gracious Majesty patronising them by her personal attendance. The principal singers are not so good as on the first season, of Germans appearing in England, whilst the inferiors do their duty with evident superiority to their predecessors. The faces are almost all new, and they do not bear any name of celebrity. We believe they have been selected from the respectable provincial operas, which, in Germany, often contain singers whose education is equally sound, as those of naturally finer quality of voice

Of this class is Madame Walker, who played Pamina. Herr Schmetzer was the Tamino; his voice is an agreeable tenor, managed with a good deal of taste and judgment. The Papageno of Herr Uetz, whose voice is a rather weak though flexible baritone, was amusing. The High Priest was represented by Herr Dolcher, who possesses an organ of great depth, but it wants smoothness and flexibility. The choruses were excellent, and produced an effect only to be obtained from the close and severe study of the German school. On the whole, the performance was creditable; but the prices of admission to the boxes (10s. 6d. each person) is too high to ensure much public encouragement.

DRURY LANE.—During the past month a new afterpiece, entitled "Secret Service," has been brought out at this house with great success. Scribe is the author, and Planche has adapted it for representation on the English stage. The story is from an event in the life of *Fouché*, the minister of police during Napoleon's reign, of whom it was said that even the most minute movements of the Emperor were at all times known from his spies. The interest—alternately touching and laughable—is excellently sustained, and the piece is written with more than ordinary finish. The audience gave loud and warm expressions of satisfaction at the conclusion.

COVENT GARDEN.—Their Majesties visited this theatre on the 1st ult. The streets were lined with thousands of expectant gazers, and the theatre was crowded to the ceiling. The moment the King and Queen entered their box, a shout that almost shook the walls welcomed their coming, and a feeling of paternal love and respectful homage seemed to unite the royal personages with those who looked upon them, worthy of the brightest days of monarchy. The vocal performers and an immense company immediately came forward on the stage to sing "God save the King," which was received with loud acclamations. The second verse, which Braham gave as a solo, brought forth all the power and sweetness of his matchless voice, and boundless admiration for the strain swelled the torrent of loyal applause beyond all common bounds. After the play, "Here's a health to the King, God bless him," was demanded, and finely sung by Mr. Braham, the delighted audience "applauding to the echo." The performances were "The Duenna," "Turning the Tables," and "My Neighbour's Wife." They were all admirably acted. His Majesty laughed as gaily as if he had been a mere subject, and the Queen and her courtly attendants were affected a good deal in the same way.—"Mirth, admit me of thy crew," seemed the motto of each and all. The cheering was fervently renewed in honour

of the royal visitors on their departure. The Duke of Devonshire (Lord Chamberlain) preceded their Majesties, to and from the royal box. His Majesty wore an admiral's uniform, decorated with the stars of the orders of the Garter and the Bath, and the riband and jewel of the order of the Garter. Prince George of Cambridge wore a military uniform, and was on the right of the King. The party which accompanied their Majesties consisted of the following persons:—Col. Wilson, Sir T. H. Curteis, Hon. Captain Hay, Master Stephenson (page to the King), Master Grimston (to the Queen), Lord F. Fitzclarence, Sir J. Whatley, Sir W. Fremantle, Lord R. Grosvenor, Sir H. Wheatley, Miss Bagot and Miss Hudson (maids of honour), Lord Hill, Lord Adolphus Fitzclarence, Miss Hope Johnstone (maid of honour), Earl of Errol, Earl of Denbigh, the Marchioness of Westminster, Earl of Albemarle, Duke of Argyll, Duke of Devonshire, Prince George of Cumberland, and Lady Clinton.

On the 6th a new grand ballet, called the "Fairy Slipper," founded on the well known tale of Cinderella was produced. The principal dancers were the Alberts, Mademoiselle Noblet, and Mademoiselle Dupont. The plot is too well known to need description. Independently of fine and graceful dancing, the acting was decidedly superior to anything we have witnessed on the boards of an English theatre. Some of the music is pretty, and the scenery was splendid in the extreme. One scene, in particular, was very much admired, representing a lofty illuminated hall, somewhat in the style of the grand "Gustavus" ball scene. The ballet was announced for repetition till further notice amidst loud plaudits.

FRENCH PLAYS.—Our old favourite Perlet has afforded us several treats by his inimitable performances, after an absence of five years. He made his re-appearance on the 21st in two of his original characters—in that of Soufflé, in the vaudeville of "Le Secrétaire et le Cuisinier," and in that of the Comédien, in the vaudeville of "Le Comédien d'Etampes." He performed this part in a manner which drew forth plaudits from all parts of the house. He was equally successful in the piece which followed, "Le Comédien d'Etampes." A new vaudeville, in two acts, called "Toujours, ou l'Avenir d'un Fils," was also performed for the first time. It is from the pen of Monsieur Scribe, and possesses much merit and excites considerable interest. The plot develops the meaning of the word "eternal" as applied to love, according to the construction put upon it by most young gentlemen of twenty-one; in other words, it shows that *eternity* and *three months* are commensurate, in point of time, with a lover of that age. The acting of M. Paulin in this piece was excellent, and

Mademoiselle Beranger performed the part of Mathilde to perfection.

VICTORIA.—It is a pity that the splendid language of Massinger's dramas is so little known to the public. This is occasioned by the unfitness of his plays for stage representation, according to the modern notion of dramatic fitness. The plots are so extravagant, and the characters so extraordinary, in many of his most beautiful productions, that the taste of an age having had sufficient observation of nature condemns them as preposterous, and wonders how a man of such fine genius and of so poetical a turn of mind should have produced any thing so absurd. In spite of this leaning to the unnatural, Massinger frequently shows us that he has observed nature, and surprises us with glorious glimpses of the human world, or subdues us with the eloquent beauty of the social feelings. Indeed, there is so much sterling excellence in his compositions, that we wonder they have not, by judicious alteration, been made applicable to the prevailing taste. It is true that we have "A New Way to Pay old Debts" in continual representation, but that is the only play of many from the same hand which is attempted at our theatres. Mr. Elton has come forward with an adaptation of "The Unnatural Combat," under the title of "The Fatal Passion;" and, although we admired the manner in which he has arranged the play, we think he might have selected with better judgment. The subject upon which the drama is founded is revolting. There is no interest excited for any individual concerned in it. The characters are, as usual, much exaggerated, and the incidents very improbable. The passions developed are principally bad; the most important personages are tainted with a revengeful, sanguinary, melo-dramatic mania, that awakens for them no sympathy. They are the creatures of the poet, not the beings of life. Mr. Forrester represented Belgarde, a poor Captain, with infinite humour and ability. Mr. Elton performed the part of Malefort, Admiral of Marseilles, with an excellent conception of the character; Mr. Green appeared as Montcville, and if he could have divested himself of his superfluous vulgarity would have made a most satisfactory performance. We should advise him to keep to the low villains; a gentlemanly villain should show more gentility in his conduct. Theorine, the heroine, was represented by Mrs. Fisher, but not quite to our satisfaction. The language deserves more than we can say in its praise. It is full of novel and peculiar beauty.

A very young *debutante*, described in the bills as only fourteen years old, whose name has not been announced, has appeared for the first time on any stage, as Juliet. Her performance was marked by considerable talent, and although, of necessity, in parts

unfinished, she was graceful, natural, and easy, and, to say the least, it was one of the most promising *debuts* that has taken place for some years.

ADELPHI.—Our readers who can enjoy a laugh will be pleased to learn that Mr. Mathews is still "at Home," and that his *sourdes* every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday are as well attended as they have ever heretofore been.

SURREY.—The "combined company" at this house continues to draw overflowing audiences. In the course of the past month several novelties have been produced with the greatest success.

FITZROY.—The long-expected satirical piece, called "One Hundred Years Hence; or, 1834," has been brought out with success. The object is to satirise the habits and ideas of the present day, by showing the degree to which existing anomalies would be carried in another century. Thus, cheap knowledge and its consequences are ridiculed, while footmen and ladies' maids are made to talk in a strain of florid eloquence, and other oddities fill up the measure of whimsical extravagance.

ASTLEY'S.—The grand "Masked Ball on Horseback," in imitation of the celebrated Covent-Garden scene in "Gustavus," is, in its way, as astonishing as any thing ever brought out here. There are about fifty horses and their riders, male and female, in the ring, besides groups of mountebanks, jugglers, musicians, and all the component elements of a grand masquerade. Great as are the resources of the theatre, it was scarcely possible to suppose so much could be made of the representation; and although the arena was neither broader, deeper, nor higher than before, the mass of gay masquers go through a variety of antics, and afford the greatest delight to all the spectators who nightly flock in crowds to enjoy the abundant amusements provided for them. An addition has been made to the regular company by the presence of W. H. Williams, whose comic songs are nightly relished with a stirring emotion inconsistent with the heat of the present weather. "The Wars of Wellington" carry every thing before them.

SADLER'S WELLS.—Amongst the novelties produced here are the "Gypsy of Epping Forest," a domestic melo-drame, from the pen of Mr. Campbell; and a broad farce called "The Roman Nose," the offspring of Mr. Almar's ingenious brain. The latter possesses a nice perception of character, breadth without vulgarity, and humour without buffoonery. The author has been particularly fortunate in the character of Mr. Benjamin Button; Mr. Smith, an amorous youth, with a nose of such magnificent proportions no female can help admiring. The little French *soubrette*, was admirably sustained by Miss Macarthy; Sir Mahony

M'Blarney, a genuine Emerald, was placed in the hands of Mr. MaCarthy, who gave great effect to the humour. The farce was received throughout successfully, and has been played every evening since.

ROYAL MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

It is hoped the directors will request ladies not to wear feathers at this festival, and that bonnets will be on the smallest scale. As the town will be thronged with strangers during the period, many of them visiting the metropolis for the first time, it may naturally be expected that the Opera-house and all the theatres will be crowded every night. We have heard that the manager of Drury-lane and Covent-garden theatres will not commence the performances until eight o'clock, which will afford sufficient time for persons who go to Westminster Abbey in the morning to dine, &c., for the performances at the latter will terminate by four o'clock. Mr Bradwell, the tasteful decorator at the winter theatres, is employed to fit up the royal boxes, galleries, and orchestra in the Abbey, after very elegant designs by the architect, Mr. Blore. Tiers of seats have already been raised along the side aisles of the cathedral as high as the windows, and every possible place where the eye or the ear can obtain pleasure will be made available. Two additional entrances are being made for the occasion; one is between the north transept and the western extremity of the abbey, and the other is under the south-west angle of the cloisters, and enters the opposite side of the abbey. The entrance is by a flight of covered steps leading to one of the great windows, from which a sufficient portion of the frame-work is removed to form a door-way. The reserved seats will consist of all the centre forms from the royal box to the orchestra, and two or three forms on the sides; so that every seat will be good for seeing and hearing. The forms will have backs covered with crimson baize, and conspicuously numbered to correspond with the tickets, which will render the access to them quite easy. Not a single ticket is to be issued more than the number of seats (whether reserved or not reserved); all confusion will be avoided; much, however, must depend on the public themselves, who should pay strict attention to the regulations. Their Majesties will go in grand state to each of the four performances in Westminster Abbey. The directors will wear full court dresses, but the company will only be expected to wear the usual morning dresses, *consequently feathers should not be worn*; neither should ladies put on large hats or bonnets with high flowers or ribands, in order that they may not impede the view of those who sit behind them. Low head-dresses would be the best to be adopted.

SKETCH OF THE INTERIOR OF THE ABBEY.

Their Majesties' Attendants.	ROYAL BOX.	Their Majesties' Attendants.
Bishops.	Directors.	Dean and Chapter.

TWO GUINEA SEATS. (In the Centre Aisle.)

703	1	16	704
609	32	17	
	33	48	
	64	49	
	65	80	
	96	81	
	97	100	112
	128	113	
	129	144	
	160	145	
	161	176	
	192	177	
	193	200	208
	224	209	
	225	240	
	256	241	
	257	272	
	288	273	
	289	300	304
	320	305	
	321	336	
	352	337	
	383	368	
	384	369	
	585	400	400
	416	401	
	417	432	
	448	433	
	449	464	
	480	465	
	481	500	496
	512	497	
	513	528	
	544	529	
	545	560	
	576	561	
	577	592	
	608	600	593

The Seats numbered from 1 to 600 are in the centre Aisle. From 600 to 700, on the left-hand side from the western entrance. From 700 to 800, on the right-hand side.

GALLERIES.—The seats numbered from 800 to 900 are on the left-hand side. From 900 to 1000, on the right-hand side. The approach to the Two-Guinea Seats in the Galleries is by a staircase on each side of the Orchestra.

The Seats for the Guinea Tickets are in the North and South Aisles, on the Basement, and in the Galleries, the entrances to which are specified on the Tickets.

THE ORCHESTRA.
(The Great Western Entrance.)

The Directors have issued the following Regulations, to which the strictest attention should be paid :—

Two-Guinea Tickets.—The entrance will be at the great western door.

Each person must be prepared with a ticket of the day, to be presented at the door. The part of the ticket containing the number will be torn off and returned, and must be shown to the gentlemen appointed to conduct the company to their respective seats; the number should be retained by the person presenting it, in order to rectify any mistake which may arise.

One-Guinea Tickets.—There will be two entrances for the one-guinea tickets, one at the north door, opposite St. Margaret's Church, and the other in the Cloisters, Dean's-yard. The different entrances are specified on the tickets, to which strict attention should be paid.

Rehearsal Tickets.—The tickets for the rehearsals will be received at the three entrances.

The greatest care should be taken to use the tickets on the days for which they are issued; for tickets purchased for a particular performance or rehearsal, will not be admitted to any other. All the tickets are transferable.

The doors will be opened at ten o'clock each day, and be closed at a quarter before twelve. No person will be admitted after the arrival of their Majesties.

Dress.—Ladies are requested to wear morning costume, with low head-dresses.

Carriages.—No carriages will be allowed to set down at Poet's Corner but those of their Majesties and the Royal Family, excepting such as have directors' tickets. These carriages will remain in Old Palace-yard, and take up with the horses' heads facing Parliament-street.

Carriages setting down at the great western door and the north entrance will remain in the most convenient part in the vicinity, and take up in the same direction as they set down, and drive off through Princes-street into George-street.

The carriages of those going to the south entrance will drive down King-street into Great George-street, turn into Princes-street, direct to Dean's-yard; on entering which they will turn short to the left and set down at the Cloister door. These carriages will remain in Dean's-yard, and take up with the horses' heads towards the corner of the Cloister entrance, and drive off through Princes-street.

CONCERTS.

SIGNOR MASONI'S.—This accomplished violinist gave his concert at the Hanover-square Rooms, on the 16th ult. The principal point of attraction, was the performance of the "Beneficiaire." A concerto from the scientific pen of Gubri, and an aria with variations, a composition of his own, were exquisitely played by Masoni. Of the vocal portion of his entertainment, Bennett's singing Beethoven's splendid and beautiful composition of "Adelaide," was a delicious specimen of purity of conception, and chasteness and perfection of execution. He was rapturously applauded. M. G. le Jeune, of

the Royal Academy of Music, sung an aria from "Maometto," entitled "Sorgete," with great power and brilliancy. He possesses much facility of execution. He was warmly greeted. The duetto of "Con Pazienza," by Miss Waters and De Begnis, was enthusiastically received; and Madame Feron's efforts created a feeling of regret that time could injure a voice. Rubini, from indisposition, was unable to attend.

Mr. Mori's.—We were much pleased to find the King's Theatre Concert Room crowded to excess on the evening of the 23d. Whether we regard Mori as a sound legitimate concerto-player, or as the leader of an orchestra, he has no superior, and but few equals. He had well chose for his principal performance Beethoven's celebrated concerto, so much admired at the Philharmonic. He, amongst other efforts, took part in a concertante piece for four violins with Messrs. Seymour, Tolbecque, and Eliason. The novelty of this latter performance excited much interest. Among the vocalists Phillips was encored in an antique ballad of the date 1656, entitled "Woman." Ivanoff exhibited great taste and purity of style in an air by Donizetti, and in his celebrated "Vivi tu." He has made rapid strides in the estimation of our amateurs. Stockhausen was encored in a French bolero, executed with the neatness and brilliancy peculiar to her; and Caradori, De Begnis, Zuchelli, Rubini, Miss Masson, &c., contributed to the general excellence of this concert.

Mr. F. CRAMER'S farewell concert, on the 14th, was well attended. Mr. Cramer has belonged to the Ancient Concert Band for nearly half a century, and led it for thirty-four years. His brother, J. B. Cramer's performance was a beautiful specimen of genuine pianoforte playing. Miss E. Lindley, daughter of the celebrated violoncelist, sang "Ciel Pietoso" in a very effective manner; and Mr. C. Bolsragon did ample justice to Mozart's "Qui Sdegno;" he possesses a very fine mellow bass voice, of great compass.

Mr. HERZ'S concert, at the Opera-room, on the 20th.—Such a union of splendid pianoforte playing was perhaps never before heard on one occasion. There was a duet on two pianofortes, by Herz and Moscheles, and a quartet performed on two pianofortes. The latter piece almost produced the effect of a full orchestra, for the different style and touch peculiar to each performer was in some degree equivalent to various instruments. An apology was made for Signora Grisi, whom illness disabled from attending; but Ivanoff, who was sent for in the emergency, immediately came, and sang his favourite "Vivi tu." Madame Caradori, Rubini, and M. Vrugt, were also among the singers. We wish Mr. Vrugt had sung something else than his Dutch ballad.

The composition appears to be merely a poor imitation of Beethoven's "Adelaide." M. Ghys played a solo on the violin in a style which confirmed us in the favourable opinion we formed of his performance on his recent *debut* at Moseheles' concert.

Mr. G. LE JEUNE, one of the most promising pupils of the Royal Academy of Music, held an evening concert at the house of Miss E. Kendrick, in Duchess-street, on the 12th ult. It was well attended; and we were altogether much pleased with the selection of the music. Mr. G. Le Jeune possesses a voice of great power, flexibility, and compass. The grand attraction of the evening was Signor Masoni; his solo performances were admirable; his manner is both original and masterly. Giubeli was very effective.

MADAME STOCKHAUSEN'S.—This vocalist, universally a favourite, took a benefit on the 20th, at the King's Theatre. In all the pieces in which she took part, or sang as solos, she enchanted her auditory with tones altogether unrivalled. The Swiss airs which she sang between the acts drew expressions of delight from all sides. At the end of the first act a quatuor, with German words, was sung by Madame Stockhausen, Miss Masson, Herr Schmezer, and Mr. H. Phillips. Mr. Stockhausen performed two pieces of his own composition on the harp. A capital effect was produced in the second act by a drinking chorus performed by all the German singers. The vocalists not previously mentioned were Grisi, Miss Novello, Tamburini, Rubini, Ivanoff, and De Bagnis. The room was quite full.

CIPRIANI POTTER'S.—Mr. Potter, Principal of the Royal Academy of Music, gave his annual concert on the 21st, in the Great Room, King's Theatre, which was well attended. This gentleman ranks very high as a composer and performer on the pianoforte. M. Vander Bogaert, from Belgium, played a solo on the flute in a very superior manner. An apology was made for Mdle. Grisi, requesting that "Una voce" might be omitted, as she laboured under a cold; but she sang "Dunque io son" with Tamburini with her wonted brilliancy. The other vocalists were Caradori, Miss Masson, Rubini, and Mr. and Mrs. Seguin, who acquitted themselves with their accustomed success.

MADAME CELLINI'S.—This lady gave an excellent concert on the 21st, at her house in Manchester-street, Manchester-square. She sang Mercadante's beautiful duet, "Segui, deh! segui a piangere," with Ivanhoff, with great taste. Madame Stockhausen and Signor Rubini were, as usual, delightful; and Ivanoff in the aria allotted to him displayed, if possible, more than his accustomed sweetness. In a room his voice

is heard to perfection. A fantasia on the violin by Monsieur Ghys was finely performed.

FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE POLES.—A concert of vocal and instrumental music was given in the Concert Room of the King's Theatre for the benefit of the Polish Exiles, but we do not think it could have afforded much to their funds. Attraction was not wanting, for Mademoiselle Giulietta Grisi, and Signor Tamburini sung "Dunque io son," from "Il Barbiere;" Madame Caradori Allan, "Una voce;" Signor De Bagnis, and Signor Zuchelli amused their auditors with Cimarosa's "Se fiato un corpo avete," from "Il Matrimonio Segreto;" Madame Garcia and Signor Rubini were much applauded in "Ah! se de mali miei," from "Il Tancredi;" and Miss Clara Novello sung Haydn's beautiful recitative and air, "With verdure clad," in a delightfully chaste and unaffected style. Of instrumental players there were few: Chopin's elaborate and difficult variations for the pianoforte on "La ci darem" were played in a brilliant and effective manner by his pupil M. Fontana. Distin was effective in his trumpet concerto, but he was badly supported by the orchestra. We do not know whether the band had had any rehearsal, but they certainly required it; they took extraordinary liberties with the time in nearly all the accompaniments entrusted to them, and their performance was most slovenly. With this exception, the concert was highly satisfactory.

SIGNOR GIUBILEI gave his annual concert on the 9th ult., at the residence of Admiral Donnelly, in Harley-street, which was very fully attended. He was assisted by most of the principal foreign singers now in London, who, as well as the *beneficiare* himself, exercised their talents with success. Signor Costa presided at the pianoforte with his wonted tact and ability.

Mr. COLLYER'S concert, on the 16th, at Willis's Rooms, was very well attended. The vocalists who assisted him were all natives, including Miss C. Novello, Miss Wagstaff, the Misses Smith, &c., who sung a variety of compositions with *ecclat*. Nicholson's fantasia on the flute was a brilliant display of his unrivalled talent. Mr. Holmes and Miss Swayne performed a duet on the pianoforte; and Mr. C. DAVIES, an air with variations on the harp, with great applause.

M. MOSCHELLES'S.—The concert of this eminent professor, at the Hanover-square Rooms, on the 8th ult., was, as usual, very fully and elegantly attended. His solo performances were a new MS. concerto fantastique of his own composition, as performed at the Philharmonic; a new MS. rondo, written by Mendelssohn expressly for this occasion; and an extemporaneous piece.

Both were executed in a style of excellence. The greatest attraction of the morning was a concertante duet by Herz and Moscheles, composed by the former on a theme in "Guillaume Tell," which was performed with extraordinary brilliancy. Monsieur Ghys displayed considerable power of execution in a fantasia on the violin. Monsieur de Vrugt (first tenor singer to the King of Holland) made his first appearance in this country; he possesses a voice at once strong and flexible, and sings with extreme taste and feeling. A new song of Chevalier Neukomm's, called "Our own British Oak," was well sung by Mr. Machin, and is a very spirited and clever composition.

Mrs. ANDERSON'S concert, on the 12th ult., was honoured with the presence of the Duchess of Kent and the Princess Victoria, and a brilliant assemblage of about eight hundred persons, in the Hanover-square rooms; Mrs. Anderson's performance on the pianoforte elicited the strongest marks of approbation.

Mr. SALE'S.—Their Royal Highnesses the Duchess of Kent and the Princess Victoria, accompanied by Prince Ferdinand of Saxe Coburg, Prince of Leiningen, the Duchess of Northumberland, Baroness Lehzen, Sir J. Conroy, &c. &c., were present at Mr. Sale's concert, at the Hanover-square Rooms, which were crowded chiefly with elegantly-dressed ladies. The performances were of a very superior order. Grisi was eminently successful in "Di Piacer," also in "Dunquo io son" with Tamburini. Braham gave "Mad Tom" with that power and effect for which he is so distinguished. Their Royal Highnesses were heartily welcomed on their entrance into the Royal box, and the national anthem was sung.

Mr. VAUGHAN'S.—The performance of Dr. Crotch's fine oratorio "Palestine" (written by the late Bishop Heber) deserves great credit; and the crowded state of the Hanover-square Rooms bore testimony to the high estimation in which he is held. This oratorio does credit to the English school. The vocal parts were ably sustained by Madame Caradori, Mrs. W. Knyvett, Mrs. Bishop, Miss C. Novello, Messrs. Braham, Vaughan, W. Knyvett, Terrail, Sale, Machin, and Phillips, aided by a most excellent band and a very numerous chorus. "Lo! star-led Chiefs," a quartette, sung by Mrs. Knyvett, Messrs. W. Knyvett, Vaughan, and Machin, was deservedly encored; the accompaniments for the flute, oboe, horn, and bassoon, are very beautiful, and were admirably performed by Messrs. Nicholson, Cooke, Platt, and Mackintosh. Mr. T. Wright accompanied several pieces on the harp in a very effective manner.

THEATRICAL AND MUSICAL INTELLIGENCE.

VENETIAN OPERATICS.—Madame Pasta, Donzelli, and Bottrigari are at present performing with great success at Venice, in "Norma." Four new operas have been brought out at different theatres in Italy, within the space of little more than a month: the "Adventures of Scaramouch," by Ricci; "Rosamond of England," by Donizetti; "Emma of Austria," by Mercadante; and "The Fan," by Rainondi.

MAYERBEER is said to be engaged in composing a new comic opera for the Theatre de la Bourse, in Paris.

MADemoiselle TAGLIONI is to leave Paris for London this day.

MISS KELLY was so much delighted with the performance of Miss Allison, in Juliet, at the Victoria theatre, that she sent for her after the play, and was pleased to compliment her highly on her acting. Miss Allison is not yet fourteen.

THE NEW ENGLISH OPERA-HOUSE is going on rapidly. The roof is nearly finished, and all the wood-work of the interior is ready, and will be put up immediately the roof is complete: a great portion of the scenery is also ready. Every thing promises well, and we have no doubt but it will open at the time stated, namely, the first week in July. Mr. Loder and Mr. T. Cooke have new operas in a forward state; there is also a drama by Mr. Perkins, taken from Maturin's "Melmoth the Wanderer," but it has not yet been determined with what pieces the theatre will open. The company already engaged are—for opera, Miss Stephens, Miss E. Romer, Miss H. Cawse, Mr. H. Phillips, Mr. Seguin, Mr. Wilson, Mr. Bland, and a young lady of considerable musical promise; Miss Kelly, Mrs. Keeley, Mrs. C. Jones, Mr. Wrench, Mr. Serle (to be stage manager), Mr. J. Reeve, Mr. Keeley, Mr. F. Matthews, Mr. Bennett, Mr. Perkins, Mr. Benson Hill, Mr. Oxberry, Mr. Salter, Mr. O. Smith, and a gentleman from the Bath theatre, who is a clever melo-dramatic actor, and an excellent swordsman, for general business. Mr. Arnold is in treaty with several other persons of known talent. The orchestra, which will be as numerous as on former great occasions, is to consist of forty able performers. There has been a meeting at the office of the Commissioners of Woods and Forests, respecting the new street from the Strand, and it is expected that it will be so far advanced as not to impede the entrance thence to the theatre, when the later opens. It was intended to macadamise the street, but the intention has been abandoned, and it will be handsomely paved.

Miss Mitford's five act play of "Charles the First," for which a license was refused to the managers of Covent Garden theatre, a few seasons since, is to be produced at the

Victoria soon after the Whitsuntide holidays, with a very strong cast of characters.

Sheridan Knowles and Miss Jarman have been playing at Cork; they were very unsuccessful in the provinces.

The Haymarket theatre opens on the 9th inst.

A new drama, by Moncrieff, entitled the "Court of Queen Anne," is in rehearsal at the Victoria theatre.

THE GLEE CLUB.—The prize of ten guineas, offered by the Glee Club for the best cheerful glee, was awarded at the last Saturday meeting to Mr. J. Elliott. There were only three candidates.

THE KEMBLE.—NEW YORK, APRIL 24. —Mr. C. Kemble and his daughter were to make their re-appearance at the Park theatre that evening in "The Wife, a Tale of Mantua." Miss Fanny Kemble was to perform Mariana, and her father, St. Pierre.

Hackett, the American comedian, has produced a new piece called "The Wag of Maine," in which he has appeared with great success in New York.

BRAUBOURG.—The actor Beauhourg, who was extremely ugly, playing the part of Mithridates, in Racine's play, Madame Leconvreur, who played that of Monime, said, "Ah, sire, you change countenance;" a wag in the pit exclaimed, "Let him do so—don't stop him."

THEATRICAL NOVELTIES IN PARIS.—During April seventeen new pieces were represented in Paris—viz., one comedy, three dramas, and thirteen vaudevilles. There were also fourteen débuts and ten benefits.

Mr. Vandenhoff is engaged at the Haymarket theatre, London, for the ensuing season. He may be expected to return to Liverpool in August.—*Manchester Guardian.*

Mr. Wallace's adaption of M. Scribe's celebrated play of "Bertrand et Raton," first acted at the new Queen's Theatre, under the title of "Bertrand and Burkenstaff, or the Conspiracy of Copenhagen," is said to be in preparation at several of the principal provincial theatres.

We have recently had an opportunity of hearing an exceedingly clever young pianiste, a Miss Laidlaw, only fourteen years of age, whose admirable style of playing, whether as regards execution, power, or delicacy of expression, bids fair to rank her among our most eminent professors. She is by birth English, but has been studying in Germany: she lately gave two concerts at Berlin.

Signor Puzzi arrived in London last week for the season. Madame Puzzi, whose voice has recovered all its former power, is performing with great success at La Scala, Milan.

PARIS THEATRICALS.—"Antony," a drama, written by Alexandre Dumas, came out some time ago, at the Theatre Francais, at Paris; it was subsequently played at the

Porte St. Martin; and, indeed, all over Franco. It was lately revived at the Theatre Francais, but has been prohibited by M. Thiers. Some situations and sentiments considered offensive to pure taste and delicacy are assigned as the cause, which has made a great noise in the theatrical world of Paris, and in the *Journal des Debats*, the *Constitutionnel*, and other papers of that capital devoted to theatrical criticism. Madame Dorval, who had played, and was to play, the part of Antony, is highly indignant at this interruption. The director of the theatre complains loudly, and M. Alexandre Dumas, the author of the piece thus dishonoured has remonstrated in such angry terms that a duel between him and M. Thiers was seriously apprehended by their respective friends.

MR. SLOMAN'S PROFESSIONAL FEAT.—On Thursday se'nnight, Mr. Sloman, the spirited manager of this circuit, completed his undertaking to perform in three pieces at the Canterbury, Rochester, and Maidstone theatres, within the hours of seven and twelve o'clock. The time of performing in the pieces, at the three theatres, took one hour and forty-eight minutes, and the time of travelling from Canterbury to Rochester, and from thence to Maidstone (thirty-six post miles), two hours and twenty-seven minutes, making together four hours and fifteen minutes. His performances at Canterbury commenced at seven o'clock, and closed at Maidstone at a quarter past eleven, thus completing his task in forty-five minutes less than the time given. The travelling was done at the rate of nearly fifteen miles an hour, over ground by no means the most favourable for travelling. Mr. Sloman was warmly greeted and cheered at the different towns he passed through, as also on his arrival at Maidstone, where he had the gratification of finishing his task to a house filled to the ceiling.

A CANDIDATE FOR VOCAL HONOURS.—A gentleman from the country took his daughter, the other day, to a professor of music, soliciting his interest to get her engaged at the approaching festival, stating that there was nothing like *her* in London, and that she sang "The Soldier Tired of Wars Alarms" better than ever Mrs. Billington did; and that he had written sacred words to it, for the purpose of having it sung in the Abbey! After a specimen of the young lady's powers, which were terrific, the delighted father asked, exultingly, "Well, sir, do you really think there is any thing before the public like it?"—"Indeed, I do not," was the sarcastic reply.

THE MUSICIANS AND THE CLERGY.—It has been mentioned that "sixty members of the Royal Society of Musicians have been called upon to perform, both at the rehearsals and the performance in St. Paul's, for the benefit

of the sons of the clergy, for these seventy-five years past, without receiving a shilling remuneration; nay, many of them, who do not play on the various instruments required, are obliged to pay for substitutes." If this be so, the objection of certain reverend prelates to the *desecration* of Westminster-abbey, as they are pleased to call it, for the benefit of the musical profession, seems not only unreasonable but ungrateful.

BOOTH, THE ACTOR.—This individual has long had, in America, the reputation of being insane. There are those, however, who say there is method in his madness, and that his extravagances kept his name up when his acting would not. As a performer, he is still popular. Among his freaks he bought a great number of chickens and had them killed, and then sent for a clergyman to read the burial service over them. Once he invited a party of gentlemen to follow an old friend to the grave; when they arrived, they found it was to assist at the funeral of his horse. He took it into his head, not long since, to go into prison among the runaway negroes. He then exhibited in the streets of Louisville, painted black, asserting negroes to be the superior race, and himself one of them. He has lived on vegetables for years, and usually drinks water, but sometimes indulges in more potent liquors, and then he acts in the way described.

Sinclair, Mrs. Austin, and Miss Fisher have been performing, with great success at the Cam Theatre, New Orleans. The first has been particularly happy in "Masaniello." He is thus mentioned in the *Mercantile Advertiser* of February 16th:—"Mr. Sinclair, as Masaniello, has established for himself a reputation with the citizens of New Orleans that will not easily be rivalled. We have frequently been delighted with this gentleman's vocal performances, but never until last night have we seen such spirit thrown into any character, as was given to Masaniello by Mr. Sinclair. The late hour forbids us to go too far into particulars, but can any one imagine any thing more perfect to nature than was the performance of the last scene? It was really a treat, and we feel convinced that Mr. Sinclair has not his superior, indeed we may say his equal, in this character.

There is not an actor now alive who performed in the "Duenna" when it was first represented. Quick, who died about four years ago, was the original Isaac Mendoza.

NEW SINGERS.—A Dutch vocalist made his *debut* at Moscheles' concert; his voice is a high tenor, with a very extensive falsetto, not unlike Sinclair's. He sang a pathetic ballad and a national hymn, in both High and Low Dutch, for he ran from C below the staff to F in altissimo! Mr. Conrad Boisragon, son of the eminent M.D. of that name at Cheltenham, has just arrived from Flo-

rence, and has made his *debut* at Mr. F. Cramer's concert; he possesses a very fine bass voice of great compass and power. M. Gwys, the newly-imported violinist, delighted the audience in a fantasia of his own composition, which was deservedly admired. He ranks among the first performers of the day.

MRS. WAYLETT.—At Bologne the saloon of the Hotel d'Orleans has been enlivened with a *soirée musicale*, got up in a superior style. Mrs. Waylett was all the rage. She was most fervently applauded in all she did. At the end of one of her concerts, a lady stepped up to her and said, "I hope it is not asking too much, but will you sing me 'O, no, we never mention her?'" The syren complied with the greatest affability. The rush back of the retiring audience furnished one of the oddest scenes that could be imagined.

MADAME STOCKHAUSEN.—Perhaps there is no vocalist living who is more generally admired than Madame Stockhausen wherever she has appeared. It were a wonder were it not so, for she sings with equal taste and sweetness in Italian, French, German, English, and last, but not least, Swiss.

THEATRE ROYAL, DUBLIN.—Pierce Egan's "Life in Dublin," with the farce of "Love, Law, and Physic," were performed by desire of her Excellency the Marchioness Wellesley. Shortly after seven o'clock her Excellency, accompanied by Miss Caton, alighted from her carriage, at the grand entrance. Her Excellency was escorted to the theatre by a guard of honour of the 15th Hussars. A party of the 60th Rifles were also in attendance at the piazza. Her Excellency was conducted by the lessee (Mr. Calcraft) to her box, and received in the warmest and most enthusiastic manner by the house.—*Stewart's Telegraphic Dublin Dispatch.*

WEBER's grand opera of "Euryanthe" will shortly be performed by the German company. Other novelties, among which are "The Eagle's Eyry," by Horst, and a new opera by Spontini, are in preparation.

Among the "lions" of the present fashionable season, is Madame Fillipowicz, a Polish lady, who is a most excellent performer on the violin. Her talent has been exhibited in private parties only, but she has surprised some of our best professors of that instrument by her strength of tone, brilliancy of execution, and bold masculine style. She is a pupil of Spohr.

GRAVE CON.—Which is the deepest, the longest, the broadest, and the smallest grave in Escher churchyard?—That in which Miles Button lies buried, for it contains Miles below the sod, Miles in length, and Miles in breadth, and yet it is only a Button-hole.

Paris Chitchat, &c.

(From our own Correspondent.)

NEWS FROM PARIS.

PARIS, MAY, 1834.

You will be grieved, my dear friend, when you know that I have been acting la garde malade ever since I last wrote. I have had three of my children ill, and M. de F— is still labouring under a very severe attack, not only of mauvaise humeur, car cela va sans dire, but of gout and asthma. Oh! ma chère, I have had so many privations: I missed the races at Chantilly, where I had made up my mind to go; and a splendid fête the other evening, chez la Comtesse d'Appony. I was so annoyed; mais, mon amie, quand on se dévoue à son mari et à ses enfans, as I do, one must be prepared to suffer many deprivations. Nevertheless, it is very provoking, that if there is any thing that M. de F— does not wish me to go to, such as the opera balls, or if we have invitations to a fête that he imagines would be too gay for his staid and sober years, he always contrives to feel a fit of the gout coming on, that must necessarily keep us both at home. I tell him that we should go and take up our abode in the midst of a forest; for really to live *comme des ours*, in such a place as Paris, is dreadful. He put me in a passion the other day; but I soon forgave him, for he bought me a most beautiful fan, quite an antique, of the reign of Louis XVI. It represents a comédie à la cour. Marie Antoinette, Madame Elizabeth, and the Princess de Lamballe, all excellent likenesses, are on the stage. Louis XVI. is seated on his throne, and the boxes and parterre are filled with the ladies and gentlemen of the court, all in the costume of the period. The mounting of the fan is mother-o'-pearl, inlaid with gold and precious stones. You cannot imagine any thing more beautiful. The rage for these fans is carried to a great extent just now, and immense prices are paid for them. But I must tell you the cause of the quarrel: all our ladies are as busily employed as possible, embroidering waistcoats for the gentlemen; c'est un fureur; they are done on white or pearl-grey cassimere, or black, brown, puce, or white satin, and are worked in coloured floss silks in guirlandes, detached bouquets, or what is prettier than either, en rames (a running pattern all over). I thought M. de F— would look très distingué in one of these waistcoats, and commenced one for him; but only think, he refused to wear it, saying that such things were only fit for the young men that make themselves look like bears and monkeys and goats, with the pretty beards that are the fashion

just now in Paris. I was so angry, that I gave it to a lady to finish for one of her friends; and if he had not given me the fan, I should not have spoken to him for a week.

HATS AND CAPOTES.—The hats have increased very much in size lately, particularly in the height of the crowns, which are nearly pointed at top; the fronts are also larger, descending low at the sides, some, indeed, almost meeting under the chin; the bavolets (curtain at the back) are excessively full, and deep, and are gathered, instead of being plaited. Almost every hat and capote has a demi-voile of blonde or tulle illusion with a wide hem, or a short veil of very fine tulle Anglaise, sewed round the edge; and all, except the little bonnets, worn en negligé, are ornamented with flowers or feathers: small wreaths or very small bouquets are worn underneath the fronts, mingling with the curls, and descending low at each side of the face: they are very becoming. Hats of paille de riz are the most fashionable for grande toilette; but hats and drawn capotes of poux de soie glacé, and of crape, are much adopted by our élégantes just now. Hats of paille d'Italie are a good deal worn; they are lined with poux de soie, and trimmed with sarsnet ribbons glacé de blanc. The most fashionable colours on straw hats are lilac, light blue, rose, and green. These hats are worn larger than any others.

FLOWERS.—The flowers most in favour are roses—the rose pompon, the rose noisette, the rose de Meaux, and all small roses; branches of the acacia, of the apple, cherry, and peach-trees; pinks, scabious, violets, jessamine, mimosa, tulips of different colours, double and single hyacinths, woodbine, bouquets à la Cérès of wheat, oats, barley, grass, straw, poppies, daisies, harebells, &c mixed; filberts, grapes, currants, and oak with acorns, are also fashionable.

DRESSES.—There is nothing very new in ball-dresses. The skirts are in general open in front; but some, instead of being open, are only made to look so. They are trimmed with rich blondes, flowers, bows of ribbon, or held back with jewels. The corsages for these dresses are invariably à pointe; but the points are very short, scarcely coming below the waist. All the corsages are made to fit tight to the bust, and have draperies à la Sevigné put on; but these draperies are enormously full. Three or four small bows of ribbon (about a quarter of an ell in each bow) are placed down the centre of the corsage; one is also

put at the top of the back, and one at the waist. The *nœuds de page* are worn on the shoulders, but the ends are much shorter than they were. The sleeves are à double and à triple sabot, with ruffles à la Louis XV. Bows of ribbon or flowers are placed between the puffs of the sleeves, and sometimes a wreath of small flowers goes all round the arm, dividing the puffs: it has a very pretty effect. Sashes tied in front, with very long ends, are worn when the corsage is not à pointe.

In Toilette de Promenade, redingottes are universally adopted. Some are trimmed with bows of ribbon placed at distances down each side of the front of the skirt, or with ruches, to make the dress look as if it was an open robe or skirt en tablier. Some have an opening down the centre of the front, and are tied at distances with bows of ribbon: the corsages tight to the bust. Some are plain, others have draperies put on à l'éventail, coming in full folds from the shoulder to the centre of the waist; and others again have these draperies to cross in front. The sleeves of all the new dresses are excessively full all the way down, and are finished at the wrist by a very narrow wristband; however, the sleeves full at top, and tight from the elbow down, may still be worn.

Large round pelerines, or those à longs Pans, with long ends put beneath the ceinture, of the same material as the dress, are worn; the waists are long, the petticoats long and excessively full, and the hems at the bottom of the dresses never exceed half a quarter of a yard English in depth. Although I tell you, my dear Clorinde, to wear your dresses long, I entreat you, ma chère, not to have them long enough to save the balayeurs the trouble of sweeping the streets.

I gave you a long list of new materials in my last. The patterns on the Foulards silks, on the mousselines de laines, and on the jaconas, are immense flowers; the black grounds are the prettiest. Every thing is worn as much as possible en suite; I mean the trimmings, and feathers or flowers of the hat, the dress, the brodequins, scarf, &c., as nearly of a colour as you can; the variety of colours being only in the material of the dress.

GLOVES AND MITTENS.—The newest mittens are of white silk à jours, they are half long, and are finished at the arm with a ruche of satin ribbon; there are short gloves of the same, which are particularly adapted to summer wear: long and short black silk mittens and gloves are still worn, and there are short gloves à jours of yellow silk that look very well.

Ruffles of embroidered cambric, trimmed with narrow Valenciennes, or Malines lace,

are coming in; they are not frilled, but are merely a small cuff, which is sometimes pointed like a half handkerchief, the point turned up.

COLLERETTES AND PELERINES.—Large round pelerines, and pelerines à Pans (with long ends) made of India muslin, or thin cambric, embroidered and trimmed with Malines or Valenciennes, are very fashionable; the collerettes have square falling collars, embroidered and trimmed with lace. The pierrots, which I have so often described, are much worn; and mantelets of black taffetas, or of lilac, or green poux de soie, trimmed with deep black lace, are quite as distingué as they were last year; these mantelets are also made of the same material as the dress, and trimmed with black lace, they look very elegant.

APRONS.—The newest aprons are made of satin broché, satin and gros de Naples, embroidered in floss silks; the pockets are on the inside, the ceinture is sometimes made with a slight point, and the apron trimmed all round with narrow black lace, or a ruche of satin ribbon.

HAIR.—Ringlets are rather more worn just now than the large tufts of frizzed curls; the front hair is a good deal parted on the brow, and descends low at the sides. A braid, en couronne, is preferred to any thing else, especially for young persons; sometimes the braid is encircled by a wreath of roses, mixed flowers, or all white flowers, but this rather depends on the colour of the hair; pink or white flowers should seldom be worn by a blonde, whereas on dark hair, their effect is particularly pretty. The fairer the hair, the darker should be the flowers, while dark hair is more set off by white or light coloured flowers. In the coiffures à la Mancini, à la Marion de Lorne, à la Sévigné, &c., the hair is not worn high, the curls stand out far from the head, and their volume is much increased by a quantity of mixed flowers which are intermingled with the curls. Feathers, birds of Paradise, rich bracelets, &c., are much worn par les Mammans; but demoiselles content themselves with flowers, or a string of pearls round the head, and crossing the brow, as being more simple, and far better adapted to their more juvenile style of beauty.

TURBANS of rich gauzes, ornamented with birds of Paradise feathers or diamonds, are a good deal worn.

SHAWLS AND SCARFS of a rich material, called Foulard satin, are worn: small light scarfs of mousseline de soie, and mousseline de laine, knotted at the neck, are admired in walking costume.

COLOURS.—The prevailing colours are, rose, blue, several shades of lilac, lemon, yellow, straw colour, apple green, parrot

green, and vert choux all glacé de blanc (shot with white). Emerald-green, moss-green, olive-green, gris-lilas (a lilac bordering on grey), grey, pearl-grey, gris-poussière, bistre, col d'aigle, a sort of reddish grey, poussière or drab, couleur tortue, noisette, two or three shades of brown, and cendre de rose (cedar).

En voilà assez ma bonne amie pour aujourd'hui, mon Mari m'appelle, il t-embrasse ainsi que moi de tout cœur. Adieu ma très aimable, aime moi comme je t-aime.

L. de F.

DESCRIPTION OF PLATES.

(No. 11.) WALKING DRESS.—Drawn capote of rubans de taffetas. The crown is high, and rounded at top; and the front, in which three whalebones are inserted, stands up nearly perpendicular from the face (see plate). The trimming, which is of the same ribbon as the capote, is brought up into an immense high bow on the top of the crown, and retains two large branches of acacia; another ribbon encircles the lower part of the crown, and descends at the sides to form the brides. The hair is in ringlets, very much parted on the forehead, and descends low at the sides of the face. Dress of gros de Naples, with sleeves à l'imberite, finished at the wrist by ruffles. Cannezou of cambric, with triple-pointed jockies on the shoulders (see plate), and double falling collar pointed at back; it is finished at the throat by a band of *entre-deux* (insertion), two rows of *entre-deux* go down the front of the cannezou, and the jockies are à *pattes* in front (see plate), the ends cross beneath the ceinture; the cannezou is trimmed with narrow lace. The

ruffles, to match, consist merely of a band of *entre-deux*, with a narrow lace at each side. Brodequins the colour of the dress, white silk gloves, cambric handkerchief.

(No. 12.) SOIRÉE, OR CONCERT DRESS.—A dress of organdi made to look as if open in front; the front of the skirt is richly embroidered en tablier, and a row of very broad lace, which commences at the waist, is carried down each side of the front, and rounded off at the bottom, in order to give the dress the appearance of being an open robe (see plate): the lace begins rather narrow at the waist, increases in depth as it goes down, and is diminished again at the rounding off below. The corsage is à l'enfant (a full body) and à pelerine: a deep pelerine embroidered, and trimmed with lace, goes round the corsage; it is square at back, rounded on the shoulders, where it is sufficiently deep as to conceal the sleeves entirely; it is sloped off towards the centre of the front, where it becomes quite narrow (see plate). The dress is worn over a satin under-dress. The front hair is in full ringlets, falling low at the sides; the back in two high coques, with a high braid in the centre (see plate). A light flower with a great deal of spreading foliage is placed at the right side of the coques; the branch of foliage crosses at the back, and mixes with the ringlets on the left side: a small gold band forms a knot on the upper part of the brow. Pompadour of wide gauze ribbon, knotted at the neck, and fastened under the ceinture; white lace gloves à jours, finished with a quilling at the top; black satin shoes; silk stockings.

The sitting figure gives the back of the same dress; shawl of Foulard satin.

EXPLANATION OF THE MODEL OF THE GREAT WESTERN CEMETERY.

Our readers will remember Mrs. Foulard's beautiful lines upon the site of this cemetery, Notting Hill, Bayswater, inserted in January last, so that we shall only give an account of the more perfected plan. The model, to which the public are invited upon producing their cards, is now at the Company's offices, 13, Regent-street. It shows the whole space of fifty-two acres as it will afterwards be appropriated. One portion, containing twelve acres and a half, is already entirely enclosed, and most magnificently wooded. The principal entrance will be above the side centre of the grounds, by the roadway which at present exists, until the new roads at the back of Notting Hill are completed. From this entrance there is a sweeping avenue of trees, and a broad roadway running around the church, and terminating in the public

road by Shepherd's Bush. The church, for the service of the Church of England, is built upon arches, which are catacombs for the dead. The building is after the design of the Holy Sepulchre of Jerusalem, which, internally, is admirably adapted for the display of full-length marble figures, on account of the niches with which, internally, it is surrounded. About two-thirds only of the outer boundary of the whole has to be enclosed with a wall. The grand avenue of trees being formed, the catacombs under the church made, the church built, and this wall completed, the cemetery is finished for the public use; all of which, if the funds allow, will be completed during the present year. Fortunately for the speculators, the whole estate is brick earth; so that all the work of excavation will turn to account,

and the soil be made, at the upper extremity, into bricks, and every brick required for use can be made upon the estate. With this great advantage, and economical management, the subscribers will possess, first, a beautiful property of fifty-two acres, including numerous outbuildings, a farm, and buildings; and have all the works just named executed for the comparatively very trifling sum of 31,500*l*. A large portion will remain unconsecrated, for the use of those dissenting from the Church of England; viz. one-half of the further outer boundary on the Uxbridge side, and a large piece internally, together also with a piece, one-half, of the present inclosed garden. There is a very sweet Gothic chapel for their especial use. As the estate is so extensive, and in order both to give a *ton* to the scheme, which will surpass every other, and comfortable security to relations and friends, all around, are erected,* almshouses, at short distances from each other. The tenants of these, being pensioners from corporations and other charitable societies, are a class of persons in whom confidence can be placed, and whose interests will secure good behaviour, in the little perquisites and rewards they will, no doubt, often obtain from visitors and the friends of those who inter there. Another arrangement greatly strikes our fancy: the walks are so laid out, that plots of ground are at once visibly divided, and capable of being used wholly by the Catholics, the Jews, Quakers, or any other brotherhood, in case they should prefer doing so to having the use of the general ground set apart for the "Dissenters." There is another structure which we have yet to notice, a pyramidal form, capable of containing sixty

thousand coffins. This is a range of layers, one above the other, decreasing gradually in size, and is intended to be constructed out of the excavated soil in the cemetery, the overplus in making family vaults, when the future profits of the company shall be sufficient to leave a surplus to create a building fund. Such an intent, considering the great value of building-ground, and that the cemetery of Pere la Chaise, 120 acres in extent, is now losing its beautiful shrubberies, by reason of the great use, and fullness of the ground, is a work not of fancy, but of wise forethought. Within three months past, for the reasons stated, an edict was issued at Paris, requiring *super-structures* to be made in Pere la Chaise. Considering, then, as the proprietors of the company set forth, "that on the burial of *every stranger*, of *every lodger*, and also of parishioners not having ground of their own, and of parties dying in *extra-parochial* places, double, and even treble fees are now required, this cemetery will be hailed as conferring a great public benefit; and considering that if only 1,500 families, at the trifling cost of 21*l*. (instead of hundreds charged in some places) purchased their family freehold vaults, capable of containing the remains of ten members, that sum would REIMBURSE the proprietors every shilling of outlay. With the advantages of situation and cheapness, there cannot be a doubt of the approval and support of the public, and the consequent success of the company.

The grounds, we had forgotten to say, are in every direction interspersed with walks and tombs, monuments of elegant device, the handy-work of Mr Day, the modeller.

Miscellany.

KING'S COLLEGE.—DISTRIBUTION OF THE PRIZES TO THE MEDICAL STUDENTS.—On May 20th, His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury presided in the large theatre, for the purpose of awarding the medals and certificates of honour to the medical students. This interesting ceremonial was graced by the presence of several ladies, so that beauty, rank, and fashion, mingled their plaudits with the other spectators. Among the most distinguished of the visitors, we observed the Bishops of London, Winchester, and Gloucester; Sirs A. Cooper and J. Nichol; Dr. D'Oyley; the Honbles. H. Hobhouse, R. Jones, and P.H. Leathes, Esq. Professor Mayo explained the ob-

ject of the meeting, in a concise and eloquent manner, and was succeeded by Professors Partridge, Burnett, and F. Hawkins, each of whom eulogised in appropriate language, the assiduity and general good conduct of the students that composed their respective classes. The venerable Archbishop on presenting the prizes, congratulated the students in the most courteous manner, and expressed a hope that their present success would prove a stimulus to future exertions; and when he had concluded, the Rev. W. Otter, the principal, rose, and announced to the meeting, the foundation of two theological prizes, by P. H. Leathes, Esq. The rev. gentleman explained at some

length the purpose for which these prizes were designed, and made the conduct of those medical students who had attended his lectures and examinations the theme of his warmest eulogy. He was succeeded by the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London, who expressed their coincidence in his opinions.

The following are the names of the gentlemen to whom collegiate honours, were assigned :—

Silver Medals to	For	Certs. of Honour
H. C. Metcalfe	Anatomy	{ P. Young H. Lee, T. M. Parke
George Cralland	Practical Anatomy	{ Park, Ward, Atkinson, G. Smith, W. Paynes, G. R. Carter
George Cooper	Botany	{ Margetson, Freeman, Porter.
W. M. Thointhwait	Chemistry	{ Margetson, Baynes, S. Simons
Richard Jones	Ma. ria Medica	{ Margetson, Layton
W. B. Whitfield	Medicine	{ Margetson, Simons
Otto	Midwifery	{ Orwin, Margetson, Parke
H. C. Metcalfe	Forensic Medicine	{ W. C. Robinson, for General Medical
John Simon	Surgery	{ Proficiency
Gold Medals	{ 1 H. C. Metcalfe, 2 J. Margetson,	{
Mr Teathe's	{ Mr Lee, } Medical Students proficiency	
Prizes	{ Mr Turner } in Religious knowledge	

ASCENT OF THE GREAT PYRAMID.—

At first, it must be owned, "the way seemed difficult and steep to climb;" but as you proceed, and rise from one of the boumdai (as the steps are aptly termed by Herodotus) to another, you gradually become familiar with your position, and learn to be bold. Our track lay along the north-eastern angle, where time, and the irresistible storms that sweep across the desert, have tumbled down many of the stones; and thus made, at various heights, resting-places for the traveller. And, indeed, these resting-places are exceedingly necessary; for the exertion and labour of the ascent, with the impatience which animates most persons on such occasions, soon put you out of breath, and make you glad to sit down, from time to time, to contemplate what you have already achieved. Looking upward, along the face of the pyramid, the steps, like those of the visionary ladder of Padan-aram, seem to ascend to the clouds; and if you turn your eyes below, the height looks dizzy, prodigious, fearful, and the people at the bottom appear to be shrunk to dwarfs. The prospect of the country enlarges at every step; the breadth of the pyramid sensibly diminishes; and at length, after considerable toil, you find yourself on that small table-land which vandalism, or the premature

death of the original builder, has left upon the top of the Great Pyramid. A number of large blocks of an unfinished layer occupy a portion of the square area, and serve the traveller (or, at least, served me) as a desk to write on. They are covered with the names of innumerable visitors of all nations, cut deep in the stone; but I saw none to which any great celebrity is attached.—*St. John's Egypt and Mohammed Ali.*

VIEW FROM THE SUMMIT OF THE PYRAMID.—It was now about mid-day; and the sun, entirely free from clouds, smote upon the pyramid with great vehemence; so that, what with the warmth produced by the labour of the ascent, and the ardour of its rays, we experienced a heat resembling that of an oven. The air was clear, and our view unimpeded on all sides. To the south, scattered in irregular groups, were the pyramids of Sakkarah, Abousir, and Dashour, glittering in the sun, like enormous tents; and appearing, from their number and the confusion of their arrangement, to extend to an unknown distance into the desert. On the west was the wilderness of Libya, stretching away to the edge of the horizon, arid, undulating, boundless, apparently destitute of the very principle of vegetation, an eternal prey to the sand-storm and the whirlwind. A flock of gazelles, or a troop of Bedouins, scouring across the plain, would have relieved its monotony; but neither the one nor the other appeared. In the foreground beneath our feet, the sand (which appeared of various colours, yellow, dusky-brown, and grey) swelled into hillocks of very remarkable formation, like the nuclei of new pyramids. To the north and the east, the landscape presented a perfect contrast to this savage scenery: night and day are not more different; and if the contests of Typhon and Osiris represented, symbolically, the struggles between desert and the river—the one to nourish, the other to destroy—the gods were still there, drawn up in battle array against each other; though the evil demon, alas! had evidently long prevailed, and was daily curtailing the empire of his adversary. However, all that remains of the valley of the Nile is luxuriantly covered with verdure and beauty: corn-fields, green meadows, woods of various growth and foliage, scattered villages, a thousand shining sheets of water, and, above all, the broad glittering streams of the Nile, spreading fertility and abundance on all sides, like a god. Beyond this were the white buildings of Cairo, Babylon, and Rhouda, backed by the long lofty range of the Gebel Mokattam, reflecting the bright warm rays of the mid-day sun.—*St. John's Egypt and Mohammed Ali.*

MAGNIFICENT SUN-SET.—Poets and travellers speak with enthusiasm of the

sun-sets of Italy, Switzerland, and Greece. I have seen the sun go down in each of those countries, but never with half the splendour which on this day accompanied his disappearance; and could I succeed in reflecting upon the reader's imagination half the grandeur of this gorgeous show, he would unquestionably concur with me in thinking that, but for its evanescent nature, it was far more worth a voyage to Egypt even than the pyramids. No sooner had the sun's disk disappeared behind the Libyan desert, than the whole western sky along the edge of the horizon assumed a colour which, for want of a better term, I shall call golden: but it was a mingling of orange, saffron, straw-colour, dashed with red. A little higher, these bold tints melted into a singular kind of green, like that of a spring leaf prematurely faded; over this, extended an arch of palish light, like that of an aurora-borealis, conducting the eye to a flush of deep violet colour, which formed the groundwork of the sky, on to the very skirts of darkness. Through all these semicircles of different hues, superimposed upon each other, there ascended, as from a furnace, vast pyramidal irradiations of crimson light, most distinctly divided from each other, and terminating in a point; and the contrast between these blood-red flashes and the various strata of colours which they traversed, was so extraordinary, that, I am persuaded, no combination of light and shade ever produced a more wonderful or glorious effect.—*St. John's Egypt and Mohammed Ali.*

A MOONLIGHT VIEW UPON THE NILE.—Glittering like molten silver beneath the moon, it seemed to stretch away interminably towards the west, among numerous islands and steep pyramidal rocks, which, rising to a great height, threw their mingling shadows over its calm surface, concealing its extent, and creating the appearance of a vast lake. Nothing in all Switzerland, on which at the moment my thoughts were dwelling, could exceed in grandeur or beauty this magnificent reach of the Nile, which seemed to realise all that poetry has feigned of fairy-land,—a paradise of rocks and waters, sprinkled with the splendid vegetation of the south, wrapped in unbroken silence, and lighted up by a moon and stars of inexpressible brightness.—*St. John's Egypt and Mahomed Ali.*

THE HAREM OF MEHEMET ALI, Governor of Egypt, is at this present era of civilisation, arranged on the most magnificent, yet most orderly style; there are between ninety and one hundred of the most beautiful slaves to be found in the East, and twelve musicians and twelve dancers, all girls under fifteen years of age, who are taught, the former to play on every

sort of instrument, and the latter to dress in the costume of every nation, and to dance according to the costume. There are at least three hundred females in this building which adjoins his palace, besides between forty and fifty eunuchs, and various Arab menial slaves. When he quits the divan, and enters the harem, one of the young slaves with a silver wand is in waiting to receive him, and upon his appearance, announces his arrival to the assembly. He then marches through a double row to his seat, where he is complimented and fêted; a female secretary, taught to write well and keep secrets, attends him to write his dispatches, and occasionally others read translations of the most remarkable articles from the London and Paris papers. At night, while he sleeps, half of the fair slaves are in continual waiting, and three are stationed at his feet and three at his head, to keep away the musquitoes or flies. The utmost regularity and order are observed, and punishments, such as flogging,—even death by strangulation or drowning, are inflicted by the black eunuchs. Curiosity in looking out of the window, is one of the greatest offence. It may be a satisfaction to persons who commiserate the fair prisoners of the harem, all of whom value the customs of Europe, to learn that it is a frequent practice to give them as wives to officers, and that many an orison is uttered for that blessing, as they then become important in their husband's houses.—*A Correspondent in the Times.*

A PRINCE IN DISGRACE.—Prince Frederick of Denmark, son of the Crown Prince, has been sent on his travels to Iceland, or, in other words, banished. The explanation given for this "untoward circumstance" is, that this young gentleman lifted his hands not only against his wife, but also against the King and the Queen. Denmark is unfortunate for its family *fracas*. There is no court in which intrigue is more rife.

THE POST-OFFICE.—Extraordinary statement in the documents prepared by the Duke of Richmond:—"In addition to the immense quantity of property passing daily through the Post-office, the amount of which it is not possible to estimate, and the number of letters evidently enclosing sovereigns and money (about 700 *per diem* in and passing through London only), there are not less than 1,000 letters annually put into the Post *without any address whatever*. In many of these there are *valuable enclosures*, and in the course of a single year there have been above 100 letters of this description, which, on being opened for the purpose of being returned to the writers, have *contained property to the extent of between 20,000*l.* and 30,000*l.**"

UNIVERSITY OF GLASGOW.—We have much pleasure in announcing, that on Thursday, the 17th instant, the *Senatus Academicus* of the University of Glasgow conferred the degree of Doctor of Laws upon Mr. Mackenzie, editor of the *Liverpool Journal*, and who for upwards of two years conducted the *Derbyshire Courier*. His literary talents had a very early development, for he became connected with the Irish press before he was eighteen, and edited a newspaper in Staffordshire when he was little more than 19 years of age,—when few persons have usually begun to think for themselves, much less for the public. Since that time he has contributed pretty extensively to the periodicals of London and Edinburgh on subjects connected with literature and art. Shortly previous to taking the management of this journal, he wrote several of the biographies of the Royal Family and military commanders of Great Britain, which are published in the “Georgian Era.” Before he quitted Chesterfield he commenced a work (part of which we saw in MS. as it was composed) embracing the stirring events which followed the league of Cambray, and the romantic incidents of Titian’s early career. If this work be completed with the same vigour and originality which marked the portion that we perused, it will do infinite credit to its author. We sincerely congratulate Dr. Mackenzie on having obtained, thus early in life, one of the highest distinctions which a man of letters can receive in this country.—*Derbyshire Courier*.

MURDER OF RICHARD LANDER.—[*Extract of a Letter from the Agent to Lloyd’s at Terando Po, dated Feb. 6, 1834.*]—You will be sorry to be informed of the death of Richard Lander, who left this place some weeks since, in the *Craven* cutter, belonging to the company, taking with him a long-boat I let him have for the purpose. On his arrival at the Nuan he left the cutter, and proceeded up the river in the boat, with about 400*l.* worth of goods, to join the iron steam-boat, which he had sent up a few weeks before; she was to proceed about 300 miles up to a small island which he had purchased from the king, and where he had a factory. They had proceeded about 100 miles up, the current being strong against them; they were in good spirits, tracking the boat along shore, when they were fired on from the bush; three men were killed, and four wounded; Mr. Lander was one of the latter. They had a canoe of their own, and at the time they were fired on, the boat was aground and, to save themselves, they were obliged to leap into the canoe, and make the best of their way; they were immediately followed by five or six war canoes, full of men, keeping up a continued fire for five hours, until it got dark, when they lost sight of

them: they arrived here on the 27th ult. Mr. Lander expired this morning; he wrote me a letter two days ago, requesting that I would take charge of the vessels and property belonging to the African Inland Commercial Company, with which I accordingly complied. The ball entered near his hip, and worked down to the thick of the thigh. It was a most malicious and treacherous attack. Mr. Lander told me that there were Bonny, Brass, and Benin canoes; so that from these circumstances I am of opinion, that some of the slavers or other Europeans, have been the promoters of this murderous affair. Colonel Nicholls has forwarded a statement of the transaction to government; and, if proper steps are taken, the whole must be brought to light. Mr. Lander’s clothes and papers are all lost.

WHISPERS OF HIGH LIFE.—The Earl of Burlington, just deceased, was formerly the celebrated Lord George Cavendish. With him, or by him, according to rumour, a certain treaty was made, under which an individual, said to be illegitimate, was to enjoy a very high title, with all the estates belonging to it, during his life, on condition that he should never form a matrimonial connexion. Hitherto the mysterious arrangement seems to have been faithfully adhered to. We suppose it will not be departed from now. The case we understand to be this:—The lady of a nobleman was confined—her child died, and that of a lady who lived with her lord was substituted for it. The nobleman soon became a widower, and then married the mother of his infant son. The circumstances, however, being known, his relatives felt that it affected their interests too deeply to be passed over, but, in conformity with the dying wish of the father, took the course above described.

MARCH OF ACCOMPLISHMENTS.—A gentleman travelling round the county of Essex, in the way of business, stopped at his usual quarters, at Waltham-abbey, where mine hostess apologised, saying, if he should not find things so comfortable as formerly, she hoped he would excuse it, as she had a new servant. The traveller replied, “Why, madam, we generally say new brooms sweep clean.” “True,” replied mine hostess, “but after I had bargained with this girl, she having stipulated to have an hour twice a-week, I found out that she learnt to play on the pianoforte, and she is this evening gone to attend her music-master; but her time is nearly up, and I hope you will excuse it, sir, and make yourself easy till she comes back.”

POISONING WHALES.—Captain Kendrew, of the *Ann Elizabeth*, of London, has taken with him, on a whaling voyage to the South Seas, several bottles of highly concentrated prussic acid, with which he intends to charge harpoons, for the speedier destruction of whales.—*Tyne Mercury*.

MAXIMS AND REFLECTIONS BY GOETHE.

How can we learn to know ourselves?
By reflection, never; but by our actions.
Attempt to do your duty, and you will immediately find what is in you.

If I should listen to the opinions of another, they should be spoken positively of problems, I have enough in myself.

When a man promises to perform every thing desired of him, he must hold himself for more than he is.

Certain books seem to have been written not that we might learn from them, but in order that we might see how much the writer knew.

We should know mankind better if we were not so anxious to resemble one another.

Remarkable persons are for this reason worse off than others. As we form no comparison of them ourselves, we observe them more attentively.

Many hit the hammer up and down the wall, and fancy each time they hit a nail upon the head.

We no longer look at a rainbow which lasts a quarter of an hour.

Error is much easier to be discovered than truth: the one lies upon the surface of the earth, and that we soon discover; but the other is in the centre of the world, and it is not every man who is competent to seek it.

He who feels no love must learn to flatter, otherwise he will never succeed.

When the interest is gone, the memory will soon follow.

We in reality only know when we know little. With knowledge comes doubt.

The old man loses one of the greatest rights of man: he is never judged by his equals.

He who praises any one, places himself upon an equality with him.

It is not enough to know, we must apply what we know. It is not enough to will, we must also act.

We rather confess our moral errors, faults, and crimes, than our ignorance.

Births, Marriages, and Deaths.

BIRTHS.

On May 17th, at Hammesmith, the lady of the Rev. Francis Thomas Arwood, of a daughter.—On the 18th May, at Great Henry, near Salisbury, the lady of the Hon. and Rev. Charles Dundas, of a daughter.—On the 19th May, in Mortimer street, Cavendish-square, the lady of Charles Ellis Heston, Esq., of a son.—On the 20th May, in Great Cumberland-street, the lady of Lieutenant Colonel Douglas, of a daughter.—On the 21st May, Mrs. Adolphus Goldschmidt, of Chester-place, Regent's-park, of a daughter.—On the 19th May, at Norton Conyers, Lady Graham, of a daughter.—On the 20th May, in Torrington-street, Russell-square, the lady of William Vizard, Esq., of a daughter.

MARRIED.

On the 15th May, at Broadwater, Sussex, by the Rev. W. Sewell, of Exeter College, Oxford, H. Sewell, Esq., third son of T. Sewell, Esq., Newport, Isle of Wight, to Lucia Martineau, only daughter of Major-General Needham, of Wexham and of the island of Jamaica.—On the 19th May, at St. George's, Hanover-square, by the Rev. Charles Goring, Joshua Robert Minitt, Esq., of Annesley, county of Tipperary, to Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Charles Goring, of Highden, in the county of Sussex, Bart.—On the 19th May, at Kensington, Lieutenant William Stailes Payne, Royal Artillery, to Emma, eldest daughter of Lieutenant Colonel Peck, C.B., late of the Grenadier Guards.—At Exmouth, on the 15th May, Henry, second son of Colonel Le Comte de Vise (Comte Souverain), late of the Coldstream Guards, to Caroline Sarah Sophia, daughter of the Hon. Alexander Jones, B.N., and grand-daughter of Charles, fifth Viscount Rasbalaigh.—On the 20th May, at St. George's, Bloomsbury, by the Rev. Richard Millington, M.A., Frederick Hall, Esq., of Mount-street Russell-square, to Emily, youngest daughter of the late William John Reeves, Esq., of Woburn-place.—On the 19th May, at Sarat, Hertis, by the Rev. John Foster, Frederick, youngest son of the late Rev. Henry Lewis, vicar of Mucking and Broxted, Essex, to Ellen, second daughter of the late William Poulton, Esq., of Maidenhead, Berks.—On the 22d May, at Stamford-hill Chapel, by the Rev. O. J. Heathcote, M.A., the Rev. Matthew Plummer, M.A., perpetual curate of Newarth, in the rectory of Durham, to Louisa, daughter of J. D. Powell, Esq., of Stamford-hill.—On the 22d May, at St. Mark's Church, Kensington, William Monney, Esq., of Putney cottage, married Mary Whitting, only daughter of Henry Whitting, Esq., of Kensington.—

On the 22d May, at Biddington, George Engstrom, Esq., fourth son of the late Hans Peter Engstrom, Esq., to Agatha, youngest daughter of the late Thomas Lloyd, Esq.

DIED.

On the 15th May, at the residence of his father, Wiluash, eldest son of the present Earl of Burlington, aged two years and a half.—On the 15th May, at her mother's house in St. Saviour-gate, York, Hannah, third daughter of the late Rear-Admiral Hugh Robinson.—On the 16th May, at his house in Hans-park, Henry Rolleston, Esq., of the Foreign office, in his 48th year, after a long and painful illness, leaving a wife and two daughters to lament their early loss.—On the 11th May, at Gserloch, Roessline, aged 27 after the birth of a son, Kythe Caroline, wife of Sir F. Mackenzie, Bart., and oldest daughter of John Smith Wright, Esq.; and on the same day the infant son of Sir Francis Mackenzie, Bart.—On the 18th May, at South Lambeth, Mrs. Hansard, relict of the late Luke Hansard, of Great Tarnish, Lincoln's Inn-fields, Esq.—On the 18th May, at his house in Hanover-square, Robert Walpole, Esq., after a short and severe illness.—On the 18th May, George Heak, Esq., of Upper Harley-street, one of his Majesty's Counsel, and a Bench-er of Gray's Inn: for several years an eminent counsel at the Chancery Bar.—On the 18th May, in Chesham-place, Belgrave-square, Edward Stefano Bervor, youngest son of Alexander Kyd, Esq., aged eight months.—March 22d, at the Haymarket, at the age of nearly 85, Rear-Admiral the Marquis Duquesne, a descendant of the celebrated naval commander of that name.—On the 19th May, Edward Courtenay Pagart, aged 16 months, only son of the Rev. A. Pagart, of Kensington.—On the 16th May, most sincerely regretted by his relatives and friends, Henry Smith, Esq., of Biddington.—On the 16th May, Lieutenant John Clarke, of the 1st West India Regiment, in the 20th year of his age.—On the 14th May, P. D. Sherrington, Esq., of Sperry-hill, near Wells, and Lieut. Colonel of the 2d Somerset Regiment of Militia.—On the 17th May, in the 47th year of her age, Elizabeth, relict of the late Major-General Lemuel Warren.—On the 16th May, at Sutton, Surrey, of enlargement of the heart, the Rev. William Henry Waller, vicar of Great Wigston, Leicestershire, aged 47.—On the 23d May, at Kensington-crescent, Kensington, after a severe illness of five months, Louisa, the wife of Henry C. Cornwall, Esq., and youngest daughter of the late John Richardson, Esq., of Bury-street, St. James's, and Stamford-cottage, Epsom.

THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE
AND
MUSEUM



OF THE BELLES-LETTRES, FINE ARTS, MUSIC, DRAMA, FASHIONS, &c.

IMPROVED SERIES, ENLARGED.

AUGUST, 1834.

UNDER THE DISTINGUISHED PATRONAGE OF
HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF KENT.

MEMOIR OF THE DUCHESS D'ESTAMPES.

BORN 1509—DIED 1577.

(Illustrated by a beautiful whole length coloured Portrait.)

"I would view nearer
That face which has so long usurped my right,
To find the inevitable charms that catch
Mankind so sure—that ruined my dear lord."

"Oh, you do well to search; for had you known
But half these charms, you had not lost his heart."

"Far be their knowledge from a Roman lady,
Far from a modest wife!"

DRYDEN.

The Duchesse d'Estampes was a very young woman when she first engaged in the turbulent intrigues of the French. Notwithstanding her tender years, she steered her way in the stormy sea of clashing interests and passions with skill and cunning, almost unexampled in the history of womankind. Her sway began when she was not eighteen, and lasted for two-and-twenty years. The reason of this singular success appears to have been, that she had but one feeling and one object, and that was the most thorough selfishness. Unfortunately for her royal lover, Francis the First, he set no value on female excellence of character or personal beauty. The vile arts of a courtesan were all the qualities he required in the woman who happened to possess his affections, and these he found in perfection in the Duchesse d'Estampes, who, being the worst of all his favourites, retained her sway the longest. This

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lady's name, before marriage, was Anne de Heilli, daughter of the Sieur de Pissilue. She was born in 1509, and at sixteen was appointed one of the maids of honour to the king's mother, Louise of Savoy. It is said that the king was captivated with her beauty on her first introduction at his court, and that, directly he saw her, he deserted the Countess de Chateaubriand for this new charmer; yet, if we can judge from his own letters that are still in existence, the countess was the first object of his thoughts after the battle of Pavia, and during the early period of his captivity. The time when he first noticed Mademoiselle de Heilli was, when she accompanied his beloved sister, Marguerite, as her maid of honour and companion, when she undertook her perilous journey to Madrid, for the purpose of visiting Francis in prison, who was very ill, and impatient of his captivity.

This journey took place in 1526, when Mademoiselle de Heilli was but seventeen. Her beauty, and the relief her company afforded the monarch, when he was restless and prison-sick, took such hold on his affections, that she instantly superseded the Countess de Chateaubriand in his heart, and she retained her sway to the last hour of his life. Marguerite de Valois* was forced to make a hasty retreat from Spain, owing to some plans she had laid for her brother's escape. Mademoiselle de Heilli was the companion of her flight, and, from the moment she left Madrid, Francis became so impatient of his detention, that he agreed to any terms, and signed the most humiliating treaties, for the purpose of getting away. Not that he kept those conditions; and this first breach of his knightly honour may perhaps be traced to the influence of his perfidious mistress, who, we shall presently show, was ready enough to advise him to put into play the most treacherous measures.

The marriage of Mademoiselle de Heilli took place soon after the return of Francis to his dominions. She had, after her return from Madrid, captivated John de Brosse, the son of a nobleman, who was a partisan of the Duc de Bourbon. The father had been killed fighting against the king at the battle of Pavia. The king restored to John de Brosse the confiscated estates of his family, and created him Duc d'Estampes, in order to give rank to his wife; he likewise gave him the order of St. Michael, and made him governor of Bretagne.

This marriage created no jealousy in the mind of the king; for, by some moral perversity peculiar to the French court, it was consistent with etiquette that the lady favourite of a king of France should be a married woman! It does not appear, however, that John de Brosse was by any means pleased with these dishonourable honours, or at all aware of the disgraceful course his bride intended to pursue. To do the French nobility justice, in that chivalrous age both fathers and husbands regarded such royal favours in their true and infamous light; and in most instances the reader of history will find they considered such connexions as fearful stains on their blazons

sans tache, as they were previously proud to call them.

Two years afterwards, Francis espoused the sister of Charles the Fifth, Elenora of Austria:* this marriage made not the slightest difference to the Duchesse d'Estampes, who had all the rights of a wife, and thrice the influence even of a beloved one who loves her husband; because, as Francis was an object of utter indifference to her, she could calmly take advantage of his passion, and artfully turn all its fitful inquietudes to her own interest. Although Queen Elenora was a beautiful young woman, the Duchesse d'Estampes retained her power over Francis uninterruptedly, and usurped the place of the royal consort still more completely than the Countess de Chateaubriand had supplanted Queen Claude.†

In the year 1538, during a few months' cessation of war, Charles the Fifth, in a fit of chivalrous confidence, thought proper to put himself in his enemy's power, by paying him a friendly visit, and applied to Francis for a safe conduct to enter his dominions. This romantic trust put in his honour was very captivating to Francis the First, and was truly a proceeding after his own heart. When Charles was in France, the Duchesse d'Estampes suggested to her royal lover the base expedient of seizing the emperor's person, and keeping him in confinement till he had given up the claims that the treaty gave him which Francis had signed during his captivity in Spain. Francis, though he was weak enough to indulge his mistress in every merely feminine caprice and extravagance that her changing fancy suggested, was too much shocked by the baseness of this proposition to give it even a second thought, and rejected it in such a manner as convinced his mistress that there would be some danger if she mentioned the matter again.

The emperor was shortly afterwards at a court entertainment, when Francis introduced him to the Duchesse d'Estampes, and with that gay frankness which always distinguished him, said,

"This fair lady advises me, brother, not to let you quit Paris till you have cancelled the treaty of Madrid."

* See the portrait of Marguerite de Valois, the sister of this monarch, and her memoir, in the *Lady's Magazine* and *Museum* for Oct. 1831.

* See her memoir and portrait in the *Lady's Magazine* for November, 1833.

† See her portrait and memoir in *Lady's Magazine* for October, 1833.

Charles paused a moment, and replied gravely,

"A lady's advice should always be taken—provided it is consistent with honour."

The conversation was then turned to some other subject, but Charles had heard enough to give him cause for alarm; or at least to show him the danger of the position in which he had placed himself, and with his usual sagacity he reflected that the notion the Duchesse d'Estampes had put into the mind of Francis might be rendered familiar to his fancy by her reiterated persuasions, if she were not bribed into a different mode of representation. On the following day, as he was about to take his place at table, water was brought him to wash his hands, and the Duchesse d'Estampes presented him with a napkin, a courtesy which was then customary. Charles, while wiping his hands, drew from his finger a ruby of inestimable value, and purposely dropped it at her feet. She took it up and restored it to the emperor, who begged her to accept it for his sake. From this moment the Duchesse d'Estampes and Charles the Fifth understood each other; and this ruby was the commencement of a series of bribes that the treacherous courtesan took from the enemy of her lover and her country; and she was induced to betray every measure of state policy with which the culpable weakness of the king intrusted her.

Nothing could be more odious than the conduct of this woman, who governed Francis more completely than any of his former favourites, without having one redeeming good quality: her rapacity, insolence, and treachery, were apparent to every one but the king himself, who in vain made great exertions to repair the ruinous expenses his wars had occasioned, by the most sedulous attention to economy and good government: all that he planned and executed was marred by the besom fiend he had intrusted with his councils. But it was the great misfortune of Francis's life, and the stain of his glory, to lavish his affections on women of corrupt inclinations, and he reaped the bitter fruit that men always do, who neglect the ties of virtuous love, to bestow on improper persons tenderness and confidence.

Mezarai informs us that there were two parties at court, that of the Duchesse

d'Estampes, and Diana de Poitiers, mistress to the Dauphin Henry. The favourite son of Francis the First was not this prince who succeeded him, but his younger brother Charles, Duke of Orleans. The Duchesse d'Estampes, out of pique to Diana, raised a party at court in favour of the duke. She prevailed on the emperor to offer to settle on the younger son of Francis the long-contested territories of Milan, hoping to obtain a retreat for herself, after the death of Francis, whose infirmities she saw were increasing daily. The Emperor Charles was at this time invading Champagne, at the head of a powerful army, his forces suffering much from want of provisions. The Duchesse d'Estampes corresponded with him, by the means of Count de Bossu, a lover of hers; and in her first letter informed him that the dauphin had got a great store of provisions for the French army in the town of Epernay, and that this town was very weak; but the French imagined the emperor would not endeavour to surprise it, because the river Maine lay between it and his army, and orders had been given to break down the only bridge, which orders she would delay if the emperor would make a sudden attack. Charles the Fifth followed this advice instantly, and the consequence was, he got possession of the whole supplies of the French army, by which they were reduced to the same state of want that the enemy had previously been in. Another letter informed him, that there was at Chateau Thierry a considerable magazine of ammunition, and if he were quick in seizing it, the campaign of the dauphin would be at an end. Charles was equally successful in capturing that town. The whole of France was filled with terror at the rapid progress of the emperor; the dauphin struggled with his difficulties with great skill and valour, but he made no movement without informing his father of his intentions, and as those were revealed to the treacherous spy in the cabinet of Francis, all was betrayed by her to the emperor. Paris was in a state of the greatest consternation: the citizens fled with their effects, and were murdered and plundered on the high roads. Henry the Eighth had got possession of the cities on the coast of Picardy; and France would have been ruined to serve the private interests of a wicked woman, if jealousies had not

broken out between Henry the Eighth and Charles the Fifth. Notwithstanding the daily intelligence that the vile woman who ruled France sent to the invaders, the dauphin, by the prompt and vigorous command which he now took on his own responsibility, contrived to regain his advantages, and put the emperor in so dangerous a situation that he was glad to make peace. The dauphin, afterwards Henry the Second, deserves the more credit for assenting to this, as he harassed the emperor by long delays, and gained by his prudence a bloodless but complete victory. All the time, however, Francis the First had been urging the young prince to fight, which course Henry knew would be utter ruin, since all his plans were betrayed by his father's mistress; for the Duchesse d'Estampes even sent the emperor a key of all the ciphers in which the prince's despatches were written from the army to his father.

Soon after this war terminated, all the plans of the Duchesse d'Estampes were overthrown, by the death of the young Prince Charles, Duke of Orleans, who died of the plague in 1546, and the whole treaty of Cerepy, concluded in the preceding year, according to the views of Madame d'Estampes, was disarranged. The next year, Francis sunk under his own infirmities, greatly increased by his grief for the loss of his favourite son.

This vile woman did not meet with the punishment she deserved: at first Henry the Second was resolved that she should be prosecuted for her crimes. Her trial commenced, and the king himself appeared against her, and condescended to be examined as a witness in open court, to bear testimony to her treachery in betraying state secrets, when the nation was in such imminent danger. But Henry was too generous to visit an unprotected woman with the weight of his regal power. After this extraordinary scene, in which her perfidious conduct was revealed to the country, he closed all proceedings against her, saying, that he did not mean to punish one who, worthless as she was, had been so dear to his father. He ordered her to retire to her estates in the country, suffering her to retain the vast wealth she had accumulated. During the latter part of the reign of Francis, the Duchesse d'Estampes entertained the Lord of Jarnac

as her lover. Another nobleman, the Count Vivonne la Chataignerie, one of the handsomest and most accomplished cavaliers at the court of France, after the death of the king, was challenged by Jarnac, for having cast imputations on the character of the Duchesse d'Estampes. This gave rise to one of the most extraordinary duels, between these noblemen, on record. They publicly fought in the lists, with all the forms of chivalry, at St. Germain en Laye, in the presence of the king, Henry the Second, and his whole court.

La Chataignerie was expert in the practice of arms. Vain of his skill, and the favour of Henry, he despised his antagonist. A fever had diminished Jarnac's usual strength and activity, and every one imagined the day would be lost by him, but the presumptuous negligence of La Chataignerie decided the combat in favour of Jarnac. By a skilful thrust, Jarnac wounded and threw his antagonist to the ground. The king, anxious to save his favourite, flung down his baton, in order to put an end to the engagement. Jarnac, as the law of chivalry required, desisted from pursuing his advantage; but his competitor, stung with disappointment, and enraged by the thought that he should be considered through life as a vile calumniator, would not survive his disgrace; he tore open the wounds that the king had ordered to be dressed, and when any one approached, put himself into such transports of rage, to stop the effusion of blood, that he died before night. Henry the Second was so much shocked by the fatal termination of this duel, that he made a solemn vow not to permit another judicial appeal to arms during his reign.

It is probable the success of her champion was the cause why the Duchesse d'Estampes was permitted to retire unmolested, in possession of all the riches heaped upon her, through the blind and doating fondness of Francis the First. When in banishment from Paris, she professed the protestant religion, and was very zealous to make converts; but as the nation was divided then into two nearly equal parties, ready to break out into civil war, it may be supposed that her profession had more of turbulence and party spirit, which sought revenge on the court, than any degree of religious conviction. Some years after, her husband, the

Duke d'Estampes, who was very anxious that she should not escape without a due reward for her ill-spent life, laid an information against her for rebellion and heresies; but the king not choosing that the memory of his father should be insulted by bringing her to justice, suffered her to escape further persecution. After this she sunk into great obscurity. In 1575, thirty years after the death of Francis the First, she did homage according to the tenure of one of her estates, and died in 1577.

DESCRIPTION OF THE PORTRAIT OF
THE DUCHESSE D'ESTAMPES.

The cap is of fluted gold gauze and white satin, with two raised rows of gold and jewels; it is still of the Bretonne species; behind, depends a black velvet

capa or hood. A white gauze ruff, edged with gold, meets the cap under the chin: beneath, round the throat, is a rich collar of jewels, set in massive gold. The bosom is covered with a lace chemisette. The robe is black silk, embroidered round in the same colour. The corsage very tight to the figure; the robe open before, in the skirt, to show a pearl coloured damask petticoat. The sleeves are very peculiar in form, standing high on the shoulders, and tight half way down the arm, figured with ornaments of blue ribbon, and studs of jewels; the half-sleeves are full puffs of white lawn, clasped at the wrists, with jewelled bracelets like the collar, and finished with gold edged ruffles. The cordeliere is a heavy gold chain, tied round the waist, with one end depending to the feet, where it finishes with gold star and fleur-de-lis.

THE WEDDING RING.

Founded on a German Tradition.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ZEAL AND EXPERIENCE."

The landgravine on her death-bed lay,
And fast flowed the landgrave's tears;
Their infants—who called from their childish play
Knelt round, and lifted their hands to pray,—
She viewed with awakening fears.

She turned on her consort her glazing eye,
His hand as she faintly pressed,
And murmured, "you weep to behold me die,
But time those fast-flowing tears will dry,
And my image will fade from your breast.

"Some maiden more beautiful than you will wed,
And ah! by a stepdame controlled,
Those innocent fruits of our nuptial bed
Unnoticed will weep for a mother dead,
A father's affection grown cold."

"Oh Gertrude, mistrust not my passionate love!"
The landgrave in agony cried:
"Of sorrows if I must the cruellest prove,
If fate from my bosom my consort remove,
My anguish can never subside!

"With no second passion that bosom can glow,
No beauty again touch my heart;
For Gertrude my tears shall unceasingly flow;
Our infants' caresses alone to my woe
Shall a glimm'ring of solace impart."

A gratified look on her lord she cast,
And said, "If indeed I be dear,
Oh grant my request—of requests my last,
For life even now I feel ebbing fast—
The wife and the mother to cheer!"

The Wedding Ring.

"Thus constant that love and regret shall endure
 Till death, in your bosom, oh swear!
 That no rival your faith from my memory shall lure,
 No stepdame those infants so joyous and pure
 Ever blight with untimely despair.

"This ring, precious bond that proclaimed me your bride,"
 She gave it him gemmed with a tear,
 "That death, only death from my hand could divide,
 Oh swear it on yours shall for ever abide,
 The pledge of a promise so dear!"

She ceased, and, subdued by the fond request,
 He swore as his Gertrude required;
 His hand to her bosom she feebly pressed,
 Her children in accents inaudible blessed,
 Relaxed her soft grasp, and expired.

A year passed away, and the deepest gloom
 Still hung o'er the widower's court;
 The landgrave daily wept over the tomb
 Of the wife he had lost in her beauty's bloom—
 Wept over his infants' sport.

Another, and still those fair children alone
 Could chase the dark cloud from his brow;
 The ring, on his finger immoveable, shone,
 And sighing o'er joys that for ever were flown
 He daily repeated his vow.

Now blooming and beautiful, witty and gay,
 At his court a fair stranger was seen;
 She sang, every ear was bewitched by her lay:—
 She danced, with young Zephyr seemed Flora to play:—
 She walked,—'twas the port of a queen.

The landgrave advanced with indifferent air
 This idolised stranger to view;
 He looked, and he said, though the lady were fair,
 She might not with *her*, the lamented, compare;
 And sighing, his glance he withdrew.

She blushed at the slight, but with female address,
 Whilst tears glistened bright in her eye,
 She stooped the fair infants intent to caress;
 Then said, she admired more than words could express
 A passion so constant and high.

She echoed his sighs, and but smiled when he smiled,
 She wept o'er the pangs he had known,
 And invited his praises of Gertrude the mild;
 'Till her words and her witch'ries his griefs had beguiled,
 Till each thought of his heart was her own.

Forgotten was Gertrude: like visions of night
 His oath from his mind passed away;
 His children but trouble this new-born delight—
 He exists not, save in the stranger's sight,
 His heart, soul, and mind own her sway.

And now for the lover's best treasure,—her hand,
 The landgrave impetuous sues;
 She blushes to hear the unlooked-for demand,
 And trembles, and shrinks from so solemn a band,
 Yet cannot his wishes refuse.

All splendour, all pomp, for the nuptial morn
 The lover provides to excess;
 Discarded of mourning the weeds forlorn,
 Rich trappings the halls of the palace adorn,
 And the church that his union must bless.

Dark rises the sun that the perjured desires
The landgrave now fosters should crown ;
Black ominous tempests reprove his fires ;
But the bride's blushing smile frantic passion inspires,
And the landgrave defies Heaven's frown.

The prelate, who vainly persuaded delay,
Now stands at the altar, though loath ;
The landgrave, enamoured, exulting, and gay,
Leads forward the bride in her gorgeous array,
Unheedful of children or oath.

His rapturous love had bewildered his head,
His soul on wild surges was tost ;
His thoughts upon dreams of the future had fed ;
And when with a ring he the lady should wed,
The ring was forgotten or lost.

All gazed in confusion, till thus spoke the bride ;
" Though lost be the ring you designed,
Behold on your finger, by Fortune supplied,
Another, by which the blessed knot may be tied,
That our lives shall to happiness bind."

She said : from his finger with amorous haste
The landgrave impatiently tore
That ring, once the pledge of a love fond as chaste ;
And on his new bride's taper finger he placed
The jewel his Gertrude erst wore.

The bond of dead Gertrude's connubial love,
More true than her consort was found ;
His fickle attachment it would not approve,
And, eager from fingers so false to remove,
It crumbled and dropped on the ground.

The bride the fall'n jewel in wonder surveyed,
Whilst over the bridegroom there came
Her image, last seen in her grave-clothes arrayed,
The vows he had uttered of love undecayed,
His children—the loathings of shame !

He wept, as he gathered and placed in his breast
The jewel in fragments that lay ;
Of his vow the renewal he bade all attest,
His motherless babes to his bosom he pressed,
And turned from the syren away.

Then vainly she languished, she smiled, and she sighed
The enchantment she could not renew ;
Enraged she departed, no longer a bride,
And he evermore, till the hour that he died,
To Gertrude's remembrance was true.

Catherine de Medicis, or the Rival Faiths. Smith and Elder.

Many high literary qualifications are possessed by the writer of this volume. Among these may be reckoned an elegant and easy style, pure and delicate taste, and deep research into the very well-springs of history, by varied and extensive reading. Nor is the information of the author confined to the mere knowledge of historical events ; it embraces a sagacious digest of the manners and

peculiarities of the times in which the story is laid, of the characters that were figuring on the stage of the world at that eventful era, and the motives that influenced their conduct ; there is, besides, an acute knowledge of the human heart now and then apparent. Perhaps the belief of a wicked person was never more naturally described, than by these few words put in the mouth of Catherine de Me-

dicis. "Oh Antony, I have no faith in angels, whilst I fear devils!"

With all these excellencies, if our readers ask whether so accomplished a writer has not produced a very perfect work? we must answer, no; for the author has mistaken the proper bent of those talents, which would lead to historical biography or historical dissertation; there is not sufficient vividness of imagination in the fictitious part of the tale, to produce that captivation of dramatic interest, which marks a writer of real genius in this department. The supposititious lovers, fortune-tellers, and villains of the story, have not the least originality, and they do not blend with the historic characters; they seem faded and phantom-like, and, were it not for the elegance and refinement of the style, would be as vapid and tiresome as the five hundred common romances that are made up of black knights, lost sons, and convent heroines. Too many historical characters are brought on the scene for the purposes of romance, which requires a concentrated interest; for instance, the reader is no sooner charmed with a scene, in which the situation and behaviour of Mary Queen of Scots, as widow of Francis II., is described with no little skill, than the lovely queen is withdrawn from view, and other portraits are made to glide onward in their place, that are well and faithfully painted, but which our author has not sufficient richness of genius to animate into life and action. As our pages were so lately embellished by a portrait of Mary*, in the splendid array of queen of France, we extract this sketch of her widowhood:—

"On the floor of her chamber, in the splendid palace of the Guise, refusing all consolation, lay Mary Stuart, the widowed queen of France. Her head rested on her clasped hands, and her rich dark hair fell in wild disorder over her neck. Her grief for the time knew no bounds, for she and Francis had loved each other with a deep affection, and she felt that his death had suddenly deprived her of all she most valued upon earth. Young, beautiful, and enthusiastic, she had but tasted of happiness, when it fled from her for ever. With the death of Francis, Mary's varied and severe trials commenced. This she quickly experienced; for soon after his interment, she was hurried to the gloomy monastery of St. Peter's, at

Rheims, of which René of Lorraine, her mother's sister, was the lady abbess, and there she spent in dull solitude (her lively imagination could but ill support) the last year of her sojourn in her mother's native land, which she loved with the ardour of a young and grateful mind, who had experienced its generosity, shared its seducing pleasures, and felt the richness of its natural beauties. The fear of offending the Guises, who were too powerful not to be dreaded, although no longer supported by the crown, alone withheld Catherine from urging Mary's immediate return to Scotland. Concealing her real feelings, she conciliated the Duke of Guise, by her affected regard of the young queen-dowager, who courteously received all Catherine's hollow attentions, but was too clear-sighted to be deceived by them, and too prudent not to conceal her disgust. But no artifice on the part of Mary could blind Catherine to induce a meeting between the young King Charles, who was a boy of much talent and spirit, and the beautiful widow of his brother. There was nothing Mary more ardently wished, than to become as dear to Charles as she had been to Francis; and with this hope she continually endeavoured to delay her return to Scotland."

As far as description and narrative go, there is great excellence, but the dialogue and action are dry and destitute of vigour.

The character of Charles the Ninth has been, we think, better appreciated than by any other attempt, and we entirely agree in the author's view of it. All historians—that is, all epitomisers of general histories of France—sum up the character of this unfortunate prince, as one of hideous and hardened wickedness: yet they finish by declaring that he died of grief and remorse, for the horrors of St. Bartholomew's massacre.

That he was not a monster of atrocity, the Duke de Sully bears witness in his memoirs, for he mentions some redeeming traits in his conduct; and our author, with great delicacy of discrimination, has represented him rather as a misled and erroneous person, than as a depraved wretch. History, and the records of criminal justice, furnish few instances of remorse and grief of heart, felt by really cruel and wicked persons, for the consequences of their conduct; those who are systematically wicked, seldom or ever feel regret for the past; while those who err through weakness or sudden starts of passion, which are succeeded by better feelings, are alone the victims of remorse.

* See *Lady's Magazine and Museum*, for May, 1834.

Thus far have we digressed, lest those readers who have never thought of Charles the Ninth, may blame the author for throwing an entirely new light on a character so generally vilified by history.

The systematic depravity and hardened vileness of Catherine de Medicis is very skilfully portrayed, and we think our author would have been better employed in writing this woman's biography than in weaving a romance. The concluding scene, being the death-bed of Charles, we quote, as a fair specimen of the best portion of the work.

THE MASSACRE OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S DAY.

Catherine de Medicis' thirst for power, nothing on earth could satisfy. When Charles in the flower of his age, lay stretched upon his death-bed, the unnatural parent felt no compassion for his sufferings, but was only anxious to secure to herself the regency, until her darling son Henry should return from Poland, to take his brother's crown. The king, disgusted with the hardness and pride of her heart, long obstinately refused to sign the necessary document which would empower her to act on his demise before Henry's arrival in France. Charles, who had dragged on two years of sorrow and suffering, since the fatal eve of St. Bartholomew, now felt that his end was fast approaching. He had often long interviews with his cousin, Henry of Navarre, and was entirely waited on by his protestant nurse, Fulda. The anniversary of the dreadful day drew near, and the king, who could never forget its horrors, grew weaker in body, and more distressed in mind, as it approached: but the impatient queen, fearing that he would die before he had signed what she had desired, approached his bed to solicit him, on the very eve of St. Bartholomew. Charles remembered the day, and turned from his mother with dread.

"Do you come to witness my heavy grief to-night?" he asked. "Come, then, just before the moon goes down, when my pangs are deepest."

"Have you seen Fulda of late?" asked the queen, anxious to change the subject of his thoughts.

"Aye, I have, and she tells me, that in vain is he tempted to commit evil who fears his God. Mother! who was my tempter?"

"The devil," replied Catherine angrily, turning from Charles's fixed look.

"Ah! then he is here: see! see! the lights burn blue."

Catherine started, and threw a hurried glance around the almost dark apartment, and Charles, in a low solemn tone of voice, again asked, "Mother, who was my tempter to evil?"

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"Why ask me?" cried the queen; "you knew what was right: blame your own soul if you did not will it; if sin sits heavy on you, bear its curse, nor like a coward shrink! Your hours are numbered: once more I ask you to sign this paper; it is the last favour you can grant to me."

"Madame, my people have endured much of evil from my hands: I will not leave them a curse as a legacy: let them do as they will till Henry returns; and you, hoary-headed woman! think no more of dominion and power: repent, repent of your sins!"

"Does repentance bring peace?—are you happy?" asked Catherine, with a bitter smile. "Talk not to me of repentance: sign this paper, and weep till you die. Shall I now learn to fear death? No; I have seen too much to heed its blackness."

"Can ye not then feel for my living pangs, and leave me to sigh alone?"

"Know ye not," replied Catherine, turning pale as she spoke, "that I have long been past feeling?" She arose and walked in silence to the door.

"Stay!" gasped Charles, "O my mother! bid me farewell."

She turned her head, and with an unmoved eye witnessed his strong emotion; to his outstretched arms and entreating look, she bent her head, and smiling bitterly, said, "Farewell!"

"Oh give me the paper,—I will sign it," cried Charles, half rising in his bed. She brought it to him, and for the last time he signed his name. Long he looked at the feebly traced characters, and sinking back upon his pillow, whispered as he gave back the paper, "Now, mother, do not give to me *a cup like that ye gave to my brother Francis.*"

"Aye, I pray, if penitential sighs be prayers. Oh Fulda, greet as my horror! The scene of the last slaughter haunts me. Sleeping or waking, I behold their agony, and hear their cries."

"Yours is a sorrowful, a broken spirit; therefore I would have ye hope in the love of Christ. He breathed not the terrors of the law to the poor broken-hearted penitent who fell at his feet, and bathed them with her tears of anguish; but to her rent soul he gave reviving cordial, saying, 'Thy sins are forgiven.'"

"O! Fulda, but I have wasted the church of Christ: how can I look up to him—how can I hope for mercy?"

"He, in dying, forgave his murderers," whispered Fulda, as she hung over the expiring monarch, and wiped the large drops of mental anguish from his pale brow. The weariness of life, the faintness of death, stole over him, and clasping the cross, with an expiring penitential sigh the ill-fated Charles closed his eyes upon the world.

THE INCENDIARY.

The narrative contained in the following pages was discovered amongst the papers of an eminent German professor after his decease. His motive for never having given it publicity during his life has not been ascertained.

Having been one day sent to the prison of Heidelberg, in Hungary, for the purpose of administering the last rites of religion to a young woman, doomed to expiate at the stake a dreadful crime for which she had been tried and condemned, and experiencing all that horror inspired by the commission of an atrocity unparalleled perhaps in the annals of crime, I at least expected to find, stamped on the features of the prisoner, an expression of ferocity, something in accordance with the blackness of her soul: but my surprise may be imagined, when, instead of that which I had anticipated, I beheld a young creature, scarcely more than twenty years of age, with a countenance of perfect calmness and serenity! She could not be termed beautiful; still, the perfect regularity of her features, the whiteness of her teeth, the mild expression of her clear, calm azure eye, together with her youthful and innocent appearance, all wrought so powerfully upon me, that, notwithstanding my abhorrence of her guilt, I felt interested for her in a degree that was perfectly unaccountable to myself. She received me with that courtesy of manner that at once characterises the gentle woman, and invited me, in a low soft voice, to be seated. Then it was that I remarked, for the first time, the singular formation of her head; and having always been a warm advocate in phrenology, I felt strongly tempted to put a few questions to her; but recollecting the object of my mission, and unwilling to inflict unnecessary pain on an unfortunate fellow-creature, placed in so awful a position, I desisted. Entering then at once upon the duties of my sacred office, I exhorted her to sincere repentance, as her only means of salvation, and to look upon her death with firmness, for it was the only atonement she could make; offering her at the same time whatever religious consolation lay in my power. Though she appeared fully sensible of her awful situation, and evinced a good deal of emotion, she was perfectly free from dread, and she seemed much

pleased with the consolatory language in which I addressed her, answering me on all points with the utmost candour and simplicity. Her conduct and appearance altogether wound my curiosity to so high a pitch, that at last I ventured to request her to relate some of the particulars of her life, provided the recital would not affect her too strongly. She readily acquiesced, observing with a calm smile, "I shall relate to you a series of facts, of which the last is the completion. I am at peace with myself; I loved not evil for its own sake, but I have been forced to yield to the irresistible attraction of a propensity that exerted over my mind and faculties an uncontrollable sway." Having pronounced these words with firmness, for some moments she remained silent, and deeply abstracted in thought, no doubt seeking to recal her DREADFUL RECOLLECTIONS. She then began, and related with the utmost naïveté all I desired to hear. These circumstances I shall now relate, as briefly as possible; sometimes, however, interrupting my narrative, by giving the words of the poor unfortunate,—words that will long remain indelibly impressed upon my memory.

Charlotte Jansin was the daughter of a farmer, in the service of the Count Ourenslaughten, in Hungary, and the youngest of several children. From her earliest infancy, the young Charlotte evinced a most extraordinary gratification at the sight of fire; and would sit for hours together, especially on one of those soft tranquil nights, unruffled by the breeze, contemplating in rapture the glorious arch of heaven, studded with myriads of bright orbs. Strange also to say, the storm, accompanied by the blue forked lightning, had even at that early age still greater attractions for her.

"I was playing," she said, "one evening, with a number of children before my father's cottage door, when a man ran up in the greatest haste, to say the château was on fire. At this intelligence we hastened to a little eminence, and the blazing edifice presented itself to our view. The castle, situate on a rock, was wrapped in one vast mantle of smoke, whence the flames issued in bright and spiry wreaths. I cannot express what I felt; I pointed to the flames that were rising majestically towards heaven, calling them 'flying stars,' shouting and scream-

ing with joy. When the devouring element burst from the windows, and the whole mansion was one vast blaze, the grandeur, the sublimity of the spectacle, the mixture of colours, red and blue, filled me with delight; and when the building was rased to the ground, I turned my steps slowly homewards, filled with admiration at the splendid sight I had witnessed!"

The events of that disastrous night made a deep and lasting impression on Charlotte. Two years after, she set fire to her father's cottage, when she experienced the same emotions of pleasure. She escaped detection,—for how could suspicion possibly have attached itself to a child of five years old?

Her unhappy family, who lost every thing, were for some time in the utmost distress. A lady in the neighbourhood, finding Charlotte endowed with rare qualities for her age, took her, and with the utmost care superintended her education. Madame Friedlinberg became fondly attached to her young *protégée*, who on her part was equally partial to her kind benefactress. After some time, however, the fire propensities of Charlotte again began to manifest themselves—the two conflagrations she had witnessed were for ever present to her imagination. In vain she struggled,—in vain she combated with herself: the passion was too powerful for resistance. She set off for Vienna with her benefactress. At night they stopped at a small inn. Charlotte, a prey to the most violent agitation, retired to rest in the same chamber with the *femme de chambre* of Madame Friedlinberg. The night was cold and stormy, and a bright fire sparkled in the hearth. Shortly afterwards the storm increased, and the flashes of lightning kept the room continually in a blaze. After an hour or two the thunder ceased, the sky became serene, the stars shone brightly, and the fire in the hearth also seemed to burn more briskly. A dreadful delirium seized Charlotte—she must see masses of fire and flame; in short—a conflagration.

"I arose softly," she said, "and approaching the window looked out, and perceived the moon, but shining with so cold, so faint a light, that she seemed to ask me for fire. I seized a stocking belonging to my companion, as being the most inflammable object within my reach: I held it to the fire, and, when ignited, I threw it upon the bed-curtains. In an

instant the bed was in a blaze, the room was filled with smoke: then—then the flames burst forth in all their glory, curling, and wreathing, and winding along the ceiling,—now extending themselves into graceful pyramids, now meeting joyfully like friends after a long absence, and then again darting asunder. Teresa awoke, and rushed from the room shrieking. I was also glad to make my escape. We hastened to the door of the room occupied by Madame Friedlinberg: alarmed by the smell of fire, and the noise, she was up; but having, according to her usual custom, removed the key from the door of her room, her agitation was so great, that she had forgotten where she had laid it, and it was not to be found. We entreated her to throw herself from the window, which was not high; but, alas! that means of escape was denied her: the window was defended with strong iron bars. Shortly the flames burst open the door, and swept through the room like a hurricane, destroying all before them. Madame Friedlinberg tried to escape—she was enveloped in flames, her screams were heartrending, and were answered by our cries: in vain she struggled—in vain she invoked the Divine mercy! We saw her seize, in her horrible despair, upon the now red hot bars, and, unable to retain them, she fell with a terrific shriek. Soon, all that remained of her was a blackened and mutilated corse! I fell to the earth in a state of insensibility: remedies were quickly applied that soon restored me. I was praised for the sensibility I had evinced, and extolled for my affection for my benefactress. I sat down and wept bitterly: the dreadful fate of her to whom I owed every thing, agonised me to the very soul. Still, horrible as it may appear to you, sir, I must at this moment confess, that when I recollected that her members had all been consumed by the destroying element, I felt as if I was inhaling long and refreshing draughts of some delicious nectar.

"I was obliged to allow, even to myself, that at the moment when the shrieks of the unfortunate Madame Friedlinberg were heard mingling with the crackling of the flames, the ecstasy I experienced was a thousand times the more intense.

"After this catastrophe," she still continued, "I remained for a length of time in a state of listless dejection. The Count Drivalstein, brother of Madame

Friedlinberg, received me into his family, and took me to Vienna, where he resided. Several years passed without any manifestations of this horrible propensity. At length I became restless and uneasy; I felt agitated at the least crackling of fire, and arose frequently at night to gaze upon the starry firmament. Anxious to combat the increasing danger, I subjected myself to a rigid abstinence, ate no meat, and took violent exercise in the hope of procuring some repose: I would also frequently close my eyes to shut out the lightning or the brilliant glare of lamps. But all was useless—I could find no rest. About this time the family removed to the country for the summer, where they were joined by a medical friend of the count's. Doctor Concetti, an enthusiast for the system of phrenology, was much struck by the appearance of my head, which, upon an accurate examination, he pronounced to be an absolute phenomenon. He questioned me closely as to my propensities, thoughts, and feelings; but receiving unsatisfactory answers, he was obliged to content himself with observing me narrowly, hoping by that means to solve the mystery. He had watched me closely for the space of ten days without success, when one night, during a thunder-storm, it was discovered that one wing of the mansion had been struck by lightning, and was already in flames. The family and household were soon assembled, when, unable entirely to conceal my satisfaction, I attracted the attention of the doctor, who followed me closely, watching both my movements and my countenance."

In continuation, she thus described that eventful night.

"The presence of the doctor, and the dread I had of betraying to him my fatal secret, which I saw he suspected, enabled me at first to conceal, in great measure, my feelings; but when I saw the bright and gorgeous flames burst forth like liberated prisoners, and rising in the air, illumine the scene for miles around—when I heard the tower beneath their fury crumble in one vast blazing pile,—when I saw the livid streaks of living fire shoot upwards and dance in the air, and fall, and re-ignite and shoot again—oh! then—then I was no longer mistress of myself: I shouted—I applauded with transport—uttering cries of joy, till, in my delirium, I rolled upon the earth in ecstasy, rending the air with

shouts of joy, and wild and frequent bursts of laughter.

"The doctor, no doubt, informed his friend of the result of his observations; for the next morning the count, under pretext of some new family arrangements, told me that he could no longer retain me in his family. He, at the same time, gave me a proof of his friendship, in procuring for me the situation of governess in the family of the Baron Carintz. I was immediately installed at the château de Lustras, an old gloomy mansion. The daughters of the baron, sighing after the pleasures of a metropolis, often complained to me of the dull monotony of the life they led. 'I wish,' said the youngest, one day laughing, 'that some body would set fire to this old heap of ruins, and then we should go to live at Vienna.' This unfortunate word kindled the flame smothered in my heart, but not extinguished:—the idea presented itself continually to me, pursuing me night and day. Eight days after, the castle was observed to be on fire: in consequence of a plentiful supply of water, the flames were extinguished. Some circumstances, however, occurred to cast a suspicion on the governess, and I was again dismissed.

"I then returned to my family, resumed my native costume, and assisted my mother in the duties of the household and farm; and by my obliging, intelligent, and affectionate disposition, I succeeded in making myself universally beloved.

"A young schoolmaster in the neighbourhood having demanded my hand in marriage, we were united. About a twelvemonth afterwards, in order to escape from the noise of my husband's pupils, I returned to my mother's farm to be confined.

"Some days after my confinement, my mother finding me sufficiently recovered, assisted me to rise, and placed me in an easy chair near the fire; she herself, with my infant on her knee, came and sat opposite to me. I never felt so happy as when I looked upon those two beings, dearer to me than all the world beside; I could not refrain from shedding tears. The infant was already asleep, and my mother, overcome with the fatigue of continual watchings, had just dropped into a deep and heavy slumber. I watched them both for some time, and was just sinking into a dose myself, when sud-

denly I observed the fire cast a bright flickering gleam across the features of both—an impulse too powerful for resistance took possession of my mind,—I trembled from head to foot—led onwards, no doubt by some infernal power, I stooped, and lifting a burning brand——”

“Enough! enough!” I cried, “in mercy spare me such horrid details——”

* * * *

“Charlotte had been taken in the fact; her mother, her infant, the farm, all—all had perished in the flames——”

L. V. F.

A New Guide to Chess. By the Rev HENRY WOOD. T. Sherwin.

Before the publication of this little treatise, if any person had asked us to recommend a good elementary work on chess, it would have been a difficult matter to have pointed one out, by which the game was explained (from first placing the men) with simplicity and perspicuity, so that an attentive learner could acquire the first principles without other instruction. This is well effected by the present little work. The marches and movements of the several pieces are clearly explained by engraved diagrams, and the laws that govern them and the game properly defined. Among other sensible observations, there is one that gives us great satisfaction; it is an exordium

against the silly affectation of saying “check” to the queen,—a dandyism, doubtless invented by some modern Ferdinand and Miranda, who sat down to flirt, instead of playing “in the rigour of the game.” We hope ladies will, for the future, on the authority of Mr. Wood and *their Magazine*, forbid any such inglorious concessions to be yielded to them, but sit down and study the present clever little treatise, and then, when opportunity serves, beat their cavaliers without either giving or taking favour.

A plate, illustrative of the game of chess, and an historical account of it, are in the *Lady's Magazine and Museum* for October, 1832, which may be had at our publisher's.]

The Cabinet Cyclopædia: Treatise on Arithmetic. By the Rev. DIONYSIUS LARDNER, LL.D., &c. Longman and Co.

Thé volume at present before us is from the hand of the learned conductor of the “Cabinet Cyclopædia.” It certainly forms one of the most valuable portions of the collection, for it may be considered as a fair reasoning treatise on the science of numbers.

It is wonderfully well adapted to assist

those adults whose arithmetical education has been neglected. The first chapter gives curious and interesting information on the methods of numbering practised by most of the known nations of the world, ancient and modern; and the treatise is, moreover, extremely entertaining to the general reader.

Encyclopædia of Gardening. Part VII. By J. C. LOUDON, F.L.G.H., &c.

The history of gardening is concluded in the seventh number of this work. It has afforded much curious information, and is enriched with a great profusion of illustrative wood-cuts. Part the second is commenced in this number, and contains instructions of great utility to the student of the vegetable kingdom. More is done in the way of rendering intelligible the difficulties of the system of Jussieu in a very few pages, than in two thick volumes that were lately sent for our perusal. The author shall be nameless; but he did indeed render confusion worse confounded, and laid a load on the memory too hard to be borne. Not so does Mr. Loudon: he begins by explaining the necessity for a definite natural

system, to go hand in hand with that of Linnæus, as descriptive of the figure and structure of a plant, in a few syllables. He then patiently explains in English, the words *Vasculares*, *Cotyledonæ*, *Dicotyledonæ*, and *Cryptogamia*; and then, by means of wood-cuts, shows us, first, dissections of each division, and then groups of each in a state of growth. It is not possible for any lady who will take the trouble of fixing her mind for an hour to the perusal and study of these pages, not to obtain a tolerably good notion of the natural system of botany, in its grand divisions of mossy, herbaceous, and woody plants. The Linnean system leaves us in doubt whether a plant is a lowly vetch or a lofty acacia; but a

third word, properly applied from the natural system, presents the student with a notion of the structure of the plant through all the gradations of seed, stem, and leaves. Such is the use of the system of Jussieu, which, when perfected and united to the system of Linnæus, and that of Tournefort, will make a student wise in any unseen plant that is duly classed.

Our fair readers must not suppose that these learned men explode or supersede each other. Very far from it: Linnæus has invented a system, which, in a few syllables, precisely informs the student of

the number and position of the anthers and pointals of a plant; Tournefort, of the shape of the blossom; and Jussieu, of the structure of the seed, bark, and leaves. Yet each of these great men have left to the botanists of the present age the task of uniting their labours to form an applicable whole. It is and has been a favourite object with this Magazine, to guide the female mind to those works which will afford enlightened information without pedantry; and we do not scruple to affirm, that Mr. Loudon's publications are eminently qualified to effect this object.

THE GAMBLER'S LAST STAKE.

In the summer of 1831, the Marquis Angelo Foscari was induced, by ill-health and an unquenchable desire for change of scene, to visit Dieppe. He was a noble of Genoa, and the name he bore was long honoured in the annals of that proud city, ere she had fallen from "her high and palmy state." The marquis was accompanied by the Senora Olympia, the only remaining child of several marriages.

This lady possessed exquisite—brilliant—*dazzling* beauty. Her complexion was that clear olive through which her blush of maiden loveliness exhibited itself in a soft and delicate bloom. Her eyes were dark, full, and flashing, yet tempered into meekness by the softness which at times beamed from them. Her dark hair well accorded with her clime and beauty: its silken tresses fell upon a neck of exquisite roundness, and separated so as to show the surpassing beauty of a forehead, high and formed as that which a sculptor who loved his art and caught the spirit of antique times, would give to a bust of Minerva. Delicately pencilled was the dark, thin outline of her eyebrows; and the profile of her face recalled to fancy that in its Grecian contour the eye beheld the features of some Athenian maiden of that early time when the women of Greece might seem true models for the forms of grace with which her sculptors delighted that period and bewildered *this*. Then the lips—so beautifully separated, yet trembling ever and anon with the impulsive words which sprung to their portals, and—so sensitive was her maiden diffidence—too often died

away unuttered. When she spoke, how beautifully fell the music of her voice upon the listener's ear,—like the far-off strain which floats upon the waters, and hushes the air to silence, that such sweet melody may be heard. So with the beautiful Olympia: in the rudest crowd, amid the noisy din of society, her gentle accents came, refreshingly, upon the senses, and were scarcely breathed ere they commanded that quick and hushed silence which is the sweetest tribute of respectful attention woman can receive. Nor was this all: her form was moulded in the loveliest grace that beauty ever possessed—as it were, a visible atmosphere around her. Her features were surpassingly lovely, as those described in the thrilling words of poetry, or dreamed of in the vision of high imagination. But, besides this, her mind, naturally strong, intelligent, and vigilant, had been cultivated with extraordinary care. She had all the accomplishments—music, painting, dancing—which the warm south delights in, with others of more solid worth which she cherished in the north. With the page of poetry—whether of her own or other countries—she was familiar: history unveiled its marvels to her view, and not in vain. In a word (for there is no occasion to catalogue her accomplishments), Olympia Foscari was an extraordinary woman. Rare as was her beauty, still more rare was the height of cultivation by which her intellect had been elevated.

Italy could scarcely boast a fairer flower. Yet, great as was her father's pride in the exquisite beauty and yet more surpassing

accomplishments of his daughter, she was to him the cause of endless and bitter vexation. The marquis, if the truth must be told, prided himself on his high descent, and cherished deep and unavailing regret, because, from want of a male heir to perpetuate it, in his person would expire a title which, originally won by the sword in a hard-fought field of fame, had been transmitted through long centuries in a right line, acquiring fresh laurels from many who bore it. He would have given all his fortune, immense as it was,—he would have fed upon water and a crust,—he would even have laid down his own life, or sacrificed that of his daughter, much as was his fitful and wayward love for her,—to have a son, by whom the proud name of Foscarini might be saved from extinction. To perpetuate that name was with him a passion: the failure of that engrossing wish almost drove him to despair—almost perilled the safety of his faculties.

The Marquis Angelo Foscarini had been born to extensive possessions: these he had much increased by fortunate marriages. Before he had attained the age of sixty years, he was the widower of two noble Roman dames, and had also followed to the grave a daughter of the imperial house of Austria. Of all his children only one had survived—and he cursed his fate and gnashed his teeth, in his splendid solitude, as he thought that the sole survivor was only a daughter. Years rolled on,—the excitements of public life had lost their spur,—the snows of age had blanched his hair,—the touch of time had robbed his cheek of its bloom, and his heart of its freshness of feeling; he felt that, with swift steps, death was rapidly approaching; and he had a fever-dread of thinking on the final hour which was to hurry him from time into eternity. So, to diminish cares,—to dissipate the ever-present dread of death—the last of the Foscarini plunged headlong into the vortex of society, and strove to conquer care by mirth.

The whirl of pleasure delighted for a season, but soon cloyed. He next had recourse to the excitement of play. He staked wealth upon the cast of the die, and usually lost. At first he played to divert his thoughts; soon, to win back (oh, fruitless pursuit!) the treasure he had lost. If at times the thought of his daughter flashed across his mind, he

would still the involuntary remembrance with a "Tush!—a girl—a woman—there will be enough for her. What could a child of eighteen do with all my palaces—my jewels—my pictures—my gold? I collected wealth, long ago, to be enjoyed by my heir. Now, I have none; let it go how it may. Come on—come on, it is vain to think of it; perhaps I may die to-morrow; there will be enough left for a girl."

Olympia was aware of her father's reckless mode of life. Indeed, he took no pains to conceal it from her. Too regardless of how he wounded her sensitive feelings, he incessantly complained, in her very presence, of his disappointment in not having a son, and cursed her mother—herself—sometimes he cast imprecations even on his own head. Olympia was all gentleness and love to him,—for she felt that he was still her father,—but these made little impression on a heart which hourly seemed to become more ossified. To her the false pride which debased his spirit was too familiarly exhibited. Yet sometimes this love and gentleness would subdue even his heart of pride. When he saw her weeping bitterly—her hands clasped in most unfeigned sorrow—when he heard her implore him to bestow kind words upon her, and entreat pardon for the involuntary crime of being a woman, he would cease his reproaches, and looking with tenderness and admiration on the graceful form bent in humble entreaty before him, would forget his wrath, press a father's kiss upon her brow, and abruptly leave the apartment.

In fact, he did love Olympia. Not, indeed, with pure, paternal love—for all the father was lost in the son whose youthful remains, long since, he had committed to the grave—but he loved her because she was a being of whose beauty, grace, and attractions he felt very proud. On that account he obliged her to accompany him wherever he went—on that account he had refused the richest offers which the admiring nobles of Austria and Italy had made. With him pride was the first and the last: that passion made him exhibit the daughter who, but for that, might have wasted her bloom in the solitude of a convent. While she was with him—the object of universal admiration—his pride was gratified, for she was *his*. "Remain with me yet a little longer,"

he would say to her, "it will be time enough for you to wed when I am gone."

At Dieppe he plunged yet deeper than ever into excesses, alike unsuited to his years and his declining health. To the wine-cup and the fatal attractions of the gaming-table he devoted the night: in the morning it was his wont to bathe in the sea, and thus recruit his strength for the renewed carousals of the evening. It chanced one morning, when the sea was more boisterous, and his frame more enervated than usual, being overpowered by a monstrous wave, he was dashed, fainting and breathless, on the beach. The next rush of the tide would have borne him out into the midst of the eddying current, without the power of existence, if a young man, who happened to be bathing near the spot, had not dashed forward and rescued him. Foscarini, on his recovery, recognised his preserver as a young officer in the Austrian service whom he had known at Vienna, and whose attentions to Olympia had caused him serious uneasiness. Yet he owed his life to this gentleman now: so, when the young German asked permission to wait upon the marquis at the hotel, to inquire after his health, common courtesy dictated an assent, however cold, to the request.

The young German was in love with Olympia more than ever; but he was now too expert in the ways of the world to betray that love, as he once before had done. He met and accosted Olympia without trepidation, and she received him without much embarrassment; he had paid her the usual compliments of society with every politeness, and she returned them in the same unsuspicious manner. From all this Foscarini did not doubt that although the young man once entertained a passion for his daughter, its very hopelessness had caused its cure long since. Accordingly, the coldness with which he received him was soon dissipated; and, in less than a month, who such friends as the Marquis Angelo Foscarini and Stephen Uterclio! By degrees, the marquis had formed an attachment for the young man,—made him his confidant,—revealed to him the secret cause of his reckless mode of life, and laid open to him all that bitterness of heart which he vainly attempted to hide from the world beneath the mask of gaiety. In a word, Stephen soon knew all his past and present life. His baffled hopes—

his secret sorrows—his undying regrets—his deep remorse at times—talent and wealth thrown away—all were unhidden from this young man.

To him, also, Olympia revealed all that she knew. Long since,—when they first met at Vienna,—she had given her heart to Stephen Uterclio. Its chief wish now was to draw her father from the debasing pursuits which confirmed his ill health, and were hourly wrecking his fortunes. With this hope she eagerly proposed a plan, by which the marquis might be detached from his vicious habits: it was a most innocent conspiracy of the two lovers against the marquis,—a plot to seduce him back to the paths of honour and virtue.

Stephen had become so necessary to the marquis, that he spent every evening in his company. He humoured his eagerness for play, and, in consequence, became one of the most adventurous gamblers in Dieppe. The end was that in one month he had lost to Foscarini whatever money he could command. He told this to Olympia, who was well pleased to find that her father, at least while he was winning Stephen's money, could not lose his own. She supplied her lover with money, which, with his usual bad luck, he lost. The more he lost, the better was the marquis pleased with him;—for Foscarini—once the rival of princes and the pride of courts—could now be excited only by the heated flush of wine,—could find happiness only in winning that gold, which had once been the slave of his will, and now was the ruler of his heart. But at last the fickle goddess, Fortune, deserted her recent favourite.

There is a continental game called *brelan*, of which the marquis was passionately fond. He apprised Stephen of his predilection, and the German lost no time in discovering that it was the most interesting game in the world. Up to this time he had lost above ten thousand louis, when, one evening, he came to Foscarini with his mind fixed on his course of action. He brought fifty louis with him—all that he could procure. This money came from Olympia,—it was the whole which she could give. Her allowance from her father was splendid, and it had been the lovers' plot to keep the marquis at play with Stephen alone. They expected that at last Stephen

would have an equal share of luck. But they were too sanguine in their hopes. Instead of alternate good fortune, which while it amused the marquis would really not diminish his wealth, Stephen had a constant run of ill luck. When he had taken the last fifty louis from Olympia, his words were, "Fortune has foiled our good intentions. One trial,—one more trial: if I lose this, I shall play no more. I shall demand you in marriage; and should Foscari refuse his assent, you see me no more in this life." Olympia tenderly embraced him. She shed many tears at his departure, for she dreaded that her father would reject the suit of her lover, and she knew Stephen well enough to dread that he would keep his resolution of never again seeing her.

The evening glided on, and, at last, cards came in. They sat down to play. Stephen and Foscari were opponents, as usual. At the same table with them were two planters from the Havannah, the captain of an English merchantman, and a Parisian banker. Stephen commenced with ten louis:—stake followed stake, and in a very short time he had only ten louis remaining. He was full of agitation. Foscari, never dreaming of the near approach of his young friend to utter poverty, rallied him upon the lowness of his stakes. With a trembling hand he placed the remainder of his money upon the table. Fortune favoured him with a pair-royal of kings, and he won a hundred louis from the Parisian banker. Luck continued, and by five the next morning he had gained 200,000 piastres: the banker had won 80,000; the Englishman, 20,000; and each of the planters 5,000. *Foscari had lost the whole!* The party separated, after agreeing to resume the game at night.

Night came—the morning's play was child's play in comparison to that which now came on. It would be tedious to trace the gradual losses of the marquis. He lost all that he possessed. First went his ancestral palace at Genoa—then his Florentine casino—his country-house by the banks of the Brenta—his Roman villas—his jewels—all, all were lost irrecoverably. Yet he played on, until day dawned and awoke him to a sense of all that he had lost—of the utter ruin he had made. The pale beams of the morning struck in through the crevices and played upon the wall, in striking

contrast with the dim light of the expiring tapers. Of the six players who had borne part in the deep play of the night, four resembled marble statues rather than human living beings. The gold was piled up as mountains,—bonds and contracts lay there in confusion, and they sat amidst them, still and statue-like, the unaccustomed excitement of play having actually rendered them mute and motionless with astonishment at the fortunes there lost and won.

Stephen and the marquis alone retained the power of spirit, action, utterance.—Most fearfully appalling was the expression of the old man's countenance, when, at last, he found himself stripped of every thing. Fixing his blood-shot eyes upon Stephen, who had won nearly four-fifths of all that had been lost, he said, in a tone which sounded like the menacing mutterings of a thunder-storm, "Sir, all that I have is yours. I trust you will be a most gentle creditor. These gentlemen have won a very trifle; but you—houses, lands, jewels, gold—all, even to the very chairs we sit on, are passed from me.—At this moment, you, without moving from your seat, may say, perhaps will say, 'Old man, depart from my presence—from my house!'"

"But allow me —"

"Allow me, sir, to speak. I have lost my wealth—all; but my years and these grey hairs may yet entitle me to be heard. Perhaps you wish for my absence! You may wish to count over your new wealth. You may —"

"Indeed, sir, —"

"Again, I say, let me speak. I think we met at Vienna? I think, young man, that on one occasion I gave you to understand that your attentions to my daughter were not acceptable to me?"

"My good sir, —"

"You loved my daughter then. Deny it not. I heard you swear, on your knees, to love her always. I had the power then to say, and I did say, 'Love her not.' But you did love her. Did you not?"

"Yes."

"I thought so. Do you love her still? Speak with your lips what your cheeks changing hues already tell me. Young man, do you love my daughter still?"

"As I love my life."

"It is well. I have one stake left. I WILL PLAY YOU FOR MY DAUGHTER!"

At this strange proposal all the rest of the party started on their feet in utter astonishment, and it was pretty evident, from their looks, that they did not wish Stephen to play. The young man's face lighted up with a most joyous expression: he attempted to throw himself into the arms of the marquis, but nothing could surpass the *hauteur* with which he was repulsed. Still, not perceiving that his success had changed him into a most bitter enemy, Stephen Utercio drew himself up to his full height, with equal pride, and in an earnest tone replied to Foscarini,—"Sir, if you will have me for a son-in-law, here, at this moment, I humbly say, in the presence of these gentlemen, take back all that chance has robbed you of. I fear, however, that I entreat in vain."

"Indeed you do," answered the marquis, passionately.

There was a pause for some minutes. "Well, then," said Stephen with calmness, "I accept your proposal. I will stake any sum you think proper to fix."

The bystanders uttered a murmur of horror. Foscarini glanced at them with stern contempt: he looked at the cards before him, and replied to Stephen,—
"Whatever you please."

Again there was an awful pause. "I will stake against your daughter all that I have here won from you—all that I possess besides in the world, even to the expectancy of the heritage which my father may bequeath to me."

"It is well," said the marquis.

They sat down. The marquis threw his hand of cards: it was a pair-royal of aces. Stephen displayed the same. The cards were dealt again. The marquis showed a pair-royal of tens: in Stephen's hand were the four kings. "The game is yours!" was involuntarily exclaimed by the bystanders. "The game is yours!" echoed the marquis in a calm tone: it was the calmness of despair.

Fearful that some dreadful scene might ensue, the bystanders prepared to depart. But, at the moment of taking leave of the marquis, they paused—for the father, who had just lost his child on the turn of a card, was subdued to tears—the rich man was on a level with the beggar.

Stephen drew near him, and said, with all his wonted kindness, "My dear marquis, consider all that has passed as but

a dream. You are neither a loser, nor I a winner."

"I not a loser! Ask these gentlemen who, laden with gold, are about departing, whether I have lost nothing! Look at your own spoils heaped before you, and ask if I have lost nothing! Think that I have sold my daughter as a gambler's last stake—that I have forfeited my honour—that I have wrecked my own self-esteem, and say whether I have lost nothing. Not a word! Think not that I mean to excite your compassion. Thank God, a Foscarini need not yet stoop so low as that. No, if my manner—if my tears say so, then my manner and my tears belie me." With these words he quitted the apartment.

Stephen was left alone. It was eleven in the forenoon. He collected all the contracts which the marquis had drawn out, threw them on the hearth, and burned them to ashes. He then wrote a note to Olympia, informing her of what had occurred, and how he had thus released the marquis from all his obligations. His cheek was feverish, and he strolled out towards the beach, in hopes that the fresh air from the sea might cool it.

Scarcely had he advanced fifty paces, when he found himself in the midst of a dense crowd. Some labourers were carrying on a litter a man who had just been rescued from the waves by the fishermen. It was Foscarini, who, maddened by his losses, had cast himself in the sea.

A few weeks after this, Stephen Utercio was entering his hotel, on his return from a fashionable *soirée*, when the porter informed him that two persons were in his apartments, and (it now being midnight) had been waiting for him there for some time. He ascended the stairs, and saw—the marquis and his daughter.

"Doubtless, my presence here at so unseasonable an hour surprises you, sir," said Foscarini deliberately. "However, this interview must have taken place sooner or later. Gambling bets, you know," added he, with a bitter smile, "must be paid. Sir, you have won my daughter. She is here—I bring her to you. I have used no force to conduct her hither. She followed me of her own free will. Did you not, Olympia?"

He spoke with a cold sneer upon his lip. His daughter could not answer for her tears.

After a little pause, he resumed—"I

Stello, ou Le Docteur Noir.

have now no longer a daughter; but you, mark me—you have not yet a wife. I will never acknowledge you as my son-in-law. You are not of noble blood—at least not of such blood as might mate with a Foscarini. Your Olympia can only be yours at my death: for my sake, she will not be so before—for her own, she will never be your mistress. However, she is yours. You will perceive, fair sir, that there is something to play for yet.”

Having thus spoken, he arose from his seat, and deliberately locked the door of the apartment. This being done, he threw the key through the window into the street. “Now for revenge!” he exclaimed, in a terrible tone, and with the fiery glance of the maniac. He produced a pair of pistols. “Mark me!—both of these weapons are unloaded. They are alike. I will load one: we will confound

them both together—we will each take one, and draw the trigger at the same moment. There—the pistol is loaded now. If I slay you, my daughter returns to me: if you kill me, Olympia may wed her father’s murderer, if she will.”

Stephen attempted to speak, and rose to call for assistance. “Advance but one step—utter but one word,” shrieked the infuriated old man, “and I fire this pistol into my daughter’s heart.”

He made Stephen take a seat immediately opposite to him—so close that their faces almost touched. Olympia lay on the ground in a swoon. Each took a pistol—at a given word the loaded weapon was discharged —

R. S. M.

[The circumstance on which the above story is founded, is related in French, by M. A. Luchet, as having actually occurred.]

Stello, ou Le Docteur Noir. By Count ALFRED DE VIGNY.

This celebrated French work was reviewed in our Magazine more than eighteen months back, when its plan was described; subsequently, it has been reviewed by “Blackwood,” and some extracts were translated, illustrative of the French revolution.

We are induced to give the following extract, which has not been before the English public, as it is descriptive of the fashions of the last century—a style of dress that is gaining ground rapidly in the present day:—

“Mademoiselle de Coulanges was reclining one day, at Trianon, after dinner, on a couch of tapestry, her head towards the chimney and her feet towards the window. The king (Louis the Fifteenth) was reposing on another sofa, in a situation precisely the reverse—his feet towards the chimney and head towards the window. Both these distinguished personages were full dressed—he in red heels and silk stockings; she in slippers, with heels three inches high, and gold-clocked stockings. Further, he was habited in a sky-blue velvet suit; she, adorned with court lappets and rose-coloured damask robe: he powdered and frizzled, she frizzled and powdered—he holding a book in his hand and asleep, she holding a book in her hand and yawning.”

(Here Stello felt ashamed of remaining recumbent under his canopy, and sat upright.)

“The sun entered the room in full splendour, for it was not three hours past noon; its rays were blue, for they passed through grand curtains of that colour. There were four very high windows, and four very long blue rays, each of which formed a sort of Jacob’s ladder, in which moved incessantly myriads of golden atoms, like spirits ascending and descending; there the beautiful Mademoiselle de Coulanges was indolently watching.

“She was at once the prettiest, the weakest, the tenderest, and the least known of all the favourites of Louis the Fifteenth. A most lovely person that Mademoiselle de Coulanges. I will not undertake to say that she had a soul, because I never heard her say any thing that could confirm such an assertion, and that was the very reason why her master loved her so well. And what in the world was a soul wanted for at Trianon? Not to meditate on honour, remorse, principles, education, self-sacrifices, family regrets, fears for the future, and contempt for one’s self. All these litanies of a virtuous education at St. Cyr, were exploded in the corrupting atmosphere of a court.”

Here is one of the most intellectual dialogues the fair butterfly was known to hold:—

“Ah! sire; do you think that God will ever pardon me?”

“Why not, *ma belle*? He is so very

‘But do you think I can ever pardon myself?’

" ' Oh ! yes, *ma belle*, you will contrive to do that, for you are so good-natured.' "

" ' What unhappy results from my good education at St. Cyr !' "

" ' Very good one ; all your companions are well married, and so shall you be in time.' "

" ' Ah ! my poor mother will die ; my conduct will kill her.' "

" ' She shall be a marchioness ; and, if that is not enough to keep her alive, she shall be a duchess with a *tabouret*.' "

" ' Ah ! sire, you are very generous ; but heaven — "

" ' I never saw it finer or clearer than this morning since the 1st of last June.' "

" Thus were the pleadings of conscience stifled in the bosom of this young and most guileless of all sinners. Never was there a disposition of more unruffled sweetness ; and she passed day after day without being disturbed by a single thought, or the shadow of one. She never troubled herself as to what female favourites had preceded or might succeed her ; she never felt a pang of jealousy, or entertained a thought of melancholy. When the king did not visit her, she amused herself with dressing, powdering, and frizzling her hair ; and that great occupation of the day being finished, she gravely admired herself for some time, then made a grimace in the glass, showed her teeth, smiled, and bit her lips, pricked the fingers of her maid with a hair-pin, and burned all her *papillottes* one by one ; then, with the playful folly of a little child, she would put rouge on her nose and patches on her eyelids ; then, in an excitement of spirits, she tottered round the room on her high heels, and every one must have wondered to have seen her little feet move so fast with such impediments as were about them ; she would then make a pirouette in the middle of the room, which inflated her dress till it looked like a balloon, and then she laughed till she could not stand. Once, in a day of more serious occupation, she practised dancing a minuet with lappets and a long train. The point of

etiquette of this court minuet was never to turn her back to the *fauteuil*, in which the king was supposed to be seated. But this was the most difficult affair she had ever undertaken in her life ; and once, in the midst of her manœuvres, she became so entangled in her own drapery, that, in a fit of impatience, she tore off the long train of a court robe that she had taken such pride, a few minutes before, in making circulate round and round the room. To console herself for this affliction, she began the pleasing occupation of dressing for the day anew, and habited herself in a new suit—a robe of brocaded azure-coloured silk, with gaudy little rosettes all over the corset, wings on the back, and a *cargouis* (quiver) on each shoulder, and a diamond butterfly floating among the powder of her hair. This was called *Psyche* ; and the costume was named *Diana* the huntress, and was the height of the fashion.

" Now some malignant court wit had declared that, though *Mademoiselle de Coulanges* had beautiful eyes, they were odd ones, for both were not of the same shape and colour. Nothing can be more unjust ; they were of a languishing softness, of the shape of an almond, and both exactly alike ; they had never been known to shed a tear but once, and that was when M. Dorat de Cubières, a great brute of a dragoon-officer, kicked her cat, *Zulmé*. These dark almond-shape eyes were half closed under long white eyelids, that cast a slight shadow over her pink cheeks ; her lips were rather cherry than coral-coloured ; her bosom and neck the perfection of white and blue ; and her waist so tightly laced, that a child of twelve years old scarcely needed both hands to span it ; indeed, it did not seem thicker than the united stalks of an enormous nosegay, which she wore at the *ceinture*. Then she had pretty white hands, with a dimple at each joint, and round elbows, veiled with lace ruffles of tentiers."

Such is the portrait of a French court beauty of the last century.

Encyclopædia of Geography. Part 4. By HUGH MURRAY, Esq. Longman & Co.

The contents of the fourth number of this excellent work comprises an epitomised account of the English counties and their capitals, illustrated by woodcuts of the cathedrals and principal buildings. The third chapter is devoted to Scotland, its particular geography and geology, and a description of the counties therein. The fourth chapter leads us in like manner through Ireland. The fifth is commenced with the geography and map of France. The geology of this work alone renders it superior to all former.

publications of the kind ; it has, likewise, many other attractions. The maps are small ; but that defect is obviated by the names being referred by numbers to a printed list. Thus the inconvenience of folded sheets is obviated ; and each map being a wood-cut, is incorporated with the printing of the work. This is a great advantage for young people who, taking their geographical lesson from large atlases, will be glad to study from the volume which will not be liable to the disfigurement of folded maps.

* A peeress who possessed the right of *tabouret*, was permitted to sit on a stool in the presence of the Queen of France.

EARLY SCENES REVISITED.

BY G. R. CARTER.

How beautiful is Memory, when she bids
The spirits of the spectral past assume
Their wonted light and loveliness!—To me
Her images convey a voiceless charm,
Which, like the spring that gushed from Horeb's rock,
Breathes life upon the heart.

Upon the deep—I gaze upon the deep—
Where England's oak leviathans are moor'd;
Within whose walls the fatal thunders sleep,
That won submission from the tyrant's sword.
The sunlit hills and corn-fields are restored
In all their rich profusion to mine eye;
And, as the streams a gurgling sound afford,
The echoes of the ancient woods reply,
And, mellow'd by the winds, in distance softly die.

How sweet to muse upon the vale beneath!
The breeze of Evening wantons with the flow'rs,
And heaven ne'er wafed more delightful breath,
Dispensing coolness o'er these gentle hours.
The gifts of Nature are the noblest dow'ra
For sage or poet—lo! the giant trees
Exult like Titans, conscious of their pow'rs,
And calmly sleep the blue expansive seas.
How vain the toil of art to picture scenes like these!

When Poesy attunes the thoughtful heart
To feelings beauteous as some holy dream,
At her command what kindred phantoms start
To life and memory in the poet's theme;
And those who quaff from her Pierian stream
The draughts that immortality confer,
Should keep with proper reverence and esteem
The sacred gifts assigned to them by her,
And at her shrine alone remain a worshipper.

What peaceful harmony pervades the scene
On which mine eye dilates:—the distant sound
Of lofty woods, that crown the hills with green,
Is scarcely broken by the winds around;
From bank to bank the joyful waters bound,
Tinged with the hue which summer skies infuse:
Oh! surely on this quiet spot of ground,
The meditative spirit of the Muse
A fitting haunt for her imaginings might choose.

And here the heart may dedicate its song
To subjects worthy of its hallowed strings,
And raise the soul above the sensual throng,
Who dim the light of Virtue's seraph-wings.
The purest impulse of devotion springs
Amid the fervour of the votive strain;
How beautiful is genius! when it brings
The forms which Death has bound in icy chain,
Before our eyes in all their loveliness again.

KRASINSKI; OR, MODERN SCENES IN POLAND.

(Concluded from page 83.)

From this night forward I almost lived
at the Korecki palace: for if a single
day passed that I did not present myself,
a visit from Count Adrian, or a billet

full of playful reproaches from Natalia,
never failed to give me the most flat-
tering proof that my absence was felt.
Count Korecki's deportment was that of a

father towards a beloved son—an appellation he often bestowed upon me; and sometimes I thought he used the term with a deeper emphasis than belonged merely to friendship. At those moments my heart beat with a stronger pulsation, a glow came upon my cheek, and a dimness to my eyes,—for he spoke in the presence of Natalia!

The often expressed wish of my father, that I should marry a Polish woman, which had hitherto appeared to me but as words of course, I now fondly cherished, as a bliss greater than I had hitherto dared to indulge. In the day dreams of my boyish fancy, I had never very clearly understood my father's object in sending me to Poland: "I was to be devoted to my country," but how or when I knew not. A vague notion that I was to enter the army sometimes crossed my mind; and in a conversation with Poskewicz, whom, in compliance with Count Korcecki's advice, I treated with a semblance of friendliness, while I avoided a greater intimacy, I had, however, unwarily let fall some hints of such a design. He caught up my words, spoke to me repeatedly on the subject, and more than once expressed some surprise, that, after several weeks' residence in Warsaw, I had not taken the necessary measures for my purpose. One morning I met Poskewicz at the corner of the street, in which the *Hass Polski Kawa* was situate, the coffee-house frequented by every true Pole: Count Korcecki had introduced me there, as Adrian had jestingly informed me he would. Poskewicz spoke to me for some time on indifferent subjects, probably to throw me off my guard, and then suddenly inquired if I did not mean to announce my intention in the "proper quarter," as the grand duke was about to leave Warsaw in a few days.

I was embarrassed, hesitated, and said something about waiting further directions from my father. He smiled significantly, as I thought, and said no more. I relieved myself as soon as I could from his importunate inquiries, and hastened home, where I found Adrian waiting for me, to whom I related what had passed between Poskewicz and myself. Adrian listened with a flash of that eye whose latent fires for ever contradicted the levity on his lips; then he made, as was his wont, some careless reply, and hurried me off to fulfil an engagement with a party of young men

with whom we were acquainted. Before the morning was spent, and contrary to his usual custom, he left us, merely reminding me that I was to sup with Natalia.

When I entered the saloon, in which the stacost and Natalia sat with Adrian, a strange feeling of heaviness, almost indeed of dejection, came over me. I had just quitted a scene of tumultuous gaiety, an unwilling partaker of the mirth around me, and now all was sombre and still. The large saloon, occupied by only three figures, and dimly lighted, looked gloomily; and the air of the two counts was more serious than usual: Natalia was pale, seemed agitated, and, contrary to her usual custom, she scarcely spoke a word. The servants brought the supper, and removed it again untouched. A something seemed to weigh heavily on every bosom, and there was a deep silence. The count himself had been the first to speak, he had been walking about the saloon for some time; at length he came up to me, and touched my shoulder.

"Krasinski," said he—I started. "Adrian tells me," continued the count, "that it is your intention to enter the Russian army."

"The Russian army!" said I, "assuredly not, but the Polish."

"The Polish army!" repeated the count, with a bitter smile, "where is it, when it owns a Russian master?"

"The difference is but nominal, I admit," replied I; "but be that as it may, I can scarcely say it is my intention to enter either. In fact, I have no intentions; or they abide my father's will."

"Your father sent you to Poland, that you might be devoted to the service of your fatherland. Some would tell you, this end would be accomplished by enrolling yourself among the guards of the so called sovereign of Poland. But I tell you *never*;—your young arm must be raised in a more righteous cause—that is the will of your father. Come nearer, Stanislaus," said the stacost, in a voice lowered almost to a whisper, but with deeper energy of manner: "here, in this city, prostrate as it appears, some lovers of their country may yet be found, who have sworn never to taste repose till Poland is freed from the curse of a foreign yoke. In defiance of the jealous watchfulness of the government, in defiance of the number and vigilance of its spies, this sacred band has established and will

maintain itself, till its purpose be accomplished. Will you be one of us? What your sentiments are, I know already; and for your father's, look here——"

Count Korecki drew from his bosom the letter I had brought with me from Prussia, and desired me to hold it to a candle. I did so, and in the margin I saw these words written in secret ink, in very small characters, which I recognised immediately as my father's,—“Consider Count Korecki as my representative, and as such obey him; we are in *all things* agreed.”

“From your childhood you have been destined to this holiest of causes,” pursued the count. “Your youth alone prevented greater frankness on the part of your father.” The count was silent for some moments; I grasped his hand in emotion too great for utterance: at length I articulated, “Admit me of your brotherhood; I, too, am a Pole.”

“You have yet more to hear,” added the count, in a voice tremulous with feeling: “your father and I have been friends from our birth—we would fain draw the bands yet closer. If the hand of a lovely and virtuous girl, sprung from a noble race, can reward the sacrifice demanded of you, Natalia is yours, when happier times allow you to claim my promise.”

What my feelings at that moment were I cannot explain. I recollect that I threw myself, choked and speechless, on the bosom of my second father, where Natalia hung weeping with emotion scarcely less than my own, and that in the wild transport of the moment I dared to press my lips to hers. Would that I had died at that happy moment.

The staccato arose from his seat. He held the hand of Natalia clasped in mine; once more he united us in his paternal embrace, and solemnly blessed his children.

“Now leave us, Stanislaus,” said he; “remember how deep a responsibility rests on your discretion: in a few days you will accompany Adrian to France, on an important mission. Your bride remains with me.”

I remained on the morning following that memorable night secluded in my apartment, stretched upon a sofa, endeavouring in vain by corporeal inaction to procure something like rest to my spirit. My brain still whirled with the

tumult of conflicting thoughts and feelings. In spite of my promised happiness, a feeling of painful anxiety was predominant in my mind, when I thought of the crisis that was approaching. My heart alternately swelled with the proud consciousness of my destiny;—a sharer in the glorious work of Poland's freedom,—the husband of Natalia! And yet when I thought of my own unworthiness, my youth, my incapacity, my inexperience, my spirits failed me. Could Count Korecki really deem me worthy to be associated with himself, and all that was most noble and brave in my country? Natalia mine—mine;—the boy, the stranger, the unknown to fame! She, my superior in all things—in the full pride and glory of her unequalled beauty, could she subdue her loftiness to me—did she really love, or was she but a willing sacrifice on the altar of her country? At the thought of this, a pang like that of death shot through my bosom,—it was but momentary. I brought neither weight nor influence to the cause. A simple individual, without rank or experience, I was not worth purchasing at so costly a price. Natalia love me, unworthy as I was? It was to her preference alone I owed the promise of that precious hand! I yielded up my whole soul to the intoxication of that belief, and it was all the happiness I was fated to enjoy!

About a week after this event, as I sat alone, my mind still wrapt in delicious dreams, the door opened, and Poskewicz presented his unwelcome features. I had not seen him since we had met in the street, and disturbed as I was, to be intruded on at such a moment, I scarcely sought to conceal how disagreeable I felt the interruption.

He did not, or would not perceive my coldness, but accosted me with his usual show of friendship. Almost the first words on his lips were a congratulation on my engagement to the Countess Natalia Korecki. He took care also to inform me, that he was acquainted with my visits to the national coffee-house. “You are in the way to occupy a position in society, as elevated as your merit deserves,” said he; “fortune woe you with open arms; seize on the auspicious moment, and you may command your own destiny.”

He paused a moment, to allow me time to weigh his words, and then continued,

with an air of friendly caution—"But you are young—very young: at your age it is hardly to be expected that you should elude or even suspect every snare that may be laid for you. There are temptations almost irresistible to youth: there are some people who would think no sacrifice too great to gain a proposed end."

"There are some such," said I, forgetting my caution, in the unconquerable disgust this man's glossing excited.

"There are some, who would sacrifice honour, truth, prostitute the name of friendship, to attain an end as shameful in this instance, as the means were infamous."

The command of countenance Poskewicz possessed was really wonderful; perhaps he despised my boyish indiscretion too much to take any notice of it, and went on as if he had received no interruption.

"I know there are people who speak of me in terms I might well blush to deserve; you must have met with many to whom I am so indebted."

By this time, having recollected myself, I made a sign of dissent.

"Pardon me, my young friend," he said, "if I doubt even your veracity on this point. I know perfectly well what is said of me, and despise it. All I ask of you is, to give yourself the trouble of observing what passes around you."

This I readily promised.

"Well, then," rejoined my visiter, with a smile of peculiar meaning, "you must have observed on what footing I stand with your dearest friend—if I dared make so presumptuous an assertion, I should say, I am not the worst received by your lovely bride."

This was too much: I could with difficulty refrain from bestowing on him the chastisement he merited.

"If I were really the person I am represented," pursued Poskewicz, "you could hardly please your friends better than by confiding in me. Only open your eyes, and you cannot fail to trace the connexion of all this. I am not going to play the traitor, but compassion for the son of my friend induces me to say thus much. I know positively that many of these ardent seeming patriots are playing a double game. Many who talk the loudest in private, are in close connexion with the ruling party. They

hold out the hand of fellowship to men such as you, and in the next moment are in communication with the secret agents, who may be found," added the serpent with a half smile, "even in the national coffee-house. If their schemes are threatened with failure, they will be the first traitors. I know my countrymen better than you do; the Poles are false and artful. Such men as yourself are made to be their prey,—young, fiery, unsuspecting, and in love! Oh, credit me, the Poles are a treacherous race!"

His last words raised my disgust to the highest pitch. "I believe, sir, you are a Pole," said I, looking fixedly at him.

"I feel how keen a reproof your words imply," said he, without showing any embarrassment; "but I can readily forgive you. Suspend your judgment; observe closely, you will find I am the truest friend you have in Warsaw. To banish the suspicions which it is scarcely possible you should not have imbibed, remember that I am a nobleman,—an advantage shared, I confess, in Poland with almost all who are not born slaves,—but my nobility has other claims to respect: I inherit it from one who rushed on certain death in defence of his sovereign."

"You are in the right to esteem your rank more highly on that account, doubtless," said I, coldly; "but allow me to observe, it has little to do with what we were talking of—unhappily we have in our day seen noblemen descending to very unworthy actions."

"We have, indeed," said Poskewicz, with an air of virtuous indignation. "We have seen a nobleman descend to the baseness of seducing a young man from his duty by the bribe of his daughter's hand—her heart was of no consequence."

"What is it you mean, Captain Poskewicz?" asked I, sternly; "this is a subject on which I do not bear jesting."

"I was not jesting—an idle remark only, think no further of it. Klatowsky, indeed,—I was not the only person who felt surprise when your engagement was announced. However, you allow me no pretence for interference with your affairs, otherwise"—and with these half sentences and mysterious hints Poskewicz left me, satisfied that he had left a thorn rankling in my breast. In his attempts to shake my faith in the stacost's integrity he had utterly failed; but he had

awakened suspicion on a point where all was blissful certainty before—my possession of Natalia's heart. On my first introduction at the Korecki palace, I had not failed to notice that Klatowsky alone, of all the count's friends, treated me with cold politeness, and visibly shrunk from the intimacy which the similarity of our ages and position naturally invited. Latterly he had withdrawn himself from the circle altogether, and I rarely saw him. The first time I saw Adrian, after the visit of Poskewicz, I questioned him closely. At first he treated the matter with levity, and rallied me on my jealous temper: when he found I would not be trifled with, he admitted that Klatowsky was generally thought to be attached to his sister, and that to him personally no objection could be made; "but," added Adrian, "his father has committed the inexpressible error, in the eyes of all true Poles, of accepting employment at the Russian court; and I think, Stanislaus, you know my father well enough to believe that he would rather follow Natalia to her grave, than see her the wife of Klatowsky." I did believe it religiously; but Natalia herself—what to her woman's heart was the prejudice of her father, unjust in itself, opposed to the merits and manly graces of Klatowsky? I said no more to Adrian: but the shadow had passed over—Natalia was not destined to be mine! A thousand trifles, unheeded before, came thronging to my recollection, and torturing me with the suspicion that Klatowsky was no object of indifference to her—that to her father's will, or to an overstrained feeling of duty, I should owe the possession of her hand. I resolved to observe her narrowly, and if convinced it were indeed so, my fate was decided. Henceforth I belonged to my country alone. To renounce all claim upon Natalia, was a sacrifice loudly demanded by every manly and honourable feeling; but how to do it without wounding at once the pride and friendship of her father? After a night of doubt and agony, I finally determined to await the issue of those plans for our political regeneration, on whose accomplishment the count's promise depended. My personal connexion with him was of so recent a date, that I could scarcely consider myself entitled to feel resentment, if a hasty rejection of the proffered reward should

involve a suspicion that I would willingly shun the danger.

Full of these thoughts, I was leaning on my hands, buried in gloomy anticipation, when I recollected that it was the particular festival of the church on which it was customary to throw open the hospital of the Infant Jesus, for the inspection of the public. The rooms on this occasion were always decorated with a profusion of flowers, and filled from morning to night with the noblest and fairest of Warsaw, whose awakened sensibilities never failed to profit the hospital largely. I had frequently heard Natalia mention it, and intended as a matter of course to accompany her on the public day; possibly she took it for granted also, and thought it therefore unnecessary to invite me. Be that as it might, she did not invite my attendance; and this omission, trifling as it was, helped to confirm my worst fears. I went, however, more with the intent of observing than of speaking to Natalia. The street in which the hospital stood was thronged with carriages and pedestrians in their gayest attire, among whom was Count Adrian. I heard him rallying me on Natalia's desertion with a smile on my lips and a vulture's gnawing at my heart! The corridors were lined with men, to whom the most attractive part of the spectacle was the sight of their beautiful countrywomen as they passed in review before them. My impatience rose to the highest point when Adrian took up his position among these idlers, still holding me by the arm. The jesting conversation around me irritated my then mood beyond endurance. I broke from them and entered the apartments alone. Some of the company were grouped around the beds of the patients, testifying, by words and gifts, their sympathy in their sufferings. Among these was Natalia, accompanied by a lady, the sister of Klatowsky, and escorted by the detestable Poskewicz! He smiled with a kind of scornful triumph, and gave way to me by Natalia's side with an air that had more in it of insult than of deference to my right. The countess scarcely exchanged a word with me or her friend, occupying herself during our stay wholly with the sufferers. When we descended to the court-yard, where the carriages waited, Adrian (who in a spirit of boyish levity which, in the amusement of the moment, frequently appeared to

forget every other consideration,) asked his sister if she meant to dismiss Poskewicz so cavalierly, as soon as another knight devoted to her service appeared. Natalia looked at me half inquiringly, half timidly, and Poskewicz laughed aloud. Another moment, and my self-command would have deserted me. Probably Poskewicz himself did not wish to pursue his triumph farther at that time and in that place, for he bade us adieu, giving, at the same time, a signal for the coachman to drive on. Adrian threw himself back on his seat, and burst into a fit of laughter. "Bravo!" cried he: "you have a handsome seasoning of jealousy in your composition, Stanislaus. Cultivate it, and you will make a splendid figure among those lovers who would rebuke the sun for his presumption in shining on their mistresses without their leave. Spare your anger, however, on this occasion. Poskewicz is a very harmless insect by such flowers as Natalia," patting his sister's cheek.

"You mistake me altogether, Adrian, or you wilfully misrepresent my feelings on this point. With all that we have at stake, and knowing this man's character as you do, the intimacy to which you admit him is inconceivable to me."

"Why, then, my esteemed brother, your perceptions must be very much duller than I had supposed. It is precisely the game we are playing which renders it dangerous nay, madness, to affront this respectable person."

"That to affront him may be dangerous, I can readily believe; but to allow him to be openly the companion of your sister—"

"Oh, as to my sister," replied Adrian, "I have nothing to say; I answer for no offences but my own. Let Natalia defend herself as well as she can."

"There is nothing in Natalia's conduct that calls for defence," said the countess, somewhat haughtily. "Captain Poskewicz joined us unexpectedly. I could not refuse his arm when it was offered."

"But Stanislaus," resumed her brother more seriously, "you do not sufficiently consider the difficulties of our position. To what purpose should we, by shunning one spy, when we are surrounded by hundreds, convert that one, from an enemy of Peter in general, to an enemy of our house in particular?"

"And do you think then to blind this man, being such as you describe him, by such means? Do you think that he is misled for a moment by your apparent confidence or carelessness? Oh, trust me, it is a vain, a dangerous self-deception; he already knows more than enough to endanger us."

Natalia turned on me an alarmed and inquiring glance. Adrian roused himself from his negligent posture. "How, Stanislaus, what do you mean, what does he know?" asked he eagerly.

I related the conversation I had held with Poskewicz a few days previously.

"Is that all?" said Adrian. "I will answer for it, he knows nothing whatever of our affairs. The same set of hints and phrases would answer for one plot as well as another, real or imaginary, and were made use of solely with the view of extracting something more positive from you."

"Adrian," said I, almost suffocated with emotion, "is it possible you can suspect me for a moment of betraying, directly or indirectly, a confidence so sacred?"

"Directly, no, or you had never been trusted, but indirectly, yes—stop, hear me out, Stanislaus—not by words, but by the involuntary betrayal of eye and gesture. You are some years my junior, and I am not very old; you have not lived where to speak, or look, or dream of country or freedom is a crime; you have not learned to act a part—I have; my teacher was stern necessity; and so well has she instructed me, that I have had the satisfaction of hearing the illustrious Poskewicz himself speak in the most contemptuous terms of my talents and pursuits. "You may be right," said I; "but the continual presence of this fellow is intolerable to me, if not dangerous." "Granted; and will you point out to me what relation to our Russian masters is not degrading?" Poskewicz is hateful and contemptible, yet not a whit more hateful and contemptible than his masters; and while I must bow to the tyrant, I do not think it worth while to wreak a paltry vengeance on his wretched tool. The time may come, when both, being alike important, may be alike despised." While Adrian was still speaking, the carriage stooped at the Korceki palace, where I was engaged to join a large dinner party. The company

consisted chiefly of men whom I had met at the national coffee-house. They were already informed of the relation in which I stood to the noble host, and flocked round me with congratulations. For a moment a feeling of exultation swelled my bosom, when my eyes rested on the matchless loveliness that was called mine. It was but a moment—Klatowsky was among them. He stood a few paces from Natalia: the passionate sadness of his gaze intently fixed upon that cheek, whose soft kindling beneath the jet fringes of her downcast eyes, spoke only too eloquently the emotion his presence inspired. It was but a confirmation of what I more than suspected; yet the certainty that an insurmountable barrier lay between me and Natalia fell like an ice-bolt on my heart. The conviction that the workings of my soul were visible on my countenance, and the evident surprise called forth in the bystanders, compelled me to assume outward complacency. But I felt like a man walking in his sleep. I went mechanically through the forms imposed by my situation, but my spirit was absent. It was as if body and soul had been disjoined, and each performed its functions separately, and without cognisance of the others. Nor have I the least recollection of any thing I said or did, or that was said or done by others, till I was roused from my stupor by the voice of Adrian, who sat near me, seconding the proposal of one of the guests, that I should, according to the old Polish custom, fill the slipper of my betrothed bride with the costliest wine, and drink it off to the health of the assembled guests. It was fortunate for me that the natural vivacity of the Poles, which had by this time gained the ascendancy, caused them to enter readily into the frolic of the moment, and in their own ardour to overlook my unaccountable want of it.

All the younger part of the company crowded round me to possess themselves in turn of the fairy slipper, and quaff its contents to our mutual happiness. I heard them with an empty smile upon my face, and the weight of a mountain on my heart.

In the midst of the noisy festivity Natalia withdrew: her last glance rested on Klatowsky! who, pale and abstracted, stood apart from the group,—the only one, myself excepted, in whose breast

their joy found no echo. The departure of the countess was a relief to me; for the conversation that had been diverted from its course by the playful observance I have mentioned, now flowed back again into its former channel, and freed me from the torment of affecting a transport, whose greatness, had it been real, would but have increased the bitterness of the mockery. We discoursed of our hopes and Poland's triumph, and I lent a listening ear to the sanguine prophecies of my neighbour, an old stacost, bearing in his scarred and weather-beaten features and cumbrous frame, an appearance of iron strength that justified the hope he expressed of yet living to witness in his old age his country's restoration, as he had in his youth beheld her fall. Warmed by the rare enjoyment of friendly society, the old man's heart overflowed in confidence to one whom he looked on as a son of Korecki's.

"Listen to me, young man," said he, laying his hand heavily on my shoulder, "I am a Lithuanian, and have my abode in an old castle, buried deep in a primeval forest, more than a hundred wersts in circumference. My only neighbours are wolves, elks, and bears. Well, in this old savage dwelling, that would freeze your young blood to look on, I keep a treasure, richer than that guarded by the dragon of old." He paused, as if in expectation of a reply.

"Its nature is beyond my guessing," said I; "our Russian masters have left us little treasure to guard."

"Mine has escaped their rapine, however," said the old stacost, his stern eye sparkling with animation: "in the home of my forefathers, which no foreign foot-step has ever profaned, in the vault where rest the mouldering relics of my ancestors, the long lost ancient regalia of Poland lies hidden from every mortal eye;—the sword of the valiant Boleslaus, surnamed the Bold, the golden circlet that shall adorn the temples of a Piast alone. Let the goldsmith's craft furnish the Muscovite with the symbol of his usurpation! Should the existence ever be betrayed of these relics, so sacred in every Polish eye, so dear to every Polish heart; and should the iron fingers of power seek to clutch them, one common fate awaits the robber, the guardian, and the treasure—their ashes shall go forth on the four winds of heaven."

The harmless vanity of the old man called forth an involuntary smile. Count Adrian perceived it, and, touching my arm, whispered, "Perhaps you do not know that part of our national faith is to believe that, so long as these revered symbols are preserved from spoliation, the dominion of the stranger shall not prevail, and Poland shall re-assert herself. To you it is but a superstition,—to him it is a hoarded consolation, of which it would be worse than Russian barbarity to deprive him. Faith is a good to all, but a necessity to some." My reply, disclaiming all intention of disturbing the veteran in his belief, was interrupted by the abrupt entrance of an officer in the Polish army, who had been one of the guests expected, but who had failed in his engagement. His disordered appearance and hurried step drew on him the general observation.

"What now, Demetrius?" asked the count, advancing to meet the new-comer. "What have we now to lament?"

"Nothing," replied the young man fiercely; "nothing to lament, much to avenge. B. and G. are arrested."

"Arrested! where—how—by whose order?" cried a dozen voices at once.

"On the Parade, by order of the grand duke, who tore off their swords with his own hands, loading our countrymen with insult and abuse."

The guests looked at one another in silent consternation. The prisoners were among the most ardent and trusted of our band.

"Did you hear what crime was alleged against them?" asked Count Korcecki, after a long pause.

"No," was the reply. "I was present, but could elicit nothing from the mad fury of Constantine, but threats of sending their infamous companions to share their fate, or something to that effect."

"We must, then, be a little quicker than we had proposed," said the count in a cheerful voice. "Come, friends and countrymen, look not so aghast; it would be strange, indeed, if our course ran quite smooth; our path may be obstructed, but the goal must be reached at last."

"But, in the mean time, our two friends," said some of the elder of the party, drawing near, and speaking further with the count, but in so low a tone that

I could not hear what they said. Korcecki's reply alone was audible.

"Not a whit!—not a whit! Their rank is too high for them to be touched without the direct sanction of the emperor. Even Constantine dare not do it."

By degrees the confident bearing of the count restored something like cheerfulness to the assembly; but we were no longer in the mood for convivial enjoyment. The company broke up into little groups to discuss the occurrence of the morning, in low and earnest tones, and then gradually and almost silently disappeared. The count paced the saloon for some time in silent anxiety legible in every feature.

"Adrian," said he, "you and Stanislaus must set out for France immediately. Much yet remains to be done: but we must risk any thing rather than delay under the present circumstances."

The necessary preparations were then agreed on; we received our instructions, and the following night was fixed for our departure. We then separated to make our brief arrangements. The succeeding day was passed in a hurry of thought and action that precluded the possibility of ascertaining, from personal observation, how far our views were likely to be affected by this ill-omened arrest. Now that the irrevocable step had been taken, that I was actively engaged in the enterprise whose issue had appeared so doubtful to me in the distance, all misgiving faded from my mind. The excitement of my new position prevented me from considering the obstacles to our success. Flushed with hope, and sanguine for my country's prospects, if no longer exulting in my own, I sat down late in the evening to address my father, intending to conceal the letter about my person till we had passed the frontier. I was interrupted by a note from Natalia, written in evident haste—"I enclose an invitation for you to the ball given to-morrow evening by Prince M——; as I am to accompany Adrian, it would give me great pleasure, dearest friend, to meet you there also."

"Yours, NATALIA."

Adrian had written underneath in pencil,—“You will be surprised that we choose such a mode of passing our last evening in Warsaw; but my father and I have resolved, after due deliberation, that it will be the safest pro-

ceeding, as Prince M—— is a favourite at court, and the ball is given in honour of the birthday of a member of the imperial family. We heard accidentally that one I need not name has received a list of the company invited, so he means to notice omissions, and it would be dangerous for you to be noted in the black list just now."

Though I agreed with my friends in the prudence of the measure, it was with extreme reluctance I found myself necessitated to part with Natalia for an indefinite period, at such a place and in the midst of a crowd. Seeing it unavoidable, I wrote an unwilling assent, only requesting to see Natalia alone a few minutes before we went. Even this a concurrence of unfortunate circumstances prevented. Prince M—— was an Asiatic sovereign, tributary to Russia. He held the rank of major of Cossacks in the Russian service. Report said that his dominions in the Tartarian wilds exceeded Poland in size, as the wandering tribes that peopled them outnumbered her population. It is not uncommon to meet such sovereigns in the Russian service, but without the insignia of their princely rank, and neither demanding nor receiving any distinction beyond that attached to their military rank.

When the time approached, I drove to the Korecki palace, where I was informed by the porter that the countess was already gone, attended by Count Adrian and Poskewicz. A cold shudder ran through me at that detested name; the next moment my blood seemed to boil in my veins at the insolence of this man, in presuming thus to force his hated company on my affianced bride, as if in defiance of me. I re-entered my carriage, urging the coachman to speed, in the hope of overtaking them. The throng of equipages, and the guards of the grand duke, filled the narrow street in the old town where the prince resided from one end to the other. It was nearly an hour before I could obtain entrance. My first greeting of Natalia was an involuntary reproach for going without me, and with such attendance.

"Do not let one thought of him trouble the last moments we shall pass together for some time," was her reply. "Forgive me, Stanislaus; indeed I could not help it. Captain Poskewicz is a relation of Madame Bulow (the lady who accom-

panied her); he presented himself quite unexpectedly, and it was at her request I gave him a seat in my carriage. As I could not refuse without offending her, I thought, Adrian thought, it better that you should come alone. Do you understand me?" asked Natalia, turning her full dark beautiful eyes on mine with a smile, before whose enchantment no angry feeling could abide. Mine yielded to its influence; and once more by her side, her soft hand on my arm, her sweet voice melting in my ear, I forgot every thing but herself, lost every other sensation, in the pride and rapture of the moment. The courtesies of society did not allow me to engross her hand; repeated solicitations drew her from my side: one after another claimed a temporary right to occupy her attention; but when, among others, Poskewicz advanced a similar pretension, disgust completely overpowered me. Natalia seemed for a moment embarrassed how to act; yet she gave him her hand. An expression, for which I could not then account, gleamed in the eyes of Poskewicz, and my blood curdled within me. Why did I not obey the impulse of an honest indignation, and tear my betrothed wife from his polluted grasp? My God! Is it in mockery of our weakness that the weal or woe of a life—of many lives—should hang upon the turning of a hair! Another moment and I had rescued her—another moment had saved us both! A group of women interposed between me and Poskewicz: before I could make my way through them, he had led Natalia away: they mingled with the dancers—I saw them no more.

"I know not how long I had remained alone in a corner of the room, struggling with the strange sickness that crept over my frame, when Adrian's voice aroused me: he noticed my singular appearance; I answered vaguely—the name of Poskewicz escaped me." "Are you mad, Stanislaus?" said he; "what has Poskewicz to do with your present gloom?—come, rouse yourself, and shake it off."

"I cannot; his presence haunts me like an evil omen—it is an evil omen that I enter on my career with a bosom corroded by the evil passions this man excites."

"Omens!—folly, and you have no room for evil passions; love and glory should fill every nook in your breast. Think

no more of him, but help me to seek Natalia—it is late."

We sought her through the room—she was not there, neither was she visible in either of those adjoining. I looked eagerly around in search of Poskewicz—he, too, had disappeared. Breathless with nameless terror, I inquired of Madame Bulow if she had not seen Natalia. We learnt from her that the countess had been invited with some others to accompany the most exalted person in company to an upper room to examine some views of the Prince M——'s hereditary dominions. Some of the party had returned—Madame Bulow expressed her surprise that Natalia was not with them. I was hurrying away—Adrian caught my arm. "You do not know the house," said he, "you will only lose time—stay here till I bring her down to you."

He forced himself from me, and sprang hastily up the stairs. Adrian had not been absent five minutes, when a frightful tumult, like the violent overthrow of heavy bodies, mixed with the shrieks of women and the clashing of swords, broke on us from above. Females rushed into the saloon wild with terror, and sprang on the chairs and tables to save themselves from the crowd of enraged men who followed, striving fiercely with hand and weapon against each other. The greater part being in uniform were armed; those who were not, seized any thing in their way. The windows were dashed through, and many in their fury grappled with a weaker antagonist, and hurled him without remorse on the pavement below. In the midst of the wild uproar I distinguished Adrian, before whom all even in their maddest contention gave way. He carried in his arms a senseless female, and laid her on a sofa, while some young Poles by threats and entreaties forced the combatants to make way for the ladies to approach. I know not how I gained a pass, when I recognised Natalia! her face ghastly—her clothes dabbled in blood! My brain was on fire. What further passed is a blank. I have only a dim recollection of having sought the monster, from whose deadly insult my Natalia could find no refuge but death by her own hand, of spurning with my foot his thrice accursed tool Poskewicz, and of being finally surrounded and overpowered by Cossacks.

When my consciousness returned I

was in prison; I had been wounded, and was hardly able to move from weakness. When I could stand I was brought before some kind of court, and the articles of accusation read to me. I was charged with having entered Warsaw with a forged passport; of having given a bribe to a Russian functionary to secure his silence; of having been heard to utter insulting expressions towards the government in the public streets. My accuser was Poskewicz. He was brought forward and placed near me. The miserable reptile quailed and trembled when my eye fell on him: his fears were needless—he was too low for my revenge. But my arch enemy appeared: he was muffled, and in a crowd—I knew him immediately. Then my frenzy returned: I burst from my guards like an enraged tiger on his prey—I would have torn him in pieces, but a hundred arms were raised between us; I was again overpowered and taken back to my prison. Then came the wild fever of delirium, when reason deserted her throne—then the unutterable anguish of the moment when awakening sense, struggling with the vague consciousness of something terrible, but unknowing what, leaps into sudden life, and with a flash the whole fearful past is arrayed before us! I knew that I was sentenced to die, and rejoiced in the thought: my only sorrow was that death was so long delayed; every sound I heard in my prison I welcomed as the approach of those who were to relieve me from an intolerable burden. One morning I heard the trampling of many feet, a stir above and around me, a sound of many voices, and the clash of arms. The keys were next applied to my prison-door by an unskilled and impatient hand; the moment after they were dashed upon the ground; a crashing sound succeeded, the barrier was forced, and Adrian Korecki stood before me. "The moment is come," he said, "follow me, and revenge your own and your country's wrongs!" He put a sword into my hand, and I followed him to the attack on the Belvidere palace. The guards and personal staff of Constantine resisted till they knew their master had fled, and then they threw down their arms and submitted to the conquerors. It was a task of difficulty to convey the survivors unharmed from the awakened populace, but each of influence among us exerted himself,

and it was at last accomplished. We then returned to remove our wounded friends. The first I saw was Klatowsky; he had a deep sabre wound in his breast, from which the blood flowed in torrents. He made a sign for me to approach him; I raised him in my arms and embraced him. He returned it feebly, and whispering, "Living we could not be friends, but in death we are brothers," he expired.

I saw him interred in the burial-ground of the Bernhardine cloister. When the grave closed over Klatowsky, I turned an inquiring glance on Adrian.

Adrian understood me, and led me to a group of cypress trees apart from the other graves. Under them was a plain white marble slab, on which was engraved,

"NATALIA."

PROSE BY A POET.

EARLY ASSOCIATIONS.

A celebrated writer of the last century, in a moment of philosophical sourness, has observed, that the recollections of the past, instead of being fraught with the clouds and sunshine that beautify the dawn of life, appeared to him so wholly enveloped in gloom, that he sedulously turned from the contemplation of them with feelings of painful regret. How-

"Indulgent memory wakes—and, lo! they live,
Clothed in far brighter hues than light can give"

How lovely are the forms that the magic glass of Memory discloses to us—her sybil voice invokes them from the dim recesses of the tomb, and they glide around us in our lonely hours, like beings commissioned from a land unknown!

The spirit will always delight to muse on the glowing panorama of its early existence, and will fondly cling to its remembrance, as the dark ivy clings to the monarch of the woods. However bitter may have been the contents of that fatal cup which is the irrevocable gift to the race of Adam, who has not felt the impulse of rapture on visiting the haunts endeared to him by some pleasing reminiscences; and who has not regarded the spot of his childhood with the same bright and animated eye, as wanderers upon the brow of some distant hill, survey the quiet vale which expands beneath them!

It is related of the Emperor Charles the Fifth, by Robertson, his historian, that having resigned the throne of his ancestors to his son, and announced his intention of retiring to a monastery, in his way thither he stopped a few days at Ghent, to recal, amid the scenes of his youth, those pleasant recollections which the dreams of ambition had not obliterated, and to visit those friends with whom he had been familiar in early life.

ever sincere this avowal might have been, we suspect that few persons of the present day will feel inclined to adopt it. For the heart must be cold and callous indeed that can dilate on the innocent events of its childhood, without feeling them return in all the freshness of spring-tide delight:

The pages of history are fraught with such incidents as this—its records contribute the most unequivocal testimony to the simple fact which we here attempt to maintain; and it is to be hoped that these triumphs of the pure and gentle emotions of the heart, will survive the long series of battles and conquests which the mighty hand of Time will eventually destroy.

How beautiful is the noontide of our childhood! With what unspeakable rapture have we welcomed the hour which released us from the gloom and monotony of the school-room, to take a nobler lesson from the book of Nature—with what buoyancy have we bounded over the fields, in quest of the star-like butterfly, or the solitary home of some woodland bird—or, led by a sincere love for the things of this earthly Paradise, how have our merry voices kept tune to the laughing waters of the stream, which glided like a serpent through the silent woods. The season of "beauty in the grass, and glory in the flower"—the fervour and flush of the morning of life, ere the tears of sorrow had mingled in its fountain—constitute the most valuable gift that Memory can bequeath to us; and amid the cares of age, or the vicissitudes of fortune, impart a charm which the world taketh not away!

Cowper and Rogers have exquisitely portrayed the endearing recollections to which we allude. We shall select the

graphic description of the latter poet,—it being more congenial with the spirit of our remarks :—

“ The school’s lone porch, with reverend mosses gray,
Just tells the pensive pilgrim where it lay.
Mute is the bell that rung at peep of dawn,
Quickening my truant feet across the lawn :
Unheard the shout that rent the noontide air,
When the slow dial gave a pause to care.
Up springs, at every step, to claim a tear,
Some little friendship formed and cherish’d here ;
And not the lightest leaf, but trembling teems
With golden visions, and romantic dreams !”

B B.

SEA-SHORE SCENERY.

Is that a vessel ?—yes—nobly she sustains her majestic port on the billows, battling like a leviathan with the genii of the deep, and leaving them prostrate beneath her triumphant prow. Hark ! how the winds waft the echo of a hundred voices from her deck—the shrill pipe of the boatswain is heard amid the shrouds—and now, as she presents her stately form to the harbour on the lee, we hear the mingled strain of exultation—crying, ‘ ho a-hoy !’

It is sunset—the hour most congenial to the spirit that delights in tempest and shipwreck. What would Titian say to the scene before us ?—Here is an horizon blackened with masses of clouds,

“ Playful and wild, the children of the storm,”

but in the far chambers of the west, the brilliant hues of orange and crimson are blended with the sapphire of the sky, and a golden outline is traced upon the clouds that float beside the sun in that sea of glory. Then we have the hills bounding the extreme verge of the landscape, either fringed with woods of pine, or partially concealing their purple summits in the mist that surrounds them ; while far away to the east, unbroken except by a solitary bark or seamew, expands a waste of waters impassive to the hand of Time. But change the scene ; and let calmer hours invite thee to muse upon the shore, when the winds are mellowed into music. There, take thy seat upon this lonely mound—the spot most fit for the meditations of a wanderer—just beneath the crumbling portal of this old grey castle, whose walls afford protection to the climbing ivy, and whose stories of the olden time are written on its haughty brow.

The sky overhead would have formed a prominent auxiliary in a landscape by Claude—not displaying to the eye one unbroken tract of blue, but occasionally interspersed with clouds, (and who would paint a sky without them ?) that reflect the sunshine on their silvery bosoms, as they sail across the fields of heaven. The hand of Nature has thrown her verdant robe of summer on the plains around, and beautified them with innumerable flowers,—those earthly visitants of her creative industry, that woo us to their homes, like the stars of heaven.

If you are a sketcher—and what a pleasing picture the present scene will furnish—do not omit the ancient chapel, disclosing its mossy porch amid the avenue of trees, on which the scattered gleams of a fading sunset so silently repose ; and do not forget to include in your sketch this village maiden, as she returns from the well with her salutary draught of water, procured from springs that are inexhaustible. Lo ! she glides like a spirit down the vale of her childhood—regardless of her yellow tresses,

“ That flutter in light dalliance with the breeze,”

while she pursues the wonted path which leads to her cottage-home.

There is a peculiar charm in watching the last rays of a departing sunset, which none but refined or gifted minds can properly appreciate. The ocean, beneath its influence, presents the unbroken surface of a crystal mirror—the streams, rejoicing in the woods, seem changed to molten silver—and the woods themselves, in the midst of their solemn and gloomy aspect, assume a gorgeous appearance from its latest smiles !

B. B.

The Birth-Day Gift. By MARY ANN BROWNE. London and Liverpool.

We have here another small, elegant volume, in many particulars resembling the "Coronal," which we reviewed last summer, full of the same rich flow of poetry, gushing like the song of the nightingale in its fulness of imagery and glow of sensibility,—and although not confined to sacred subjects, yet in its general tone breathing holy aspirations, and expressing the hallowed feelings of a mind attracted by whatever is dear to religion and virtue.

As an admirer of nature, our fair author is singularly endowed with the power to describe well that which she feels acutely; but when to this she adds the peculiar invention of the poet, we consider her more particularly delightful, and therefore offer the reader the following beautiful effusion:—

AURORA.

How wouldst thou paint Aurora? Thus I said
To a young painter, who with drooping head,
Pillowed upon his hand, was sitting near,
With half-closed eyelids gathering o'er the
tear,

That else would fall, for sorrow at the lot
That doometh genius oft to be forgot.
He raised his head—a flash of sudden joy
Lit up the features of the pensive boy,
As if a magic touch had oped the spring,
'That late lay frozen in his sorrowing heart;
And all his soul rushed forth on rapid wing,
Rich in the sudden presence of his art,
Like an imprisoned angel bright and strong,
Soaring the stars of Faucy's heaven among!

"How would I paint her, the Lady of Light?
In the pride of her beauty, her glory, her
might!

Oh, I have seen her in many a form—
In the chill of the North, on the wings of the
storm;
I have seen the fresh light from her sudden
smile fall,
On the mouldering arch and the ivy-clad
wall;
I have stood by the side of the mist-clouded
rills,
And seen her gush up, from the heart of the
hills;
I have felt her cool breeze on my feverish
brow,
And e'en in my visions I gaze on her now.
"How would I paint her? Oh, fairer by
far,
Than yon image, the queen of the young
evening star.
Her form should be lovely as any of earth,
Yet bright as a creature of heavenly birth;
She should perch on a cloud, with a moun-
tain below,
And her veil with that cloud intermingled
should flow;
And with one fairy hand lightly shading her
eyes,
She should look to the East, where the day-
god must rise,
As if watching his coming with love's
anxious fear,
Yet ready to fly if he seemed to come
near;
Too ethereal for day, and too radiant for
night.
Thus would I paint her, the Lady of Light."

We have only made this selection on account of its more appropriate length for our pages. Miss Mary Ann Browne may look, we augur, with confident satisfaction, that her work will meet with, as it deserves, extensive circulation.

Lays and Legends of Various Nations. By W. J. THOMS, Editor of the
"Early English Prose Romances."

The superior ability and effective industry displayed in these works, which are published monthly, induce us to call the attention of our fair readers to them in the most decided manner. Every country has its nursery stories, its popular ballads, and short romances; all of which will be found, in many strong points, to resemble each other, yet will not fail also to be characteristic of the country from which we receive them. They belong at once to the great family of mankind, and to every brother of the race. Antediluvian mothers have told these stories of giants and ogres to their

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astonished children; the daughters of Japhet recited them in the ark, and their European descendants, according to the measure of their invention and taste, have handed them from the infancy to the age of the earth, gathering, as they rolled onward from each country, those aids which rocks and caverns, cataracts and forests, or palaces and pleasure-grounds, might furnish. We will, however, leave the excellent proface of Mr. Thoms to convince all who peruse them of their utility, and observe only, that the Irish and German legends appear to us the most fertile in imagination; and

we offer one of the latter, not as the best, but the shortest, which in our pages is an object of consideration :—

THE LEGEND OF PARACELSUS.

"It once happened that Paracelsus was walking through a forest, when he heard a voice calling to him by name. He looked around, and at length discovered that it proceeded from a fir-tree, in the trunk of which was a spirit, enclosed by a small stopper, sealed with three crosses.

"The spirit begged of Paracelsus to set him free. This he readily promised, on condition of the spirit bestowing upon him a medicine capable of healing all diseases, and a tincture which would turn every thing it touched to gold. The spirit acceded to his request; whereupon Paracelsus took his penknife, and succeeded, after some trouble, in getting out the stopper. A loathsome spider crept forth, which ran down the trunk of the tree. Scarcely, however, had it reached the ground, before it was changed, and became, as if rising out of the earth, a tall, haggard man, with squinting red eyes, and wrapped in a scarlet mantle.

"He led Paracelsus to a high, overhanging, craggy mount, and with a hazel twig which he had broken off by the way, he smote the rock, which splitting with a crash at the blow, divided itself in twain, and the spirit disappeared within it. He, however, soon returned with two small phials, which he handed to Paracelsus: a yellow one, containing the tincture which turned all it touched to gold; and a white one, holding the medicine which cured all diseases. He then smote the rock a second time, and thereupon it instantly closed again.

"Both now set forth on their return; the spirit directing his course to Jaspach, to seize upon the magician who had banished him from that city. Now Paracelsus trembled for the consequences which his releasing the evil one would entail upon him who had conjured him into the tree, and bethought him how he might rescue himself. So, when they arrived once more at the fir-

tree, he asked the spirit if he could possibly transform himself once more into a spider, and let him see him creep again into the hole. The spirit said it was not only possible, but that he should be most happy to make such a display of his art, for the gratification of his deliverer.

"Accordingly, he once more assumed the form of a spider, and crept again into the well-known crevice. When he had done so, Paracelsus, who had kept the stopper all ready in his hand for the purpose, clapped it quick as lightning into the hole, hammered it in firmly with a stone, and with his knife made three fresh crosses upon it. The spirit, mad with rage, shook the fir-tree, as though with a whirlwind, that he might drive out the stopper which Paracelsus had thrust in; but his fury was of no avail. It held fast, and left him there, with little hope of escape: for, on account of the great drifts of snow from the mountains, the forest will never be cut down; and, although he should call day and night, nobody in that neighbourhood ever ventures near the spot.

"Paracelsus, however, found that the phials were such as he had demanded, and it was by their means that he afterwards became such a distinguished man."

These volumes are illustrated by well-conceived plates of outlines, and many of the lays are quaintly beautiful; not but we are disposed to put forth a strong caution, that this book is wholly unfit for children. Children of the present day may not tremble at ghosts, nor believe in magicians; but there is, in many cases, a confusion in the *moral* impressions given by the legends, that must be detrimental in early life. All must perceive that the evil one in the above story was honest and polite, and was therefore, fairly judging, a very ill-used "gentleman in black." The impressions given to young minds should be simple and strong on all subjects connected with good and evil.

Anatomy of the Bones, Joints, and Muscles, as applicable to the Fine Arts. By GEORGE SIMPSON, Surgeon. 4to. Plates.

The first part of this title would imply a rude subject of introduction to fair readers; but the second relieves us: for what lady is not a patron of the fine arts? and what fair admirer of them has not had to complain of defects in painting and in sculpture, unaccountable otherwise than in a neglect of the principles here treated of?

The author's attention has long been peculiarly directed to the subject, for the instruction of artists. He has, moreover, surpassed the Italians in their famous

art of modelling "the human form divine," in wax and in *papier maché** so as to exhibit it anatomically; and he has executed models in other substances, for instructing East Indians in anatomy, without violating Hindoo prejudices by the use of the knife.

His present work has the excellence

* This substance is now found to be capable of very extensive application: it is to be seen beautifully applied, for the first time, by Mr. Bielefeld, in the cornice and figures above the arches of the new Pantheon.

of divesting science of its abstruse technicalities, and exhibiting the muscular action in all the grace and loveliness of which it is capable. Whoever would be

correct in describing the various attitudes of the human figure, would do well to consult it; and we are sure it will not be so consulted in vain.

The Life of Mrs. Siddons. By THOMAS CAMPBELL, Esq.

A history of her who will long be identified with the British drama, and whose talent and character rendered her an ornament to British society—drawn from her own memoranda, and by the author of “*The Pleasures of Hope*”—promises a literary luxury, in which our readers will not be disappointed.

It appears that after intimate reception of the poet into the bosom of her family, Mrs. Siddons suggested to him the idea of his becoming her biographer. He had thus the best opportunity of collecting all those delightful traits that form the charm of biography, while her own notes of events and correspondence fixed important facts with an authenticity not otherwise to be obtained.

Bold, indeed, would be the man who, without these, should pourtray this wonderful woman, such as we remember her,

in the bloom of youth and vigour of age, delighting and informing the public, affording intellectual pleasure to royalty, and, at the same time, fulfilling all the duties of domestic life in the tenderest as well as most exemplary manner; and, what is still more, while her physical powers and form were the subject of universal admiration, labouring under a delicate and precarious state of health, that required her to subdue her voice in private conversation.

Extracts might be made of every variety of excellence and interest, both from the accurate pen of Mrs. Siddons and the disquisitions of Mr. Campbell. The style of both are so superior to what is ordinarily met with, in these florid days of the *extremes* and *contremets* of literature, that we hail it with high estimation.

Italy, with Sketches of Spain and Portugal; Letters written during a Residence, &c. By WILLIAM BECKFORD. 2 vols. 8vo.

This is at once a delightful and curious book: it is the production of a person eminently distinguished for wealth and taste; who, half a century since, was prominently known from travelling *en prince* over Europe; who subsequently astonished his countrymen by his splendid edifice at Fonthill; and, in a green old age, is still ornamenting a residence near Bath, with a prospective regard for his amiable daughter, the Duchess of Hamilton.

Why Flanders and Holland should have been omitted in the title we cannot conceive.

On Italy, notwithstanding all that has been subsequently written, there is in this work a freshness of vivid description that renders it like one of yesterday; while the reader is constantly impressed with the finest transitions from the familiar to the sublime. The writer, after perhaps passing through highly fashionable scenes *pour l'amour*, starts at once on the charming melancholy of the picturesque,—an inspiration known only to such as feel it. Every where the same agreeable surprise is excited, and

new ideas created on scenes that have been written about for ages.

Spain is treated as a sketch, but it is a sketch of Mr. Beckford's.

Portugal is more particularly defined; for it was a peculiar scene of the writer's splendour, in a tolerably permanent residence, where he had better opportunities of judging of the character of the court and higher orders of the nation than any ambassador or other visiter could possibly obtain. There he built the beautiful English house called Montserrat, at Cintra; and re-edified a pavilion, also in the English taste, in the neighbourhood of the court at Lisbon, where, we are enabled to say, he is still holden in respectful remembrance.

Of his character and condition in Portugal, the following facts on record there will suffice:—Like the ancient crusaders, Mr. Beckford seems to have approached the Tagus by chance; and he entered the river in *two* vessels, which are said to have outvalled the poetical description of Cleopatra, when—

“Her galley up the silver Cydnus row'd.”

An officer of state reported to Queen

Mary I. that an English *fidalgo* had arrived in great splendour, &c. &c., and waited her commands. "Go," said she, "directly, and invite him to court. I wish a hundred such would enter the *Tagus* every year!" Mr. Beckford received the officer *en prince*; the services of plate seen on board astonished every beholder. From the moment of his arrival in the capital, the charm of Mr. Beckford's manners was such that he had access to the highest and most secret places—his houses, in town and country, were constantly filled with the fashionable world. No court lady would be married without the Beckford to give her away; there was no *fête* of *grandeur*, religious or civil, of which he was not deemed the ornament, with a *particular entrée*; and when with general regret he quitted the country, the amiable Princess Beneditta granted him her favourite *élève*, the young and talented Chevalier

Franchi, to aid and superintend his collections in every department of *virtù*. It is but just to the general beneficence of Mr. Beckford to add, that he protected the young *élève* so confided to him to a good old age, granting him finally an annuity of two hundred pounds a-year, with one of equal amount to Madame Franchi, his highly respectable widow, still living in Lisbon.

It is hence evident how much on Portugal such a man as Mr. Beckford can write as matter of history; and he has not failed. His admirable characteristics of all the distinguished Portuguese of the time are perfectly unique. His playful touches on the grotesque manners and unimproved state of town and country, form good contrast with the general elegance of style, displayed wherever it is applicable. Altogether he has produced the most extraordinary book of the present age.

Sketches of Natural History. By MARY HOWITT.

The verse of Mrs. Howitt is well known; but in the present application of it she has surpassed all the previous poets for children. Hers is, indeed, the plan "to teach the young idea how to shoot." Among the many pleasing illustrations of natural history, there is an English version of

the old Scotch song of *The broom of Cowdenknowes*, infinitely superior in ideas, as well as verse, to the original, and without any undue use of the delightful song of Burns, formerly quoted in "The Lady's Magazine."

Advice to a Nobleman on Playing the Piano; with occasional Remarks on Singing. 4th edition. Longman and Co.

As far as relates to practical instruction, this little book deserves great attention. We never met with any work in which the difficulties of fingering were equally well defined, and the manner of overcoming them so admirably explained. The silent exercise the author prescribes for strengthening the touch of the third and little finger, is well worthy of adoption by governesses, as a little task for children from four to seven years old. At that early age ten or fifteen minutes' exercise on the table would prevent much wear and tear of their own and other people's ears by practising fingering lessons on the instrument; and if they began thus early, it would prevent, it is to be hoped, the necessity for the aching of joints which the author thinks necessary. Here is the passage :—

"As the action of each finger is assisted by a separate tendon, except the third and fourth finger, which have only one tendon that branches into each, these two fingers are natu-

rally so much more feeble and awkward than the others, that the grand difficulty to be conquered is, by constant exercise, to bring them to such an equal degree of power and agility, that no perceptible difference can be discovered between them in the progress of execution. The usual manner is, of course, to begin with exercises expressly for this purpose; but if the learner would only habituate himself to hold down the other fingers and thumb, and at the same time keep alternately playing on these two (of course very slowly at first), he would much more easily accomplish these exercises; and, instead of leaving off when the fingers ache, that is the very time when he should continue the practice, as they are then beginning to divide and break from their stiffness; though he should then play slower, in order to avoid the worst of faults, the ruin of many players, that of not taking the one finger up when the other is put down on the key. This manner of exercise should be continued at intervals for half an hour at a time, as it is no great impediment to conversation, reflection, or even reading, therefore may soon become an involuntary motion,

while some entertaining pursuit may, at the same time, be followed with very little interruption. Another good exercise for each hand is, to hold down the first fingers and thumb, and keep playing the fourth and second fingers together (*staccato*), till you can acquire the power of doing it with rapidity: if a finger is suffered to remain down while executing a passage, it has just the same effect on a delicate ear as if one of the dampers did not act, and keeps the note singing a part perhaps most discordant to others of the passage, and, therefore, produces a defect in the mechanism, of which, if the instrument were guilty, the performer would send post haste for the tuner. Notwithstanding this, how many amateurs do we see flourishing away with the third and fourth finger sticking to each other like gingerbread nuts that have been in the damp? and how many masters there are who overlook this great fault, as long as their scholars will only play the right notes. But let it ever be remembered, that the time when you are to take the fingers off is of as much importance, and therefore requires as much attention, as when and where you are to put them on the keys. To facilitate the correction of this, as well as to avoid the not-unusual accompaniment of dancing hands, hold both hands on the keys, and, while maintaining carefully the correct positions, keep constantly striking one note, while all the others are held down. Continue this till your fingers ache, and then, as I said before, play slower, in order to be always playing clear and distinct, and having the acting finger well raised and firmly struck, while the others remain entirely free from any kind of motion whatever. Whichever two fingers you may find most grown to each other, are the ones to be exercised, and generally the third finger is that which is most in need of it. This may be even practised on a table as well as on an instrument, and is the most rapid method of breaking in the fingers, provided the pupil will persevere after they begin to ache, instead of leaving off at that time. One of the greatest impediments to clean playing, in even common practice, and much more, of course, before company, is, that all beginners are naturally inclined to hurry; and the more soul they have for music, the more this is increased. If you start determined not to hurry, and feel the music, you will most likely, and particularly if nervous, get on a little too fast, in spite of all your resolutions. To avoid this, try at first to play progressively slower, and, by attempting to keep the time back, you will become just about right with the metronome. When you meet a passage that you are not sure of, rather play it *ralentando*, than scramble through it. The generality of your hearers may perhaps fancy it is done by authority,

and those of talent by mere error in judgment. But if you boggle and shuffle, the fourth part of them (which is generally about the average number that are not thinking of something else all the time) will discover your mistake, and probably, if performers themselves, and of a jealous disposition, or fond of criticising, be much better pleased that you had merited ridicule than applause. Remember always to let the weight of the hand rather incline on the thumb and first finger than on the third and fourth, which have enough to do to perform their own duty; while the others, having an advantage in strength, ought to bear the burden, if any is required."

The advice regarding reading music deserves the notice of all mothers and governesses, and good liberal taste is shown in the hints on accent. After all this praise, we must condemn the affectation in which the work is written. The author will be astonished at such a charge: yet we persist it is no mistake. Affectation of rudeness, bluntness, and vulgarity, is some few degrees more disgusting than the affectation of mincing, foppish refinement. Our author prides himself on his own *genius*; yet we can assure him that his book would have been far better, more creditable to himself, and fitter for the wide extension its professional merits entitle it to, if it had not been deformed by such expressions as these:—

"This I compare to a vulgar buck, who, being at a loss to express himself, brings out a good round oath."

"Like a ratcatcher, who, being paid by the rat, takes care to keep up a good stock of vermin."

"Fingers sticking together like damp gingerbread nuts."

"A snarling professor, like a mad dog."

"Barren soil-headed pedants."

It is strange that a man with a fine natural taste for his art, should not have been annoyed by these passages in his own writing. We can imagine that he is a person full of vigorous practical talent, indignant at the effeminate follies that pervade the manners and writings of the fashionable professors of science, and anxious to adopt a downright, low, John Bull way of combating finical absurdities. Perhaps he is not aware that the two extremes of affectation meet—that its offensiveness consists in an assumption of something extraneous in style or manner; and whether the quality of that

assumption is coarseness or finicalness, the reader or listener is almost equally disgusted. A style that rejects these extremes, and tells what is to be done

and what is to be avoided with intelligible simplicity, is the style that alone ought to be used in works devoted to professional advice or tuition.

Visits and Sketches at Home and Abroad, with Tales and Miscellanies, &c. By MRS. JAMESON.

Mrs. Jameson might extend these volumes as much as she pleased; for while she flings such charms over all she does, the world can never be tired. As in Mr. Beckford's work, old and familiar places assume an air of novelty from his peculiar tact, so do they here, from the feminine beauties which unaffectedly adorn the present eloquent narrative.

It is also based on *recent* visits to Germany; where, as at Cologne, Heidel-

burg, Frankfort, &c., her sweet gleanings are superior to much history. She also furnishes, in a few pages, a complete and highly interesting biography of Dannechar, the eminent and self-taught sculptor. But it were impossible to particularise, in a confined space: the work itself must be referred to, which may be usefully and pleasingly taken up and put down at will.

ROYAL MUSICAL FESTIVAL IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

Our fair readers are aware that in our last number we promised a more detailed account of this grand national celebration. We therefore hasten to redeem our pledge, and to lay before them as succinct an account as the nature of each day's performance will admit of. Before entering into details, some effects differing perhaps from the expectations previously formed, are well worthy of remark. The volume of sound, even when the power of the orchestra was exerted to the utmost, was far less than was anticipated,—the large space, the number of the audience, and the materials of the fittings-up, carrying it off and absorbing it, so that it reached the ear seemingly with a force not greater than that of an ordinary concert of the first class.

It had been all along understood that his Majesty, to whom we are indebted solely for this great national celebration, had promised, with the Queen and all the members of his family, to honour with his presence each of the four principal performances; the first of which took place on Tuesday, the 24th June. He arrived at the Abbey accordingly exactly at a quarter past twelve, in full state, with the Queen, the Princess Augusta, the Duchess of Kent, and the Princess Victoria. We did not see the Duke of Cumberland, nor the Duke of Sussex, who was, we believe, prevented from going out by the continuance of his indisposition. There was a numerous attendance of the leading nobility, nearly all of whom had entered their names as Presidents of the festival. The Archbishop of York and the Archbishop of Canterbury were both present, and about six of the Bishops; we did not see the Bishop of London among them, and believe he was not there; but the situation we occupied, which was in the

choir gallery, prevented our having a good view of this part of the company.

As soon as their Majesties and suite entered the Royal box, the orchestra, which had been in readiness for a few minutes, awaiting their arrival, commenced its magnificent display. These few minutes formed a pause of extreme interest. Every musician was at his desk, his eye fixed on the conductor, watching for his first signal. The audience, from every part of the Abbey which could command a view of the Royal box, had turned in that direction, presenting a multitude of eager and expecting faces to those who sat in the gallery above. All this time the most perfect silence was maintained; the reception of their Majesties was attended therefore with none of the noisy demonstrations usual on such occasions, which were not permitted, indeed, by the sanctity of the place in which they had assembled, but it was not less genuine in all the outward marks of respect compatible with such silence. Every seat was then resumed, and the performance began.

The introductory piece was Handel's Coronation Anthem, composed to the following words:—

"Zadok the priest and Nathan the prophet anointed Solomon king; and all the people rejoiced and said, 'God save the king, long live the king, may the king live for ever. Hallelujah. Amen.'"

Nothing could have been better chosen in all respects for the opening of such a grand series of performances as these. It was at once a tribute of respect to the King, with whom they have originated, and, by combining some very rare instrumental as well as vocal effects, was the means of exhibiting at

the outset the varied powers of the orchestra to the utmost advantage. When the chorus began, the whole of the company stood up, and remained standing till the conclusion of the piece. When it came to the passage, "God save the king, may the king live for ever," the most lively emotion was perceptible among the audience, particularly in the more sensitive part of it, and many ladies were with difficulty kept from fainting. Others burst into tears, from the pleasure, not the pain, of the novel sensations excited. This result seemed not to be produced by the power so much as by the number and complexity of the orchestra. In mere force of sound it did not exceed materially the orchestras of our great concerts and oratorios, being counteracted by the great size of the building in which it took place; but there were impressions nevertheless produced by it which all must confess to be of a peculiar kind, and quite new to those who have never been present at similar performances.

The Coronation Anthem was followed by Haydn's sacred oratorio of the *Creation*, given entire; and well does this masterly composition deserve such a mark of distinction. The introduction or overture to it is for instruments only, and is meant for the "Representation of Chaos." In every part of it Haydn's inventive power stands predominant; and as the world was formed from the rude elements, so he gradually works out the discords and disorder with which he commences into order and harmony. The instrumentation is all fine; but some passages for the clarionet, which Willman executed with admirable precision, stand out with peculiar beauty.

The recitative, "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth," was sung by Mr. Bellamy chastely and effectively. Immediately after which followed the chorus, "And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters." The magnificent burst which follows the words, "Let there be light," was given to perfection. All were in strict time, and the swell, as it should be, gradually carried to the highest pitch.

Miss Stephens, with the short yet brilliant air of the "Marvellous work behold amazed," introduced the pleasing chorus—

"Again the ethereal vaults resound
The praise of God and of the second day."

Our old favourite evinced that she was still in good voice, and gave the upper notes with great force and clearness: the chorus, which is, however, of very simple structure, was well and correctly done.

To Mr. H. Phillips was assigned the recitative, "Let the waters under the heavens be gathered together," and the air of "Rolling with foaming billows," in which the separation of "sea and land" is described.

Madame Caradori sang "With verdure clad," and the recitative which precedes it,

in the plain unpretending manner which Haydn himself would have desired and been pleased with. Not a note of her voice was lost, though scarcely the slightest apparent exertion was used, in the wide area over which it had to travel, and the audience lightened with hushed attention. In fact—and it added great interest to the day's entire performance—a silence truly exemplary was preserved during the whole of it.

One of the most splendid pieces in the whole oratorio is the recitative describing the creation of the "lights in the firmament of heaven," descending into the chorus of "The heavens are telling the glory of God." In the accompaniment of the first the orchestra was not so perfect as in some of the previous pieces. In the swell which precedes the rising of the sun, the full pitch of force of which such a hand seems to be capable was hardly attained; and in the succeeding soft rich harmony which guides in "the lesser light," some intrusive notes of the organ were heard, on which Sir George Smart would have done well, in his office of conductor, to have imposed silence. What would Haydn have said to this? There is not a note for the organ in the whole score. Of Braham's sacrifice of this grand simple subject to a vicious taste for ornament and display, when no man knows better than himself what is due to such music, we can hardly speak in terms of adequate reprobation; more especially, as in the latter part of the day he gave the noble recitative from *Samson*, "Oh, loss of sight," with perfect plainness and purity.

Mr. E. Seguin, a pupil, we believe, of the Royal Academy, had the important song intrusted to him, "Now heaven in fullest glory shone," and the recitative which precedes it, describing the creation of "the living creature after his kind, cattle and creeping things and beasts of the earth," which is another instance of Haydn's daring use of the imitative power in music. The roaring of the lion, the leap of the tiger, the hum of insects, and the creeping, "with sinuous trace," of the worm, are all attempted in description in a way that lays but a light tax on the imagination. In the air were some splendid effects from Harper's trumpet, and some deep notes from the bassoon of the veteran Mackintosh, a worthy prototype of the "tread of the elephant."

The chorus "Achieved is the glorious work," with the trio introduced into it, "On thee each living soul awaits," was sung admirably by Miss Clara Novello, Mr. Vaughan, and Mr. W. Robinson. The solo for the bass voice which occurs in it—

"But when thy face, O Lord, is hid,
With sudden terror they are struck;
Thou takest their breath away,
They vanish into dust;"

is imimitably fine. Mr. W. Robinson seemed

to partake somewhat of the terror he was describing, but due allowance must be made for a man, evidently of merit, on a first appearance before so formidable a tribunal.

Mr. Hobbs opened the third part of the *Creation* by the recitative, "In rosy mantle appears," with a simplicity and correctness calculated to put to shame some of his seniors and men of "higher note."

In the two first parts of this day's performance the band was led by Mr. Spagnoletti, and the second violins by Mr. J. Loder, of Bath. Mr. V. Novello was at the organ.

Selections from Handel's Oratorio of *Samson* formed the third part of the performance, of which, however, a more brief notice will be required. We never heard Braham, in his best days, do any thing more finely than the recitative—

"O, loss of sight! of thee I most complain;
O, worse than beggary, old age, or chains!—
My very soul in real darkness dwells!"

It had almost a moral dignity in it, which would have suited Milton, complaining of his blindness, from its simplicity and touching truth of expression. The air which follows—

"Total eclipse! no sun, no moon!
All dark amidst the blaze of noon!
O glorious light! no cheering ray
To glad my eyes with welcome day!
Why thus depriv'd thy prime decree?
Sun, moon, and stars, are dark to me!"

was almost equally fine. The chorus of "O, first created beam," was a worthy sequel to two such admirable productions. It is remarkable that this chorus contains a musical imitation of the creation of light, and thus gave the occasion to compare the notions of two of the greatest of all composers of sacred music on the same subject; and it is difficult to say which is the finest.

Miss Stephens gave the song in which she has been so long and so justly celebrated, "Let the bright seraphim," accompanied on the trumpet by Mr. Harper, whose command over that instrument is unrivalled in the present day. In many of the passages of this song it has all the softness and smoothness of another voice in duet with the first. This led into the chorus, "Let their celestial concerts all unite:" which concluded the first day's performance of the Royal festival.

In the third part of this day's performance the orchestra was led by Mr. T. Cooke, and the organ was played by Mr. Attwood.

Of the instrumental performers we have already spoken generally, and have mentioned some of them with especial praise, besides which, we desire to pay a tribute they most justly deserve to Mr. Lindley, M. Dragonetti, the violoncello and double bass; to Mr. Platt, French horn; Mr. Card, flute; and Mr. Chipp, tower drums, for the assistance they gave to the general effect. Such an adjunct as the last-named professor and instrument, is really inestimable to such an

orchestra. In the "Dead March" they resembled the distant discharge of a piece of ordnance.

The entire performance of the first day closed a few minutes before four o'clock. There was then a general move into the centre of the galleries from those parts which did not command a view of the Royal box, and as their Majesties did not retire for some minutes, there was abundant time to gratify every spectator with a view of the Royal party. All of them seemed in the best health and spirits, and in the highest degree gratified by the silent and refined homage of which they were the objects, as well as by the whole of the splendid scene and musical performance with which the morning had been occupied. They retired in the same order with which they had arrived at the Abbey, and were well received by the multitudes collected to view the procession out of doors, which formed scarcely a less splendid scene than that within the Abbey.

As a mere picture, independently of other associations, the latter is probably that which will long dwell in the recollection of those who were present at it. The Royal box in front, the floor filled with well-dressed and beautiful women, the galleries the same, and the majestic orchestra filling up the distance, like a mountain hiding its head in the clouds; the constant shifting of the light as the sun shone in turn through each of the Gothic windows, or became obscured by a passing cloud; and all this united with the ceremony itself—the beautiful music, the solemn and respectful silence with which all was listened to, made up a scene of deep impression, worthy of being held in lasting remembrance.

The second performance took place on Thursday, June 26th, and commenced as soon as their Majesties had taken their seats.

The first piece was the Coronation Anthem, by Handel, beginning "The king shall rejoice in thy strength, O Lord," of which a chorus was made, commencing with the grandeur which forms the great characteristic of this composer, and developing, therefore, at the outset, the full power of the orchestra. It is a short movement only, and leads into the semi-chorus "Exceeding glad shall he be of thy salvation," which is of a more subdued strain, and is followed by the full chorus "Thou hast prevented him with the blessings of goodness," which was led off by the violins with a precision which made it seem as if the whole were but one instrument. In the midst of the swell in the latter part, when every instrument appeared forced to its utmost loudness, one of those pauses, so frequent in Handel's music, occurred, and the whole stopped as if by magic. A short silence prevailed, and the concluding "Hallelujah," poured in by the multitude of voices, wound up the whole

with the full effect required. The anthem was admirably performed throughout both by the instruments and the voices.

Signor Rubini then sang his aria, "Davide Penitente," by Mozart, its first performance in this country. It consists of two movements, the first of which is slow and of a pathetic, supplicating character, highly beautiful, and with a very artful construction of the instrumental parts, which display Mozart's early knowledge (for we take this not to be one of his later compositions) of the resources of a modern orchestra. The mode in which one passage, imitative of sighing, "pieta cercai Signora," was echoed by the flutes and oboes, was peculiarly beautiful. The last movement of the song, which is an allegro, is less happy, abounding too much with those long roulades, the prevailing vice of the age of vocal music which preceded that of Mozart. It is also of too joyous a character for the subject, but contains however many striking passages. For his performance of it Signor Rubini deserves unqualified praise. He sacrificed his usual florid style, so tempting to an artist to whom nothing is difficult, at the shrine of good taste.

Miss Stephens gave the recitative (from *Theodora*), "O worse than death, indeed," and the song which belongs to it—

"Angels, ever bright and fair,
Take, O take me to your care :
Speed to your own courts my flight,
Clad in robes of virgin white"—

with a most delicate and just perception of their beauties, which stand in a very high rank among the productions of Handel. The audience honoured the composer and the singer alike, by the most perfect silence and hushed attention during the performance. In the accompaniments a fault before noticed prevailed, in carrying the "piano" too far, so as almost to deprive the voice of its necessary support. The recitative was particularly happy; it was done with perfect fidelity to the text, and uttered in the tone of voice constituting an earnest and pathetic appeal.

Next in order in the programme of the day came the "Kyrie eleeson" of Haydn's second service, which more resembles a Scotch jig than an earnest supplication for mercy. Haydn is a florid writer, but he had no soul: he is immeasurably inferior to Handel. The solo parts were well sustained by Madame Stockhausen, Miss Masson, Signor Rubini, and Signor Zuchelli. A solo by the last-named singer was then given as a part of the same service, but which does not in fact belong to it, and which is another of those instances of mutilation with which the noble directors in a faithful report of their proceedings must stand chargeable.

Mr. H. Phillips opened the "Thanksgiving" of Sir J. Stevenson by a recitative, admirably enunciated, and, in the air which

succeeds it, was accompanied on the bassoon by Mr. Mackintosh very effectively; the tone of the instrument being so subdued and well regulated, that at a distance it had the effect of a duet for equal voices.

"Luther's Hymn"—"Great God, what do I see and hear?" and sung by Braham, with chorus, was magnificently done. The only instruments which join in it are the organ, played by Mr. H. R. Bishop, and the trumpet, by Mr. Harper. Nothing can be more simple than the construction of this hymn, but it demands a voice of great power and full tone to do it justice, for which however Braham manifested all the energy that was requisite.

Mademoiselle Grisi next gave the air "Quoniam tu solus sanctus," from Haydn's fifth service. She sang it well, because it is impossible for her to do otherwise; but we cannot but repeat our regret that a composition so unsuited to her should have been selected; but her interesting appearance, and that simplicity of manner which always accompanies great genius, made her an object of general admiration.

Israel in Egypt, which occupied the whole remaining part of this day's performance, was opened by Mr. F. Robinson with the recitative, "Now there arose a new king over Egypt," with great self-possession, and more energy than he displayed in the first day's performance.

Miss Masson sung, with much elegance and correctness, the recitative, "This the magicians did," with the air, "Their land brought forth frogs;" and Miss Romer followed in the song "All human power now failing," in which she acquitted herself with much credit.

In the "hailstone" chorus, the descent of the storm comes on in light touches, but increases with such rapid violence, that at length the earth seems to shake with its fury. The thunder of the drums was thrown in at this passage with stupendous effect.

We were particularly struck, as the oratorio proceeded, with the rich harmony which opens the chorus, "The depths have covered them;" to which, and to the succeeding chorus, "And in the greatness of thine excellency," the band did the most ample justice. The semi-chorus, "And with the blast of thy nostrils," was much more perfect than at the rehearsal: the introductory symphony and the coming on of the full chorus had a most beautiful effect.

Few passages in these performances have produced a finer effect than the majestic introductory symphony to the chorus of "The Lord shall reign for ever and ever," or indeed than the whole of that chorus. The well-known solos with which it is interspersed, requiring the greatest nerve and firmness in the singers, were allotted to Mr. Braham and Miss Stephens. The magnificent double chorus—

"I will sing unto the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously;
The horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea."

closed, with a grand climax of effect, one of the finest musical performances that has ever been listened to probably since the art had existence.

The leader for this day was Mr. Weichsel, and the principal second violin was played by Mr. Watts. The organ in the first part was by Mr. H. R. Bishop, and in the whole of *Israel in Egypt* by Mr. Turler.

At four o'clock, the performances being concluded, their Majesties retired, having received and acknowledged the respectful homage of the assembly, as on the preceding occasion.

SATURDAY, JUNE 28.—The third performance, like the two preceding ones, opened with a tribute of respect and loyalty to the King. It was an adaptation from the celebrated hymn by Haydn, "Heaven preserve our Emperor Francis;" and by a repetition of that very beautiful subject, three quartets for voices, each concluding with a chorus, have been constructed, the whole having the accompaniment of the full orchestra.

The selection from *Judas Maccabeus* commenced with the chorus, "O Father, whose almighty power;" a beautiful specimen of rich and sound harmony, in admirable keeping with the subject, which is a supplication to the supreme Power by the "sons of Judah," to inspire union into their councils, and to

"Grant a leader bold and brave,
If not to conquer born to save."

Mr. Bennett's recitative, which followed, "To Heaven's Almighty King we kneel," was very well and steadily sung, as was the song "Oh Liberty! thou choicest treasure," which belongs to it. In the latter, the whole accompaniment was that of Mr. Lindley on the violoncello; and this gifted performer was certainly never heard before to so much advantage.

The spirited trio with double choir, "Dishonourful of danger we rush on the foe," succeeded, and was well sung, Messrs. Terrail, Vaughan, and Bellamy taking the first, and Messrs. Goulden, Bennett, and Sale the second set of responses.

Braham's recitative, "My arms!—against this Gorgias will I go," and the air, "Sound an alarm, your silver trumpets sound," were delivered with the spirit and strength of a great martial leader. The rush of trumpets which followed, in obedience as it were to the order, was magnificent, as was the chorus—

"We hear, we hear the pleasing dreadful call:
And follow thee to conquest;—if to fall—
For laws, religion, liberty, we fall,"
which form the answer of the people to the

appeal of Judas. The change in the character of the movement, after the word "conquest," was made with peculiar success, the choir passing at once from its greatest strength to its most subdued softness.

Mrs. H. R. Bishop's recitative, "O let eternal honours crown his name," and song, "From mighty kings," was one of the most successful solo performances at the festival: she was in excellent voice, and sang at once with firmness and energy, with good expression and the most perfect intonation. The cadence was very fine, and, what is not often the case, of a character agreeing perfectly with that of the composition.

Mozart's motet, "Ne pulvis et cinis," a most finished composition, began the second part. Signor Tamburini, in the bass solo with which it leads off, was most successful. Some passages in it bear a strong resemblance, without being servilely identical, to those in the last finale of *Don Giovanni*, where the "statue" makes his appearance. The other vocal parts were well sustained by Miss Clara Novello, Miss Wagstaff, and Mr. Bennett. The chorus was peculiarly grand, more florid and approaching to the dramatic style than accords with our English notions of sacred music, but full of astonishingly rich combinations. In his employment of the wind instruments, the clarionets especially, Mozart displays his great knowledge of the resources of the modern orchestra.

An air by Mademoiselle Grisi, "Laudate Dominum," from another motet of Mozart's composition, was beautifully sung, and was much better suited to her voice than that given on the second day of the festival. It has a fine accompaniment for the organ, which was played by Dr. Crotch with his usual judgment and command of that instrument.

A "Gloria in excelsis," from Pergolesi, was then given; and the solos in it were executed with great correctness and good taste by two boys, Master Howe, of the Westminster Abbey choir, and Master Smith, whose proficiency at that early age is creditable both to their instructors and to the state of the art in this country. It seemed above all others to delight and interest Mademoiselle Grisi, and we shall not soon forget the kind smiles and patronising looks with which she honoured the juvenile artists.

Braham's recitative from Handel's *Jephtha*, "Deeper and deeper still," was the next piece. On such a composition, and such a performance of it, alike masterly and at the same time so well known, it would be difficult to say any thing, were it not, in fact, from that very perfection, sure in every repetition to strike the hearer with new beauties. Its true character is that of a tragic soliloquy, which Braham maintained with extreme care; and it is no hyperbole to say, that it is finer than any soliloquy delivered on the

stage by our best actors, by all that effect which the voice has when thus judiciously employed, in regard to eloquence and pathos, over common speech. The repetition of "Horrid thought," occurring after the grand burst of emotion—

" 'Tis this that racks my brain,
And pours into my breast a thousand pangs,
That lash me into madness,"

was inimitably fine; as was the tone in which he uttered the words, "My only daughter," which follow that passage of the recitative. Many a fair eye, at the conclusion, attested the deep feeling produced by this performance.

Miss Stephens's recitative, "Ye sacred priests," and song of "Farewell, ye limpid streams," which are almost of the same order of excellence with the preceding, were deficient in true conception of the subject; and the last movement—

"Brighter scenes I seek above
In the realms of peace and love,"

was almost spoiled by taking the time too slow. The resignation of Jephtha's daughter is complete, and this passage should be delivered in a tone of religious fervour and exaltation.

Signor Ivanoff would have been perfectly successful in the air "Panis omnipotentia verbi caro factus," but for one passage in which he overstrained his voice. His general purity of tone and good taste gave, however, a great charm to the composition, which belongs to another litany by Mozart. The instrumental introduction and the whole of the orchestral combinations are remarkably fine.

In the selections from Beethoven's sacred oratorio of the *Mount of Olives*, the directors have done to this great composer the justice which, at first, seemed to be withheld from him. His admirers were presented with extracts, judiciously chosen, from one of the best of his compositions, correctly and efficiently performed. Madame Caradori's introductory recitative of the Seraph, "Oh tremble mortals," and the song, "Praise the Redeemer's mercy," will stand a comparison with the best executed vocal pieces of the festival.

The Hallelujah chorus, which finished the selections from Beethoven, formed another masterly display of the resources of modern art.

Mrs. W. Knyvett had the recitative "Bless'd be the Lord," from Handel's *Solomon*, and the song—

"What though I trace each herb and flower
That drinks the morning dew;
Did I not own Jehovah's power,
How vain were all I knew!"

which was correctly sung, and with just expression, but suffered in its general effect from the extreme slowness with which the time was taken.

A grand episode, as it may be termed, in the musical arrangements of the day followed, in the selection from that part of Handel's *Joshua*, which describes, in strains of a character truly epic, the fall of Jericho. It commenced by the recitative, sung by Braham, " 'Tis well, six times the Lord has been obeyed," followed by a march with instruments only, in bold martial style, and concluding with the air and chorus

"Glory to God! the strong cemented walls,
The tottering towers, the ponderous ruin falls;
The nations tremble at the dreadful sound,
Heaven thunders, tempests roar, and groans
the ground."

It is nearly sufficient to say that Handel's music presented a picture corresponding with these words, but his expression of the "nations tremble," and the pouring in by the chorus of "Glory to God!" after Braham's solo, deserve special mention as the prominent features of the grand *tableau*. The horn and trumpet solos which occur in the course of it were of great difficulty, and done in a masterly manner by Messrs. Platt and Harper.

The chorus from Handel's *Solomon*—

"From the censer curling rise,"

closed this day's performance with a grandeur of effect wholly worthy of the festival.

The leader on this occasion was Mr. Mori, and Mr. C. Reeve for the second violins. The organ was played in the first and second part by Dr. Crotch, and in the third by Mr. Adams.

The concluding performance of this splendid musical festival took place on Tuesday, July 1st. As a whole, we should say that the performance of the *Messiah* was the most perfect and complete of the festival.

After the overture to the *Messiah*, which is a fine piece of harmony, and, though a little too slow, was most correctly and effectively played by the orchestra, Mr. Braham led the vocal part of the composition in the recitative "Comfort ye, my people," in which, though some deficiency of his usual vigour was apparent at the commencement, he presented, as he grew warm with the subject, one of his best efforts. From the passage, "The voice of him that crieth in the wilderness," to the conclusion of the recitative, he left nothing to be desired.

Mr. Machin was very successful in the recitative accompanied, "Thus said the Lord of hosts." His execution of the running passages only wanted a little more smoothness and evenness to render them perfect. The air, "But who may abide the day of his coming?" wanted emphasis and a certain appropriateness of expression, but was otherwise peculiarly well sung, and his shake at the conclusion manifested a great command of voice.

Mrs. W. Knyvett sang the recitatives,

"And, lo! the Angel of the Lord," and "Suddenly there was with the Angel," in a plain unaffected manner suited to the subject; and the chorus, "Glory to God," followed—a short but grand and strikingly effective movement in the execution.

Madame Caradori's air, "Rejoice greatly, O daughter of Zion," was sung quicker than usual, as if to give greater display to the natural brilliancy of the singer's voice; but, though it had that result, the composition suffered by it. It was, in other respects, justly expressed and delightfully sung.

Miss Masson's "He shall feed his flock," was a most admirable performance, both in the style which properly belongs to this movement and in just intonation; and in the second part of the same movement, "Come unto Him all ye that labour," Madame Stockhausen evinced nearly the same felicity. The contrast of the alto and soprano voices of the two ladies had a most charming effect.

The chorus, "His yoke is easy and his burden is light," in grand but severe style, closed the first part of the oratorio with splendid effect.

The second part commenced with the rich and beautiful harmonies of the chorus, "Behold the Lamb of God," followed by the air given to Miss Masson, "He was despised and rejected of men," which was well sung, though not in a style so perfect as her preceding air.

Miss Shirreff, her only performance at this festival, gave the recitative, "He was cut out of the land of the living," and the air, "But thou didst not leave his soul in hell," with great steadiness and good effect, though the style of this music is in some measure new to this accomplished young singer, who ought to have been allotted a more conspicuous part in these performances.

TEA.—There is reason to believe that tea is not of very ancient use as a beverage in China. The ancient classical books make no allusion to it. Silk, flax, and hemp are classical plants, but cotton, tobacco, and tea are not. Père Trigault, the Jesuit, says, the use of tea is not of great antiquity, but he adds, they have no character to represent it, which is not true. The popular belief is, that tea was first introduced into Honan to cure the bad quality and taste of the water. The earliest account we have of it is in the relation of two Mahomedan travellers, who visited China in the ninth century. These, after telling us that "their usual drink is a kind of wine, made of rice," mention "a certain herb, which they drink with hot water, called sah," (cha, tea,) adding, "that this drink cures all manner of diseases." It was, therefore, at that time not a common beverage. Be that, however, as it may, we

Miss Clara Novello sung, in an unornamented expressive style suited to the subject, "How beautiful are the feet of those who bring good tidings;" and the quartett followed, "Their sound is gone out," in which Master Howe sustained the first part with great steadiness.

Mr. E. Seguin's air, "If God be for us," was correctly sung, and without pretension; and the magnificent chorus, "Worthy is the Lamb," closed the day's performance."

Thus terminated the Royal Festival, which, though some clouds appeared to lower upon its commencement, succeeded altogether far beyond the most sanguine expectation, and afforded the highest gratification to some thousands of his Majesty's loyal subjects.

In the details of the management there was much to praise in every department of the festival. The stewards were uniformly attentive to their duty; and, though the number collected on eight successive days was not much less than 3,000 on each day, there occurred no instance, in any one day, of the least disorder or confusion.

We cannot but acknowledge ourselves greatly aided in this report by the published accounts in *The Times* journal, as far as we ourselves were enabled to form a correct opinion of its accuracy.

The rehearsals were almost perfect performances, and very few pieces or passages had to be repeated; this is a surprising circumstance, considering how many performers had for almost the first time met together. The rehearsals were in fact almost equal to the so-named "grand performances;" they took place on the 24th, 26th, and 28th of June and 1st of July. During the period of the performances the weather continued particularly fine.

are inclined to think it is a mistake to suppose that the Chinese are inveterately attached to the use of tea. That which is made for home consumption is of a very inferior description, made up sometimes in round balls, having all the appearance of a ball of tarred twine; sometimes in flat cakes, cemented together with a glutinous substance; and sometimes used in loose leaves, that have been dried without any preparation. They have, besides, the essence in small cakes, as bitter as wormwood. The leaves of the *Camellia Sasanqua* are also used as tea; and we learn from the Abbé Grozier, that in Shantung and the northern provinces, tea is prepared from a kind of moss; and he asks, if adulterated tea is common in China, how can we flatter ourselves that we are not drinking the infusion of moss, from the rocks of Mang-nig-hien?—*Quarterly Review*, for July.

THE GITANA.

A TALE OF CATALONIA.

"Tout est changé pour moi; loin du pays natal,
Le temps même, le temps, n'a plus qu'un vol éga
Les jours froids d'hiver prolongent leur durée,
L'été n'a que de longues nuits.

L'exil est le plus grand des maux!"

ME. DUFRESNOY ALICE.

There is not in the whole world so beautiful a country as Catalonia! Catalonia, where the Pyrenees raise their snowy summits above the clouds, and whose steep sides are deeply seamed with precipices. Catalonia, on whose shores foam and dash the blue waves of the Mediterranean! Her plains are covered with corn-fields—her marshes teem with rice—her hills are overspread with vines, olives, and orange-trees—her mines are rich in iron and marble. Ask the adventurous diver how rich the coral which lies concealed beneath the wave that bathes the coast of Catalonia!—Oh, breathe not for a day, not even for a single day, its soft and balmy air! Let not your eyes wander towards the deep clear blue of its enchanting sky! Stretched along in a light bark, floating gently down some tranquil stream, dare not to raise your eyes to either shore, where groups of lovely girls are seen with their dark eyes, their graceful forms, and the slight and scanty dress which scarce conceals the slightest movement. Listen not to their songs, and turn, oh turn away your eyes when they circle in the voluptuous dance. Oh, listen to me, and believe henceforward the skies of your own country will appear dark and cloudy; from this moment a remembrance fraught with regret, a pain, sad and enduring as the *mal du pays*, will rend your heart, and fill your eyes with tears! And yet I am far—far away from my own Catalonia!—from the mountains where I was born, where my father died, where my daughter—my daughter—but I revenged her! For three days and nights, stretched on a rock alone, my eye bent on the distance, and my hand on the lock of my rifle, I waited for her assassin. He came at last, he fell and bit the dust, his hands vainly grasping the sand, and the blood spouting from his breast. For an hour, while his agony lasted, I remained immovable over him, contemplating my revenge! At length I was compelled to fly—to fly!—like a miserable assassin,

like a wretched spoiler of wayfarers, for their laws—their *justice*, as they call it—set a price on the head of a father who avenged his daughter, as they would have done to a common robber. If they had known of how great a treasure the execrable cunning of this miserable Andalusian has robbed me,—if they knew all the woes which weigh heavy upon the old Gitano, instead of looking with idle curiosity upon my torn garments, and my swarthy lineaments, instead of pointing the finger at me, and exclaiming upon the refugee,—the assassin!—they, perhaps, would stretch out the hand of friendship towards me, and say, "Son of the Gitana, our hearts are moved with pity!" It is true, I *am* to be pitied,—and yet I once was so happy. In the evening, after having loosened the white veil which she wore around her head, my daughter, my Pepita, was wont to let her dark hair flow upon her neck; then kneeling at my feet, she used to place her two hands within mine, and gaze upon me fixedly with her large black eyes. Then smiling at my serious words, on a sudden she would dart from me to climb some precipitous rock. From the threshold of my cabin I called to her, agitated by an unknown, yet pleasurable fear. I was happy in witnessing the lightness and grace with which she followed this perilous sport, yet I trembled at the same time, lest it should prove fatal to her. But the sweet child, without listening to me, laughed, clapped her hands, and bounded from rock to rock, singing some of our gipsy melodies,—those songs known only to our solitary race, and so expressively adapted to a light and fantastic dance. As she danced she seemed to move in an atmosphere of light! It was the reflection of the moonlight which glittered on the large silver rings which she wore round her ancles and on her bare arms, after the manner of the Gitano. While I gazed upon her, in a transport of mingled joy and apprehension, on a sudden she would disappear; and

scarcely had I time to dread lest her foot should slip in poisoning herself on the point of a rock, or that her weight should snap the slight branch which sustained her as she swung through the air, when I felt my daughter pressed to my bosom, offering her rosy and healthful cheeks to my fond lips. Such had been her amusement one fine evening in autumn, when she entered my cabin and seated herself at my side. "Do you know that Don Ferdinand de Gemellas, the affianced husband of Dona Bianca, has arrived to-day at the castle of Melposo? — He comes from Seville. It is a fine thing to see his carriages, his horses, his mules, and his numerous servants. They are not like our Catalonians, clothed in a simple striped vest and short breeches, with their bare limbs, and sandals of the *alpazata*. A silken net contains their hair, and it is much prettier than the coarse red woollen cap of the peasants of our mountains. Their rich velvet doublets are covered with gold lace; they wear splendid belts of different colours, handsome gaiters, and fine wide mantles. But, oh, my father, if you had but seen the majestic countenance of their master! He saluted his affianced bride with a sad and thoughtful air. Ah, I understand the reason of his being sad. He had never before seen her whom he was to marry. It is a marriage arranged by their relations; can a man be happy in marrying a woman he has never seen, were she ever so fine a lady, and mistress of ten castles as fine as Melposo; and more beautiful than Dona Bianca, who indeed has little to boast of?" Throughout the evening she spoke to me of Don Fernando: in the morning she set off early to go to the castle. She was sure of being well received there, for every one loved the little Gitana, she was so pretty and so gay. "Adieu," said she to me, "I am anxious to see the fine equipage of Don Fernando again." I smiled at her childish eagerness. Happy period of life! thought I,—when the sight only of a little splendour causes such lively and innocent pleasure! Unhappy girl! — why, why did I not shut her up in my hut, and defend the entrance with my rifle on my shoulder? This valet of Don Fernando,—this wretched Pedrillo, had not then clasped her in his detested embrace, nor had dared to say to her, "Become the mistress of a menial." Poor

weak child,—what could she do against the sturdy miscreant, but utter plaintive cries? And I, alas! far from the spot, lay carelessly in my hut, wrapped in a deep sleep. Another assumed her father's office of protector. This was Don Fernando. He advanced at his horse's utmost speed. At the sudden sight of Pedrillo, who abruptly fled, the horse of Don Fernando reared and dismounted his rider, who fell, and struck his head against the sharp point of a rock. When his servants came up to the spot, Pepita had already bandaged the deep wound of the young nobleman, whose head rested languidly upon her knees. She had torn her veil to staunch the blood, and had tied it across the forehead of Fernando. When he recovered his senses, he gently pressed the hand of Pepita, to express his thanks; and his servants bore him home to his castle. The next day Pedrillo appeared at the door of my cabin. I seized my rifle to stretch him dead. Would to God that Pepita had not turned aside my aim;—the ball went whizzing past him, and buried itself deep in the trunk of an orange-tree;—my Pepita would then have been alive, and I should not be thus alone in the world without a being to love me! Pedrillo came, by the command of his master, to implore the pardon of her whom he had so basely dared to assault. She received him with disdain, and he retired. A fortnight passed away, during which a remarkable change took place in the character of the young girl. From having been smiling and joyous, she became pensive and sad. I often surprised her with tears in her eyes; and she who had formerly been all my joy, seemed now to dread my presence. From signs such as these, I could not be mistaken that Pepita was in love. Seldom does a young maiden confide the secret of her love to her father, even when she reveres him, as Pepita revered me. I resolved to watch her secretly, and by this method to discover who was the object of her affections, and whether he were worthy of my daughter. If he prove not worthy, thought I, we will quit our peaceful dwelling; and if necessity compels us, we will resume the wandering habits of the Gitani, even should I be obliged, like so many of my tribe, to seek for subsistence in the wretched resource of clipping mules! But no; I am

not yet reduced to that. I have buried in my hut the sum of six thousand ducats; and with this, and the price of my habitation, I have enough for our wants for ten years to come. God will provide the rest. We will travel for some time together, then we will go and establish ourselves in some remote part of Catalonia. My Pepita will once more become peaceful and happy; for at fifteen years of age there is no love that resists the power of absence and variety. My surprise was equal to my despair, when I discovered that Pepita had frequent interviews with Pedrillo. My blood boiled with indignation. Could a proud Gitana fall in love with an Andalusian valet,—with a wretch who had only courage to assail a poor weak girl? I hid myself furtively behind a clump of trees, and listened to their conversation. Pedrillo spoke in a respectful tone, and it was not of himself that he spoke. “Don Fernando cannot yet see you,” said he; “he is still unwell, and to leave his chambers would be to betray your secret. As to receiving you at the castle, that is still more impossible. Dona Bianca has already but too much suspicion that her affianced husband is unfaithful. Here is your letter, senora; it will plead much better for my master than a poor valet-de-chambre; it will inform you, moreover, of the steps he has taken to enable him to call you his own for ever.” At these words he threw a letter at her feet and disappeared. A slight noise was heard; Pepita hastily caught up the letter, hid it in her bosom, and I saw her hasten back with hurried steps to the cabin. When I returned home it was late, and she was fast asleep. I had not the courage to awake her; and I put off till the morrow the task of informing her how fatal the love of a great lord must necessarily prove to a young girl, and how requisite it was to dispel those illusions of youth. Let her be once more happy for a night, thought I, and let despair and tears begin only to-mor-

row. The night was already far advanced when I sunk to sleep. On a sudden I awoke. Oppressed by a painful presentiment, I rushed to my daughter’s bed; she had disappeared. A letter, which she left behind, implored me to forgive her flight. “Don Fernando,” she wrote, “will marry me in secret this very night, and will take me immediately into Andalusia: there, my father, when the anger of his powerful family is appeased, thou wilt come and rejoin thy Pepita, and once more become her solace and delight.” I went forth instantly, and directed my steps towards the castle, with the intention of tearing her, if it were yet possible, from the arms of her seducer. For would a proud Andalusian noble intend to espouse a poor Bohemian? He could only mean to seduce her. Scarcely had I proceeded half-way, before I imagined I heard the voice of my daughter. I turned towards the spot from whence the cries proceeded: by the light of the moon I saw Pepita: she was half-naked, her hair dishevelled, her cheeks blanched, and her eyes wandering. She did not recognise me, but fell, moaning and unconscious, into the arms of her father. Her incoherent language, her unconnected words, at last informed me of the dreadful secret of which she was the victim. The letters of Don Fernando were fictitious; Pedrillo had forged them. She deemed she was bestowing her embraces upon Don Fernando: it was upon the wretched Pedrillo, who had deceived her. She lingered two days, a prey to delirium and a burning fever; and she died without having recovered her senses even for a moment,—without having addressed a single word to her father, who wept beside her. I cut off her black tresses, and hid them in my bosom; then with my own hands I consigned her to the tomb, after the fashion of the Gitani. When all was over, I seized my rifle:—you know the rest. This is the reason why I have quitted Catalonia, the loveliest country upon earth.

THE LIBRARY OF THE ARSENAL, PARIS.—*La Revue Littéraire* says, that this library, which was founded by the Marquis de Paulmy, was purchased in 1781 by the Count d’Artois, who incorporated with it nearly all the library of the Duke de la Vallière. It is composed of above 175,000 volumes, besides about 6,000 manuscripts. It includes the most complete collection in the world of

romances, since their origin in modern literature; of dramatic works since the epoch of moralities and mysteries; and of French poetry since the commencement of the 16th century. In the other departments of literature it is less rich, but even in these it contains some important works; there are, for instance, historical works, which are no where else to be found.

MY SUMMER DREAM OF ELLEN.

Come, bind your brow with scented flowers,
 Stolen fresh from Love's shady bowers,
 For Summer's fleecy clouds through the sky are sailing;
 Twine baby buds in your glossy hair,
 Let them droop to kiss a skin so fair,
 Their boughs Sol's bright beams from your lily neck vailing.

List, laughing maiden, the distant fall
 Murmurs in mirth for the moonlight ball,
 When the elfs awaking shall leave their moss pillow;
 Look—raking* masts, enveloped in snow,
 Bask fast asleep in the sun's hot glow,
 For no wind curls the sky, or breath moves the billow.

The thoughtless bees, humming 'long the dell,
 Stop but to court the blue heather bell,
 And robs its blossoms, laden with honey and dew;
 The skylark mourns no more in its nest,
 But bears the light on its downy breast,
 As it fluttering sings, 'till it's lost from the view.

Then, dear, pluck the ripe grape from the vine,
 And weave a wreath of the sweet eglantine,
 Its faint petals refresh, where the hanging† rocks drip.
 And bring low music, and love, and joy,
 With beauty's birth in your blushes coy,
 And off, off, to the dingle and grove we'll skip.

At night by the brook we'll pitch our camp,
 Your hazel eyes for our only lamp,
 And in the cool green leaves we'll wrap ourselves round,
 Like dozing moths, in their silken home;
 We'll rest awhile 'neath the mushroom dome,
 Where man's voice is not heard, or the slightest soft sound.

Then see Eve's rose‡ ope her tear-wet lid,
 And bare her face, now in slumber hid,
 Till she smiles at the mirror-drops hung o'er her bed;
 Or watch the couch of a lady love,
 And grant good gifts from the land above,
 Which shall happier rays round her throbbing heart shed.

Where the tall grass marks the fairy ring,
 We'll trip with a light and airy spring,
 O! the little gods shall call you their virgin queen;
 They will make of cowslips pale a crown,
 And knit together a cobweb gown,
 For the child of the mist, and the pride of the green.

Fond one, we'll sport where the spearmint grows,
 Where Oberon's rill through the glen flows,
 And gaily we'll bathe our limbs in the purling stream;
 Or merrily dance 'till the faintest streak
 Flits its fair form o'er the mountain's peak,
 And then awake and away from our Summer Dream.

Hastings, July 19, 1834.

E. G.

* Masts are said "to rake," when they lean back towards the stern; consequently, when all sails are set, raising the bows and enabling the vessel to glide more easily and drier over the water.

† The dripping wells, so romantic and cool, in many parts of the country.

‡ The evening primrose.

PROPOSED HOLBORN VIADUCT.

BY FRANCIS WISHAW, M. I. C. E.

Notwithstanding the giant stride of improvement in this metropolis, Holborn-hill, a land London Bridge, in its wear and tear and destructiveness of the limbs and life of animals, has yet escaped attention, though great is the catalogue of accidents constantly occurring there; and no fewer, it is calculated than 4,000 foot passengers are daily at great hazard passing in the line of road.

The society for the prevention of cruelty to animals most nobly hired horses (as they now purpose for Pentonville-hill), during part of last year, to assist the omnibuses and waggons in ascending; but, owing to the expense, the plan was abandoned.

Skinner-street, though not quite so steep as Holborn-hill, is also very dangerous, and by far too much inclined for so great a thoroughfare.

Mr. Francis Wishaw having for many years considered the subject, and lately made a careful survey of the whole district, has planned a now very well-executed modelled design, so as to avoid both these hills; but no plan appeared to him effectual without a slight deviation from the straight line, which, however, amounts to only thirty yards. He commences at the north end of Fetter-lane to the end of Plough-court, thence to the top of the

Old Bailey, in the direction of Newgate-street.

The viaduct would be chiefly of brick-work; the respective arches over Shoe-lane, Farringdon-market, Farringdon-street, and Seacoal-lane, of cast-iron, and their abutments and piers faced with stone.

Such viaducts to foot passengers are very safe and agreeable thoroughfares. Shoe-lane is 18 feet, Farringdon-market 28 feet, Farringdon-street 38 feet, and Seacoal-lane 22 feet below the centre surface line of the proposed new roadway, which, from Holborn to the eastern side of Farringdon-street, would be quite level, and thence to the Old Bailey but a slight inclination, viz. 1 foot in 73 feet.

The improvement, by the increased traffic in Farringdon-market, now a market without customers, will, no doubt, attract the city chamber of finance to listen to Mr. Wishaw.

The ways and means for this improvement are to be provided by raising the whole building another story, whereby there would be, as at Edinburgh, an upper and a lower market, with convenient access.

We think we have set forth sufficient to show that Mr. Wishaw's project possesses merit, and deserves support.

THE WORLD'S A STAGE, AND ALL MEN ARE PLAYERS.

Scene—*The House of Lords.* Question—*The Irish Coercion Bill and the recent Change in the Cabinet; Evening, July 17, 1834.*

His Grace the Duke of Buckingham continued—Did the noble lord (Brougham) opposite suppose that a short speech, or one debate on the subject, could settle the question? He was very much mistaken if he did.—(Hear.) The noble lord might fancy that he buried the noble earl (Grey) lately at the head of the Government in his political sepulchre, but he was also mistaken on that point.—(Hear, and a laugh.) The noble earl's spirit would arise and scare some of the present dignified occupants from their arm-chairs—(laughter)—would disturb the noble viscount in his slumbers—(a laugh), and interrupt the festivities of noble peers, when the noble and learned lord attempted to amuse himself with pottle-deep potations, to the health and prosperity of the new administration.—(Cheers and prolonged laughter.)

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The Marquis of Lansdowne was about to speak, but—

The Lord Chancellor rose and said, "Pray stop a little moment." The noble duke who has just addressed the house must be conversant with the dialect adopted in some alehouse which he (the Lord Chancellor) was not acquainted with.—(Hear, order, and laughter.) He was in the habit of meeting the noble duke elsewhere, but never had the honour of seeing him *there*, at the alehouse, where the noble duke must have been so often—(laughter)—in the cabaret where the noble duke seemed to have picked up the terms of his slang dictionary.—(Order, hear.)

The Earl of Wicklow rose to order.

The Duke of Buckingham—Let the noble and learned lord go on; do not interrupt him. I shall take any thing that may fall from him with perfect coolness.

The Earl of Mansfield rose to order.

The Lord Chancellor—O, then, I shan't trouble your lordships with any thing more on the subject; noble lords need not rise to order; as I am interrupted, I have done.

The Earl of Mansfield said that he spoke to order from the plain and sincere wish that the *dignity* and *decorum* of their lordships' house should be maintained. This was his motive in rising to address himself to their lordships. He put it to them whether, for the sake of *their dignity*, it was not much better that there should be no explanation from the noble and learned lord on the woolsack, and no reply or counter-explanation from the noble duke.—(Hear, hear.) He appealed to the good sense of the house and of the noble lords themselves, and asked them whether this would not be the better course.

The Lord Chancellor again rose, but before he resumed his address,

The Marquis of Clanricarde rose to order.

The Lord Chancellor said, that if the noble earl behind him had taken him at his word, when he said he would not trouble the house with any thing more on the subject, it would have been quite as well. He meant to say nothing more. Don't you—

The Marquis of Londonderry—"I rise to order."—(Hear, hear.)

The Lord Chancellor—This is not the way to preserve order.—(Hear, hear.)

The Marquis of Londonderry again rose to order.

The Lord Chancellor—If the noble marquis had attended to the progress of the discussion, he would have seen that the question

was, whether the Lord Chancellor was to be allowed to explain in reference to the noble duke's observations on what had fallen from him in the course of the debate. This was the first time he had ever heard that it was at all fair, especially in a court of justice—and their lordships' house was a court of justice, nay, the highest in the realm—to listen to the attack upon a noble peer; but the instant an explanation or defence was offered, to stifle it in the birth with speeches to order, or other equally unfair interruptions.—(Hear, hear.) When interrupted, he was speaking in explanation, in reference to the noble duke's extraordinary attack upon him. If the noble duke's speech was intended as a joke, he was ready to receive it in good humour—(hear, hear)—quite as ready as any of their lordships; but if it was really meant as an attack, then he should not hesitate to say of it that it was as gross and unwarrantable, as utterly and completely devoid of foundation, as any the most untrue assertion or insinuation that had been made by any individual whatever. He entirely believed, however, that the noble duke's remark was meant jocularly and quite in good humour, and accordingly he was willing to take it so.—(Hear, hear.)

The Duke of Buckingham said that it was unnecessary to say the allusion was from *Hamlet*, and he intended it in perfect good humour.

The Lord Chancellor nodded, and expressed himself ready to take the matter in that way: and the scene, which was one of considerable excitement, terminated.—*Thus is thus reported in the Times, July 18, 1834.*

THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF MY GREAT-GREAT-GRANDFATHER.

(Continued from page 22.)

As soon as the young men and myself had finished our walk, we returned to the house. I observed all the actions of those new people with the greatest attention, of which, from my age, I was capable. They seemed not only to have a horror of the barbarous manners and vices of the Turks, but even a contempt of all the pleasures and diversions of the country. Their whole business was to inform themselves of what they thought might be an improvement in their own country, particularly in arts and trades, and whatever curiosities were brought from foreign parts, setting down their observations of every thing of moment. They had masters of the country at set hours to teach them the Turkish and Persian languages, in which I am

deavoured to perfect myself along with them.

Though they seemed to be the most moral men in the world, I could observe no signs of religion in them, till a certain occasion that happened to us in our voyage, of which I shall have occasion to speak at a future time. This was the only point on which they were shy. They gave me the reasons for it afterwards. Their behaviour was, however, the most candid and sincere in other matters that can be imagined. We lived thus in the most perfect union all the time we stayed at Grand Cairo; and I enjoyed the same liberty that I could have had in Italy. All that I remarked in them was an uneasiness they expressed to be so long out of their own country, but they comforted

themselves with the thought it would not be long.

Some time after this I found by their diligence in settling their affairs, and the cheerfulness of their countenances, that they expected to leave Egypt very soon; they seemed to wait for nothing but orders from their governor. In the mean time there happened an accident to me, scarce worth relating, nor should I have thought of it had it not been interwoven with some of the chief occurrences of my life in the latter part of it. Our governor, whom they called pophar, which, in their language, signifies father of his people, and by which name I shall always call him hereafter, looking at his ephemeris, which he did very frequently, found, by computation, that he had still some time left to stay in the country, and resolved to go down once more to Alexandria, to see if he could meet with any more European curiosities brought by the merchant ships that are perpetually coming at that season into the port. He took only two of the young men and myself along with him, to show me, as he said, that I was entirely at liberty, since I might easily find some ship or other to carry me into my own country. I, on the other hand, to convince him of the sincerity of my intentions towards him, kept generally in his company. The affair I am going to speak of, soon gave him full proofs of the sincerity of my veneration for him. While we were walking in the public places to view the several goods and curiosities that were brought from different parts of the world, it happened that the bassa of Grand Cairo, with all his family, was come to Alexandria on the same account, and also to buy some young female slaves. His wife and daughter were then both with him; the wife was one of the grand seignior's sisters, seemingly about thirty, a wonderfully fine woman. The daughter was about sixteen, of such exquisite beauty and lovely features, as were sufficient to charm the greatest prince in the world.* When he perceived them, the pophar, who naturally abhorred the Turks, kept

off, as if he were treating privately with some merchant. But I, being young and inconsiderate, stood gazing, though at a respectful distance, at the bassa's beautiful daughter, from no other motive than mere curiosity. She had her eyes fixed on my companions and myself at the same time, and, as I supposed, on the same account. Her dress was so magnificent, and her person so charming, that I thought her the most beautiful creature I had ever seen in my life. If I could have foreseen the troubles which that short interview was to cost both the pophar and myself, I should have chosen rather to have looked on the most hideous monster. I observed that the young lady, with a particular sort of emotion, whispered something to an elderly woman that attended her, and that the latter did the same to a page, who immediately went to two natives of the place, whom the pophar used to hire to carry his luggage: her intent was to inquire of them who we were. They, as appeared by the event, told them that I was a young slave, lately bought by the pophar. After awhile, the bassa with his train went away, and I, for my part, thought no more of the matter. The next day, as the pophar and ourselves were walking in one of the public gardens, a little elderly man, with a most beautiful youth along with him, having dogged us to a private part of the walks, came up to us, and, addressing themselves to the pophar, asked him what he would take for his young slave, pointing to me, because the bassa desired to buy him? The pophar seemed to be more surprised at this unexpected question than I ever observed him at any thing before, which confirmed me more and more in the opinion of the kindness he had for me.

But, soon coming to himself, as he was a man of great presence of mind, he said very calmly that I was no slave, nor a person to be sold at any price, since I was as free as himself. Taking this for a pretext to enhance the price, they produced some oriental pearls, with other jewels of immense value, and bid him name what he would have, and it should be paid immediately; adding, that I was to be the companion of the bassa's son, where I might make my fortune for ever, if I would go along with them. The pophar persisted in his first answer, and said he had no power over me; they

* The bassa of Grand Cairo is one of the greatest officers in the Turkish empire, and the most independent of any subject in Turkey. It is customary for the sultana to give their daughters in marriage to such persons; but they are often disliked by their husbands, on account of their imperious behaviour.

alleged I had been bought as a slave, but a little before, in the grand seignior's dominions, and they would have me. Then I interposed, and answered briskly, that, although I had been taken prisoner by the chance of war, I was no slave, nor would I part with my liberty but at the price of my life. The bassa's son, for so he now declared himself to be, instead of being angry at my resolute answer, replied, with a most agreeable smile, that I should be as free as he was; making at the same time the most solemn protestation, by his holy Alcoran, that our lives and deaths should be inseparable.

Though there was something in his words the most persuasive I ever felt, yet considering the obligations I had to the pophar, I was resolved not to go; but answered with a most respectful bow, that though I was free by nature, I had indispensable obligations not to go with him, and hoped he would take it for a determinate answer.

I pronounced this with such a resolute air, as made him see there were no hopes. Whether his desire was more inflamed by my denial, or whether they took us for persons of greater note than we appeared to be, I cannot tell; but I observed he put on a very languishing air, with tears stealing down his cheeks, which moved me to a degree I cannot express. I was scarce capable of speaking, but cast down my eyes, and stood as immovable as a statue. This seemed to revive hope; and recovering himself a little, with a trembling voice he replied—suppose it be the bassa's daughter you saw yesterday that desires to have you for her attendant, what will you say then? I started at this, and casting my eyes on him more attentively, I saw him suffused with tears, commingled with a tenderness enough to pierce the hardest heart. I looked at the pophar, who I saw was trembling for me, and feared it was the daughter herself that asked me the question. I was soon put out of doubt, for she, finding she had gone too far to recall, discovered herself, and said I must go along with her, or one of us must die. The perplexity I was in cannot be imagined: I considered she was a Turk, and I a Christian; that my death must certainly be the consequence of such a rash affair, were I to engage in it; that whether she concealed me in her father's court, or attempted to go off with me, it

was ten thousand to one we should both be sacrificed; neither could the violence of such a sudden passion be concealed from the bassa's spies. In a word, I was resolved not to go: but how to get off was the difficulty. I saw the most beautiful creature in the world all in tears before me, after a declaration of love that exceeded the most romantic tales: youth, love, and beauty, and even an inclination on my side, pleaded her cause. But at length the considerations of the endless miseries I was likely to draw on the young lady, should I comply with what she desired, prevailed above every other consideration. I was resolved to refuse, for her sake more than my own; and was just going to tell her so upon my knees, with all the arguments my reason could suggest to appease her, when an attendant came running in haste to the other person, who was also a woman, and told her the bassa was coming that way. At this announcement she was roused out of her lethargy: the other women immediately snatched her away, as the pophar did me; and she had only time to call out with a threat, think better of it or die. I was no sooner out of her sight but I found a thousand reasons for what I did, more than I could think of before, while the one enchanting object was before my eyes. I saw the madness of that passion which forced the most charming person of the Ottoman empire, capable by her beauty to conquer the grand seignior himself, to make a declaration of love so contrary to the nature and modesty of her sex, as well as her quality and dignity; and ready to sacrifice her reputation, the duty she owed her parents, her liberty, perhaps her life, for an unknown person, who had been but a slave but some time before. I saw, on the other hand, that had I complied with the fair charmer's proposal, I must have run the risk of being obliged to change my religion, my life, or perhaps both, with a dreadful chain of hidden misfortunes likely to accompany such a rash adventure. While I was taken up with these thoughts, the wise pophar, after reflecting a little upon what had happened, told me this unfortunate affair would not end so, but that it might cost us both our lives, and something else that was more dear to him. He feared so violent a passion would draw to something fatal, especially con-

sidering the wickedness of the people, and the brutal tyranny of their government: however, he was resolved not to give me up but with his life, if I myself were but agreeable to it, adding, that we must make off as fast as possible, and, having so many spies upon us, use cunning as well as expedition. Accordingly he went down directly to the port, and hired a ship in the most public manner to start for *Cyprus*, paid the whole freight on the spot, and told them they must necessarily sail that evening. We should actually have done so, had not our companions and effects obliged us to return to Grand Cairo: but instead of embarking for *Cyprus*, he called away the master of the vessel, who was an acquaintance of his, and for a good round sum privately agreed with him to sail out of the port, as if we was really on board, while the pophar hired a boat for us at the other end of the town, in which we that night went directly to Grand Cairo. As soon as we were arrived there, we inquired how long it would be before the bassa returned to that city. They told us it would be about a fortnight at soonest: this gave the pophar time to pay off his house, pack up his effects, and get all things ready for his great voyage; but he still had greater apprehensions in his looks than I ever remarked in him. However, he told us, he hoped the affair would end well. In five days' time all things were in readiness for our departure. We set out a little before sunset, as is customary in those countries, and marched but a slow pace whilst we were near the town, to avoid every suspicion of flight. After we had travelled about a league up by the side of the river Nile, the pophar leading the van, and the rest following in a pretty long string after him, we met five or six men coming down the river-side on horseback, whose fine turbans and habits showed they were pages or attendants of some great person. The pophar turned off from the river, as if it were to give them way; and they passed on very civilly, without seeming to take any further notice of us. I was the hindmost but one of our train, having stayed to give our dromedaries some water. Soon after these came two ladies, riding on little Arabian jennets, with prodigiously rich furniture, by which I guessed them to be persons of quality, and the others gone before to be their attend-

ants. They were not quite over against where I was, when the jennet of the younger of the two ladies began to snort and start at our dromedaries, and became so unruly that I apprehended she could scarce sit him. At that instant one of the led dromedaries coming pretty near, that circumstance, and the rustling of its loading, so frightened the jennet, that he gave a bound all on a sudden, and being on the inside of us, towards the river, he ran full speed towards the edge of the bank, and not being able to stop his career, he flew directly off the precipice into the river, with the lady still sitting on his back, till the violence of the leap threw her off, two or three yards into the water. It happened very luckily that there was a little island just near where she fell, and her clothes keeping her up for some minutes, the stream carried her against some stakes that stood just above the water, which entangled her clothes, and fixed her there. The shrieks of the other lady brought the nighest attendants up to us; but those fearful wretches durst not venture into the river to her assistance.

I jumped off my dromedary, and, throwing off my loose garment and sandals, swam to her, and, with much difficulty, getting hold of her hand and loosing her garments from the stakes, I made shift to draw her across the stream till I brought her to the land. She was quite senseless for some time; I held down her head, which I had not yet looked at, to make her disgorge the water she had swallowed; but I was struck with a double surprise, when I looked at her face, to find it was the bassa's daughter, and to see her in that place, whom I thought I had left at Alexandria. After some time she came to herself, and, looking fixedly on me a good while, her senses not being entirely recovered; at last she cried out, "Oh! Mahomet, must I owe my life to this man?" and fainted away. The other lady, who was her confidant, after a great effort, brought her to herself again. We raised her up, and endavoured to comfort her as well as we could. "No," says she, "throw me into the river once more! let me not be obliged to a barbarian, for whom I have done too much already." I told her, in the most respectful terms I could conjure up, that Providence had ordered it so, that I might make some recompense for the undeserved obligations

she had laid upon me; that I had too great a value for her merit ever to make her miserable by loving a slave such as I was—a stranger, a Christian, and one who had indispensable obligations to act as I did. She started a little at what I said; but, after a short recollection, answered—"Whether you are a slave, an infidel, or whatever you please, you are one of the most generous men in the world. I suppose your obligations are on account of some more happy woman than myself; but, since I owe my life to you, I am resolved not to make you unhappy, any more than you try to pain me; I not only pardon you, but am convinced my pretensions are both unjust and against my own honour. She said this with an air becoming her quality. She was much more at ease when I assured her I was engaged to no woman in the world, but that her memory should be ever dear to me, and imprinted in my heart till my latest breath.

Here ten or a dozen armed Turks came upon us full speed from the town, and, seeing the pophar and his companions, they cried out, "Stop, villains; we arrest you in the name of the bassa." At this we started up to see what was the matter, when the lady, who knew them, bid me not be afraid—that she had ordered these men to pursue me when she left Alexandria—that, hearing we had fled off by sea, she pretended sickness, and asked leave of her father to return to Cairo, there to bemoan her misfortunes with her confidant; and that she was indulging in those melancholy sentiments when the late accident happened to her. She supposed these men had discovered the trick we had played them in not going by sea, and, on better information, had pursued us this way. I was all this while in one of the greatest agonies that can be expressed, both for fear of my own resolutions and hers; so I begged her to retire, lest her wet clothes should endanger her health. I could not have had the resolution to have said this, had not the pophar cast a look at me which pierced me through, and made me dread increased danger in delay.

Her resolutions seemed to be stronger than mine: she pulled from off her finger a jewel, and just said, with tears trickling down her beautiful cheeks, "Take this—adieu!" She then pulled her companion away, and again cast a glance at

me. I stood amazed, almost without life or motion; and cannot tell how long I might have continued so, had not the pophar congratulated me on my deliverance. I told him I did not know what he meant by deliverance, for I did not know whether I was alive or dead, and that I was afraid he would repent his purchasing me, if I was the cause of any more such adventures. "If we meet with no worse than these," said he, "it is well enough; no victory can be gained without some loss." So he awakened me out of my lethargy, and commanded us to make the best of our way.

Though the pophar was uneasy to be out of the reach of the fair lady and her faithless Turks, yet he was not in reality in any great haste, the time for his great voyage not having yet arrived. There appeared a gaiety in his manner that seemed to promise a prosperous journey. For my own part, though I was glad I had escaped my dangerous enchantress, my spirits were heavy, although I could not account for the cause. The thoughts of such an unknown voyage, and the variety of places we visited, by little and little dissipated my uneasiness. Our party consisted of eleven persons, five elderly men and five younger, myself being a supernumerary. We were all mounted upon dromedaries; they are something like camels,* and much swifter, and live a great while without water, which was the reason they make use of them for the barren sands they have to pass over (though they have the finest horses that can be seen in their own country). They had five spare ones to carry provisions, or to change, in case any of their own should become tired by the way: it was upon one of these I rode. We went up the Nile, leaving it on our left hand all the way, steering our course directly for Upper Egypt. We visited all the towns on that famous river, under pretence of merchandising, but, in reality, because the pophar's critical time for his great voyage was not yet come. He looked at his ephemeris and notes almost every hour, the rest of them attending his nod in the most minute circumstances. As

* This explanatory description is something like a note appended to Gibbon's far more recent "*Roman History*," relative to the *Camelopardus*, "a sort of fabulous animal."—We might thence suppose that no camel had then been seen in this country.

we approached the upper parts of Egypt, as high as I could guess, over against the deserts of Barca, they began to buy provisions proper for their purpose, but particularly rice, dried fruits, and a sort of dried paste, that served us for bread.

They bought their provisions at different places, to avoid suspicion; and I observed they also laid up a considerable quantity for their dromedaries, by which I found we had a long journey to make. When we came over against the middle coast of the vast desert of Barca, we met with a delicate and clear rivulet, breaking out of a rising part of the sands, and making towards the Nile; there we alighted, took drink ourselves, and gave our dromedaries as much drink as they desired: then we filled all our vessels, made on purpose for carriage, and took in a greater proportion of water than we had previously. At several places they dismounted, and kissed the ground with a very superstitious devotion, and scraped some of the dust, which they put into the golden urns which they had brought on purpose with them, letting me all the while do what I pleased. This sort of devotion I afterwards found was the chief occasion of their going into that country, though carried on under the pretence of merchandising; and, when all were ready, the pophar, looking on his papers and needle, cried, "*gaulo benim*," which I was informed was as much as to say, "now children, for our lives;" and immediately, as he had steered south all along before, he turned about on his right hand due west across the vast desert of Barca, as fast as his dromedary could well go. We had nothing but sands and sky before us, and in a few hours were almost out of danger from any one attempting to follow us.

Being thus embarked, if I may say so, on this vast ocean of sand, a thousand perplexing thoughts came into my mind, which I did not reflect on before. Behold me in the deserts of Africa, where whole armies had often perished. The further we advanced the more our danger increased. I was with men who were not only strangers to me, but to all the world besides, ten against one; but this was not all—I was now persuaded they were heathens and idolaters; for beside their superstitious kissing the earth in several places, I observed they looked up towards the sun, and seemed to address their orisons to that planet and a creature. Nevertheless, when I reflected on what the

pophar said when he bought me, that I was not likely to return, 'tis possible, thought I, I am destined for a human sacrifice to some heathen god in the midst of this vast desert. But not seeing they had any arms, either offensive or defensive, except their short goads to prick their dromedaries onward, I was a little easy; I had privately provided myself with two pocket pistols, and was resolved to defend myself till the last gasp. But when I considered what unparalleled justice and humanity I had experienced in their treatment to me, I was a little comforted. As for the difficulty of passing the deserts, I reflected that their own lives were as much in danger as mine—that they must have some unknown ways of passing over them, otherwise they would never expose themselves to such evident danger.

I should have said that we set out a little before sunset to avoid the heats, June 9th to June 16th. The moon was about the first quarter, and carried on the light till near dawn of day. The glittering of the sands, or rather pebbly gravel, in which there were abundance of shining stones like jewels or crystal, increased the light, so that we could see to steer our course by the needle very well. We went on at a vast rate, the dromedaries being very swift creatures; their pace is more running than galloping, much like that of a mule; that I verily believe, from six o'clock in the evening until ten the next day, we ran almost a hundred and twenty Italian miles. We had neither stop nor hindrance, but steered our course in a direct line, like a ship under sail. The heats were not near so insufferable as I expected; for though we saw nothing we could call a mountain, in those immense *bares*, yet the sands, or at least the way we steered, was very high ground; that as soon as we were out of the breath of the habitable countries, we had a perpetual breeze blowing full in our faces, yet so uniform that it scarcely raised any dust: partly from an imperceptible dew, which, though not so thick as a fog, moistened the surface of the ground pretty much. A little after nine next morning we came to some clumps of shrubby trees, with a little moss on the ground instead of grass: here the wind fell, and the heat became very insufferable, and the pophar ordered us to alight and pitch our tents, to gain shelter both for ourselves and dromedaries.

Their tents were made of the finest sort of oiled cloth I ever saw, very light and portable, yet capable of keeping out both rain and sun. Here we refreshed ourselves and beasts till a little after six, when we set out again, steering still directly west, as nigh as I could guess. We went on thus for three days and nights, without any considerable accident, only I observed the ground began to rise considerably higher, and the breezes were not only stronger, but the air itself was much cooler. About ten the third day we saw some more clumps of trees on our right hand, which looked greener than the former, as if they were the beginning of some habitable vale, as was in fact the case. The pophar ordered us to turn that way, which was the only turning out of our course we had yet made. By the cheerful countenances of our men, I thought this might be the

beginning of their country; but I was very much mistaken, we had a far longer and more dangerous way to go than that we had hitherto passed. However, this was a very remarkable station of our voyage: as we advanced, we found it to open and descend gradually, till at length we saw a most beautiful vale, full of palms, dates, oranges, and other fruit trees, entirely unknown in these parts, with such a refreshing smell from the odoriferous shrubs as filled the whole air with perfumes. We rode into the thickest of it as fast as we could, to enjoy the inviting shade. We eased our dromedaries, and first took care of them, for on them all our safety depended. After we had refreshed ourselves, the pophar ordered every one to go to sleep as soon as we could, since we were likely to have but little opportunity during the three following days.

(To be continued in our next Number.)

LINES,

Suggested by the View of Fountain's Abbey, in the Diorama.

BY G. R. CARTER.

The moonlight fell upon those crumbling arches,
Like beauty smiling on the wrecks of age.
How lovely is the hour! when naught is seen
Stealing across the azure vault of heaven,
Which arches o'er the earth, without a cloud
"To turn its silver lining on the night."
These walls possess a spirit to inspire
The heart with dreams of glory; for whilome
They echoed to the hymn, which fervid lips
Commingle, as an offering unto God,
Responsive to the breeze of eventide

But time has changed the scene! No more, when evening
Illumes the golden chambers of the west,
This ruin, like a sunburst in the storm,
Arrests the pilgrim's eye; no more the strains,
Which kindled aspirations in the heart
Of penitence, or brought the tearful stream
Spontaneous from Ambition's stony rock,
Bequeath their cadence to the cloistered aisles,
Congenial to the ear of solitude.
Those roofless walls, in which the tapered rite
Diffused its splendour o'er the brow of care,
Are open to the sunny eye of day,
Or starless gloom of night; the ivy crawls,
A lonely parasite, upon the pile
Where Desolation's fatal stamp is seen.

Thus learning, fame, and glory, bow submissive
To their primeval origin—the dust!
Thus, the deceptive idols of mankind
Resign their empire to the sway of time,
And pass away unheeded;—but the hand
Of piety, which hallows all that quaff
From Truth's immortal fountain, still imparts
A holy charm to this sequestered place,
Which glory cannot give!

THE INCENDIARY.

[We cannot refrain from here giving a powerful illustration of the tale of "The Incendiary," at page 74 in our present number, which was printed before we obtained the following report. The present is a case tried at Salisbury, before Lord Chief Justice Denman, on the 18th of July, in which conviction clearly took place, the whole furnishing most extraordinary facts on the philosophy of the human mind]:—

Charles Kimmer was indicted for setting fire to certain premises of the Rev. Maurice Hillier, of Oare, in the parish of Wilcot. Mr. Rogers conducted the prosecution.

The following are the most striking facts produced in evidence :—

The Rev. M. H. Goodman said he lived at Oare. A fire took place on his premises on the 21st of April, ten minutes before one, and he went down immediately. It was from 150 to 200 yards distant. All the roofs of two barns, a cart-shed, and stable had fallen in, and three horses and twenty-four pigs were burnt.

By the Court—The prisoner was not in his service, but his father has ever since ten years of age; he is now sixty-two.

Stephen Jenkins—Was disturbed about half-past twelve o'clock that night; next day found the horses with their heads and legs burnt off—the bodies remained; then went to his own house; it caught fire several times. The prisoner lives about 400 yards from the barn; he called to me and said, "It was a bad job that happened to-night;" begged him to give me up a bucket of water; gave him the bucket to get some more, but he took it away with him; did not see him again till the fire was over; he was sitting close to the stable that had been burnt down.

The examination of the prisoner was then read, in which he stated that he took some tinder and struck a light, and set the straw-rick on fire, and that he was the only person concerned.

Henry Goddard said, he was a Bow-street officer. On taking the prisoner to Salisbury gaol, he asked him where he had been on the afternoon of the fire? He said he had been at Pewsey, and on coming back it came into his head all at once to set fire to Mr. Goodman's premises. He asked him how he had spent his time previously? He said he went home at half-past eleven o'clock, and sat himself down in his mother's arm-chair, and after remaining there nearly an hour, he took some tinder out of the tinder-box, some matches, and flint and steel, and put them into his pocket, and then went to Mr. Goodman's premises, struck a light, and set it all on fire. Witness asked him if he heard the horses cry? and he said he did, and that he was truly unhappy. He added, he was going to set fire to Mr. Edmond's premises. Witness said, what on the same night? the prisoner said, yes; but the reason he did not do it was, because he was afraid his own sister's house would be burnt,

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and it might have burnt her child. He said he hoped the governor would not keep him by himself, or he should repeat the same he had done in Marlborough gaol. I asked him what that was? and he said, that he attempted to hang himself.*

The jury immediately found the prisoner guilty. Lord Denman then put on the black cap, and addressed the prisoner:—"You have been convicted on evidence, which leaves no manner of doubt of the fact, of one of the greatest crimes that it is possible for a man to be guilty of. You have set fire to the premises of a person who was doing benefit to your family, WITHOUT THE SMALLEST MOTIVE that can be assigned, and WITHOUT ANY THING LIKE PROVOCATION which could give an appearance of an excuse. The destruction of his property is in itself a most wicked act; but this case is accompanied by other circumstances, which give it a still more diabolical character, for those poor things in the stable and sties were sure to be sacrificed to your cruelty; and besides that, there were three boys in the stable which was fired, whose lives were almost sure to have been sacrificed, and it is a great mercy that their lives were spared—that the alarm was soon enough to enable them to escape; and it must be some consolation to you, even in your present situation, and in almost the last moment of your life, that you have not added the guilt of the murder of those boys to the fact of destroying your benefactor's premises; but this is not all, because there is too much reason to believe that Jenkins and other inhabitants of the village might have had their property and lives destroyed; so that it is really impossible to conceive any case in which a greater rarity of moral evil and fatal consequences were almost sure to have followed this act, and they were only prevented by an extraordinary concurrence of circumstances. Supposing you had only committed the act of arson, under circumstances so likely to have endangered the lives of others, it would have been my duty to carry the law into execution; and there is no one consideration that can induce me to pause in respect of what I must now do. It is my painful

* It must be noted in the preceding, that the prisoner appeared to feel remorse, though surely only in appearance, fearful of the personal consequences to himself; for he would have set fire to other places, but from fear of destroying his sister and her child: not so in the foreign tale. But our readers will peruse with attention the opinion of the judge.

duty to tell you, that you have but a few days more to live, and that by a sacrifice of your own life, the example may induce others to abstain from the commission of crime. It seems you *laid this crime to drink*, when your conscience wrung from you the confession you made; but that is an idle delusion. *It is not drink that induces men to commit acts like these: there was no appearance of intoxication*, but, on the contrary, *GREAT DELIBERATION*; and there is no one circumstance that can lead one to suppose that any doubt could be entertained, except

that which aggravates the wickedness of the case, by showing it to be a *wanton crime*, AND WITHOUT THE LEAST REASONABLE MOTIVE, even to a *wicked and profligate man*! For the few days you have to live, I hope you will employ them in such a manner as to reconcile you to your Maker, and hold out some hope that, by repentance, you will escape that more dreadful fate in a future world, which the human mind can hardly bear to contemplate." His lordship then passed upon him the awful sentence of the law.

Paris Chitchat, &c.

(From our own Correspondent.)

NEWS FROM PARIS.

PARIS, JULY 20, 1834

I fear, *ma très belle*, that my present account of fashions will contain nothing either very new, or very interesting, for you know that at this season *la mode est pour ainsi dire morte*: truly, there is nothing whatever new, either in hats or dresses. The former are still worn high-crowned and rather pointed at top, the fronts *evasées*, and sides long. The *paille de riz* maintain their ground; they are trimmed with crystal or with sarsnet ribbons, rose, blue, emerald green, or white, and are ornamented with flowers or feathers. Our *élégantes* wear a profusion of small flowers under the fronts of the hats or capotes. Some have a small wreath going all round; others two little wreaths, one coming down at each side; whilst others prefer the flowers exactly in the centre over the brow. The common field daisy, sometimes mixed with the hedge rose, or daisies of *mille couleurs*, are the flowers best adapted for this purpose. Drawn capotes of *crape* or *poux de soie*, *glacé de blanc* (shot with white), are exceedingly prevalent, indeed more so than any others: the colours are rose, blue, and white. The short veils of *tulle illusion* or blonde are still worn, put on at the edge of the fronts of the hats. On *Leghorn hats*, a quilling of sarsnet ribbon is fashionable, put on at the outside edge of the front.

DRESSES.—Muslin or *organdi peignoirs*, such as I described in my last letter, are more worn than any thing else: some are worn over coloured linings, whilst others are merely tied down the front with coloured ribbons, or have ribbons inserted into the hems. Some of the newest have a narrow puffing of muslin over the hem at the bottom of the skirt, up each side of the front, and round the waist; and the coloured ribbon—blue, rose, straw colour, apricot, or lilac—is inserted into the puffing, and has a very pretty effect, especially with a *ceinture* and *pompadour* of ribbon to

match. The sleeves to all the new dresses are à l'imbécile, excessively wide all the way down. The few silk dresses that are to be seen, are made en *redingotte*: the corsage, both in front and at back, is à l'éventail, that is, at back a few gathers at the waist, spreading like a fan, and in front large plaits or folds put on, a good deal spread at the shoulder and close together at the waist. This make is most becoming to the bust. Some of the skirts are en *tablier*, and others are tied with bows of ribbon all the way down. The petticoats are very long and very full.

For summer *soirées*, or *fêtes de campagne*, the prettiest dress that can be worn is a *peignoir*, or dress of *organdi* (book muslin), painted, or embroidered in coloured worsteds. Some have a *guirlande* of mixed flowers round the bottom and up the fronts, whilst others have a small detached sprig all over: a little star, for example, done in two shades of green, or two lilacs, with *ceinture* and *pompadour* to match, is perhaps quite as pretty and as distinguished as a richer pattern. The hair should be dressed with natural flowers: they are preferable to any others in summer.

MANTELETS—of black, green, and lilac silk (*taffetas*), and trimmed with black lace, are quite as much worn as last year; indeed, nothing can be more elegant than a handsome one: those of black *taffetas* are the most distinguished. Some pretty *mantelets* are made in white muslin; some richly embroidered, and trimmed with real lace; others plainer, but at the same time very elegant, are trimmed with English patent cotton lace: this latter article is in great demand here at present, as *pelerines* and collars are trimmed with it.

PELERINES—are very much worn, of the same material as the dress. If of coloured muslin, they are trimmed with a very narrow Valenciennes or Mechlin lace; if white, they are trimmed with the above-mentioned English lace, from one to two inches in

depth, put on with some fulness and tuyauté (in round plaits done with an iron). Clear worked muslin pelerines are frequently lined with sarsnet of the colour prevailing in the dress, or of the colour of the hat, and have a pretty effect.

RUFFLES.—Those of *entre-deux* (insertion), lined with coloured ribbon, the ends brought out, and tied in a bow at the outside of the wrist, are the newest: they are trimmed at each side with narrow lace.

POCKET HANDKERCHIEFS.—Clear cambric handkerchiefs, without any embroidery, except the initials in gothic letters, are the most fashionable; they have deep hems, and two rows of lace, one at the outer, the other at the inner edge of the hem: the lace is put on full, and is tuyauté.

APRONS.—Short gros de Naples, and poux de soie aprons, richly embroidered, with the pockets on the inside, and ceintures à pointe, are worn: the apron and pocket-holes are trimmed round with narrow black lace.

GLOVES AND MITTENS.—For walking and carriage costume, the gloves are straw colour, lemon colour, and orange kid. Evening dress or dinner costume, black or white silk mittens, à jours.

BRODEQUINS.—The colour of the dress, are worn in walking dress: black or écarue, dark green, bronze, or brown shoes, of soie satiné, are also worn.

FLOWERS.—The rose-noisette, moss-rose, hedge-rose, rose de Meaux, and Provence rose, with carnations, acacia, pinks, jasmín, pensées, Narcissus, hyacinths, Easter daisies, field daisies, bouquets of daisies mille couleurs (mixed colours), hollyhocks, hydrangias, currants; almonds, fruit and flowers; mulberries, fruit and flowers; blackberries, nuts, oak, and acorns.

HAIR.—The braids en couronne, on the top of the head, and the front hair in ringlets, is still the most fashionable style of coiffure. In full dress, bows of ribbon or natural flowers are very prevalent. High combs are completely out of fashion. Since the weather set in so very hot, bandeaux lisses are becoming more general.

Now I shall try and describe to you a very simple but very becoming head-dress, and quite new, which I know is an advantage in your eyes. It consists of a double border of quilled ribbon, put on at the back of the curls; the quilling reaches some way below the ear at each side, and is finished by a ribbon that goes under the chin, and ties at the right side. To prevent the border dropping forward, a braid of the same ribbon is fastened to it at each side above the ear, which braid crosses the upper part of the back of the head, and retains the border in its place. A large bow of ribbon, with two or three ends (the longest about a quarter in length), is placed rather at the back of the border, at the right side of the top of the head. To

make this head-dress becoming, the front hair must be dressed in tufts of curls, neither ringlets nor bandeaux: and the tuft at the right side must be large and full, while that at the left is small, and falls low at the side of the face. The back hair to be simply braided, and brought round the top of the head, and the border to be so placed that the braid of hair will be visible beneath it in front: by this means the border will be more raised at the right side than at the left, which renders it very becoming. The braid of ribbon at the back of the head is merely to encircle the remainder of the braid of hair, and by no means to fall low on the head: it may be retained in its place by means of a black pin or two. The quantity of ribbon for quilling in the border is from five to six yards, independently of the braid and bows,—the ribbon to be quilled at the edge, and to be diminished gradually in width as it goes down at the sides, from about the top of the ear, until it comes quite narrow at the sides of the chin. You understand there are to be two distinct rows of quilled ribbon, and they are put on to a piece of the same ribbon, folded three or four times, so as to make it narrow. The colour of the ribbon must of course depend upon the complexion; rose and blue are the prettiest, but I have seen an apricot or amber look excessively well on a brunette.

COLOURS.—Rose, blue, straw colour, lemon, apricot, cedar, bronze, apple-green, pea-green, emerald-green, mauvé, light lilacs, écarue, poussière, lavender, pearl-grey, and white.

CARPETS.—I must not conclude my letter without telling you of the lovely carpets we make. I have already taken my part in two of them, and am going to commence one for myself immediately. The plan is this: you buy as many squares of coarse canvas as will cover your room, and you give a square to each of your friends to fill up for you, according to her taste. One does a dog, another a bird, a third a cat, another flowers, a fifth chooses a Cashmere, or a Greek or Persian pattern; another person does some other. Whether animals, birds, or flowers, the ground of each square is filled in according to the fancy of the worker; so you have a square with black, another with white, blue, red, green, violet, &c. &c. &c.; in short, you have the greatest variety possible in colours and patterns. When all are done, they are sewed together in a manner that the stitches are invisible; and I can assure you, that you have the most bizarre and the most beautiful carpet possible.

Maintenant, ma chère, je ne veux plus t'ennuyer; so, adieu. Write to me soon, and say when I may expect you. Qu'il me tarde de te voir!

Je t'embrasse,

Lo. an F.

DESCRIPTION OF PLATES.

(No. 15.)—COSTUME DE SOIRÉE.—Dress of organdi, embroidered in coloured worsteds; the pattern rose-buds and foliage. The corsage is perfectly plain, and tight to the bust; the sleeves à l'imbécile, full all the way down. The embroidery is continued in a light wreath round the bottom of the skirt, to mark where the hem should come. (See plate.) The cap is of blonde, a plain crown, and excessively full border—(see plate)—which is very deep in front, and diminishes gradually towards the sides; the border is made to stand back from the face: a small wreath of "roses pompones" is placed over the curls at the right side; a ribbon brought across fills up the front: the bows and ribbons are of gauze. Pompadour and ceinture of urban taffetas—(see plate): the pompadour, which has long ends brought beneath the ceinture, is fastened in front by an emerald brooch. White gloves, white silk stockings, and black satin shoes.

(No. 16.)—TOILETTE DE CHATEAU.—Coiffure à l'antique, ornamented with a cameo and an arrow. The front hair is

brought to each side in smooth bands; where, just over the ear, it is turned into a large smooth ring—(see plate): the back hair is partly à la Grecque; part forms a thick coque or bow, and part a second braided coque; while the remainder forms a coil, that goes round the head, and, crossing in front, retains a cameo. (See plate.) An antique arrow passes between the two coques at the back of the head. Dress of white muslin; corsage à l'enfant, with entre-deux (insertion) let in round the neck and on the shoulders. Sleeves à l'antique, with elbow-pieces and ruffles à la Louis XV. (See plate.) The sleeves at top are immensely full, and are gathered into an elbow-piece, which is plain, and cut on the bias. A large piece, in shape a long mitre, is edged with entre-deux, and put into the top of the sleeve. (See plate.) Ceinture with long ends fastened in front of urban fleuri, a rich flowered ribbon. Long black gloves, à jours; white silk stockings, and black satin shoes. Chain and ear-rings of enamel. Jardinière, or flower-stand, of brown dyed wood.

Drama, &c.

HAYMARKET.—A new play in three acts, *Beau Nash, or the King of Bath*, was produced on the 16th ult. The title almost explains the dramatic turn of this piece, as developing the history and peculiarities of this once all-regulator of absurd fashion. Mr. Farren, Mr. Buckstone, and Mrs. Nesbitt made the most of their respective parts, and the piece was very favourably received. The Haymarket is generally fortunate in good houses and good company.

THE ENGLISH OPERA-HOUSE actually opened on the 14th ult. The appearance of the house was extremely striking and elegant. Mr. Serle delivered an appropriate address. *The Yeoman's Daughter* and *Call again To-morrow*, well-known pieces, were selected for the honour of first representation. The promise of closing earlier, one of the prominent benefits put forth under this ma-

nagement, was on the first night as little attended to, as regular hours at the other theatres are now expected. Why cannot managers see the dissatisfaction the public has in being so long detained, making a pleasure not merely at the time a toil, but a great interruption, from the lateness of the hour at night, to business in the morning: it is almost as intolerable a nuisance as double newspapers. The plan of the set-apart private boxes may be a public benefit, since we learn that there will be no exclusion, but parties or payers of one shilling extra will, if they are not at the time engaged, be permitted to go into them. As may be expected, from the shortness of the time in fitting up the building, some of the minor arrangements of the building are not yet quite complete; but this is only visible to those who, in technical language, "get a peep behind the scenes."

Miscellany.

TWO FINE ELEPHANTS for the Surrey Zoological Gardens were landed on the 15th ult., from on board the *Malcolm*, via Calcutta. Great admiration was excited by the tractability of the animals, while leaving the ship and passing through the streets, following their keeper. They are what is termed in India high caste elephants, their pedigree being transmitted with them, as with race-horses in this country. The male, *Hadjepoor*, on being liberated, and meeting

the female, *Hadjepoor*, on the wharf, expressed the most extravagant symptoms of delight, both of them sending forth cries of joy, and breathing through their trunks with such violence, that the blast resembled an impetuous gust of wind; the latter flapping her ears with astonishing velocity, passing the extremity of her trunk over the whole body of the male with the utmost tenderness, and inserting her trunk into his ear, and then into her own mouth.

PREVENTION OF HYDROPHOBIA.—We take the following from the *Times* journal, rejoiced at having it in our power to promulgate what is very simple, and, it seems, very efficacious treatment. Each medical man should make known the result of his practice to the benevolent writer. It is a letter addressed to the editor:—"About three years ago I directed, through the channel of your widely circulated journal, the attention of my professional brethren to a method for the prevention of hydrophobia. In my communication to you I stated the result of more than 200 cases, some of which I had myself witnessed in Germany, in which this method has been tried with complete success. Since that time the same plan has been resorted to in some of the hospitals of the metropolis. I have myself tried it in several cases in the General Dispensary, and in my private practice I have not met with or heard of a single case in this country in which it has failed. A shocking and fatal case of hydrophobia related in your journal of this day, leads me to fear that the method is still not universally known, and to beg that you will again allow me to state it. It consists simply in cutting out the wounded parts, and keeping them open, adopting means (which will suggest themselves to every professional man) to keep up a discharge from the wound for five or six weeks.

(Signed) "WILLIAM COULSON.

"No. 2, Frederick's-place, Old Jewry, July 17."

Mr. Coulson's letter produced the following communication, through the same journal, signed J. L., Chiswell-street, July 19, 1834, and we crave attention to both on the part of our fair readers, to whom such knowledge as is shown by this affecting narrative may be of great importance:—"Not many years ago a young lady, residing in Devonshire-place, saw a furious dog taking the direction in which a poor child was standing. With great presence of mind, she left the spot where she stood, and, seizing the child, was hastily removing it, when the animal bit the generously-minded young lady: if we remember rightly, it was on her finger—however, *she herself* IMMEDIATELY went to a butcher's close at hand, and had her finger chopped off, for there was no shadow of doubt but that the animal was mad. By the immediate application of strong aquafortis, if such be the remedy, there might have been no occasion for this severe remedy, when, as in London and great towns, a chemist's shop is generally so near at hand. We have only to add, that an immediate application is always of the utmost importance.

"There are two kinds of wounds made by the bite of the dog—the punctured and the lacerated. In the first, the inoculating matter is supposed to be left upon the surface of the skin above the wound, and if the skin be cut out, the whole of the matter

is removed, and thus is prevention supposed to be effected. But it is very possible that some of the matter may be carried to the bottom of the wound so made, or, in other words, deposited below the parts that have been excised. To meet this evil, I have applied strong nitric acid (aquafortis), and in this way is security made doubly secure, and I have ever found it successful. In the latter kind of wound excision is generally impracticable, as well from its extent as from its depth, inasmuch as such an operation would destroy the integrity of the limb (the limbs being generally the parts that suffer), if not the life of the individual. I have in such cases trusted entirely to the application of acid, and have invariably met with success. So that, if a person be bitten by a rabid animal, and be beyond the power of immediate surgical assistance, let that person obtain from the chemist's some strong aquafortis, and apply it to the wounded part with a feather: by so doing, his case would be made tolerably safe, and in the mean time not a moment should be lost in procuring proper medical assistance. The above practice has been adopted by me for some years, and I say again I have never found it unsuccessful."

"As many country readers," says another correspondent, "cannot have immediate access to London practice, after cutting out the wounded parts, a discharge for five or six weeks is most simply effected by the insertion of a pea into the wound, and occasional applications of red precipitate or powdered cantharides."

IMPROVEMENT OF THE NILE.—A great work is about to be commenced, for securing the waters of the Nile, so as to render them serviceable at will for the irrigation of the lands: a toll is to be levied for the purpose, and 40,000 men will be employed in the undertaking. Enfantin, considered as the free ally, will, after the example of the ancient knights, provide the tents, the arms, and the provisions, or, in other words, the implements necessary for the workmen. Duguet and Petit have been making recruits among the plan-drawers and the modellers. Hoard and Bruneau took their departure about a month since, with a small number of recruits; they are at present remaining at Lyons, but will shortly take their departure by sea.—*Cabinet de Lecture, translated in The Times.*

CURE FOR THE RHEUMATISM.—A strip of gum elastic applied to any joint affected with rheumatism, has been found in all cases an infallible remedy, says the *Lebanon Republican*. The prescription is simple enough to warrant an experiment.—*Philadelphia Gazette.*

ANCESTRY.—The man who has not any thing to boast of but his illustrious ancestors, is like a potatoe—the only good belonging to him is under ground.—*Sir T. Overbury.*

Births, Marriages, and Deaths.

BIRTHS.

July 4, at Blackheath-park, the wife of Captain Henry Thompson, of twins, son and daughter. July 8, at Barnes, the lady of Henry Alexander, Esq., a daughter. July 9, at Hampstead, the lady of James G. Murdoch, Esq., a daughter. July 9, in Tavistock-square, Mrs. John Rew, a daughter. July 9, in the Wandsworth-road, Mrs. Edward Biddle, a daughter. July 14, Mrs. Smither, Clapham-rise, a daughter. July 15, at Compton-terrace, Islington, Mrs. J. Anderson, a son, still-born. July 13, in Grosvenor-place, the lady of Captain Kemmis, a son. July 10, at 11, Walker-street, Edinburgh, the lady of S. C. Bruce, Esq., a son. July 13, at Rochester, the lady of F. J. S. Savage, Esq., a son. July 13, the lady of Colonel Hull, of Wimbledon-common, a son. July 12, Mrs. J. M. Heathcote, a son. June 29, the lady of H. Warre, Esq., a son. June 28, in York-street, Portman-square, the lady of D. Hunter, Esq., a son. June 29, the lady of J. T. Justice, Esq., of Parliament-street, a daughter. June 28, at Forest-place, the lady of H. T. Danvers, Esq., a daughter, still-born. June 28, the lady of P. G. Moore, Esq., of Doctors' Commons, a daughter: the infant died on the Monday following.— July 17, in Tavistock-street, Covent-garden, Mrs. Alfred Robins, a son.

MARRIAGES.

July 9, at Trinity Church, by the Rev. Dr. Saxby Penfold, John Laurie, Esq., of Harley-street, to Eliza Helen, youngest daughter of Kenrick Collett, Esq., of Harley-street, and Holcrofts, Fulham. July 8, at Aston Church, Birmingham, by the Rev. William Marsh, A.M., William Smith, Esq., of Islington, to Mary Anne, younger daughter of James Crump, Esq., solicitor, Birmingham. June 17, at Guernsey, by the Very Rev. the Dean of that Island, Major J. K. Clubley, to Ellenor, third daughter of Staff-surgeon Paddeock. June 24, in the British church at Leghorn, by the Rev. Thomas Harvey, M.A., his Majesty's resident chaplain in that city, John Francis Close, Esq., eldest son of John Close, Esq., his Britannic Majesty's Consul at Charente, to Eliza Matilda, eldest daughter of the late John Brock Wood, Esq., of Huntington-house, in the county of Chester. June 24, by the Rev. J. Harvey, M.A., Captain John Markham, R.N., grandson of his Grace the late Archbishop of York, to Marianne Georgiana Davies, youngest daughter of the late John B. Wood, Esq. July 9, at St. Mary's, Paddington, by the Rev. M. A. Campbell, William, eldest son of Mr. Varley, of Strahan-terrace, Islington, to Mary Mason, only daughter of Mr. Sharp, of Church-street, Paddington. July 9, at St. George's, Hanover-square, by the Rev. Edward Répton, John Jolly, Esq., to Caroline Hutchins, daughter of the late Dr. Calcott.— June 30, at Charlton, Kent, the Rev. W. Raven, of Brompton, Middlesex, to Helen, third daughter, and, at the same time, the Rev. J. C. Blaythwaite, of Islington, to Magdelina, fourth daughter of J. M. Richardson, Esq., of Blackheath-park. July 15, at St. Mark's, Kennington, R. Hillman, Esq., of Stockwell-place School, to Harriet, second daughter of the late T. Reeve, Esq., of Clapham-road, Surrey. July 15, at

St. Pancras New Church, Captain T. P. Ellis, 52d Regt. of Infantry, Bengal army, to Catherine Munro, second daughter of the Rev. H. Bethune, of Dingwall, Ross-shire. July 10, at Newry, T. S. O'Halloran, Esq., 6th, or Royal Warwickshire Regt., Bengal army, to Jane, eldest daughter of James Waring, Esq. July 15, by special license, the Count de Ralationo, to Elizabeth Anne, daughter of the late Rev. W. H. H. Hartley, of Bucklebury-house, Berks, and Sodbury, Gloucestershire. July 10, at Tong, Shropshire, Thomas Gilbert, Esq., of Cotton-hall, Stafford, to Mary Ann Moss, youngest daughter of the late William Phillips, Esq., of Chetwynd-house, Salop. July 17, at St. Marylebone Church, by his Grace the Archbishop of Armagh, William Henry, second son of the late W. H. Heare, Esq., and grandson to Sir Gerard Noel Noel, Bart., to Araminta Anne, third daughter of Lieutenant-General Sir John J. Hamilton, Bart., of Woodbrook, Tyrone.

DEATHS.

July 6, in Rutland-street, Cannon-street-road, Elizabeth, wife of Mr. H. Ebbs, aged 69. July 8, in his 85th year, William Hammond, Esq., of Queen-square, Bloomsbury. July 9, in Cambridge-terrace, Edgeware-road, Mary, wife of James Wheble, Esq., of Woodley-lodge, Berks. July 7, at Margate, aged 29, and deeply regretted, the wife of Mr. F. Spiers, of Trinity-square, Tower-hill, and daughter of Mr. W. J. Roberts, Royal Hotel, Calais. July 10, at her house in Burton-crescent, Margaret, eldest daughter of the late Anthony Stokes, Esq., bencher of the Inner Temple. July 4, at his residence, York-street, Lambeth, Mr. George Smart, civil engineer, aged 75. July 14, at Yeovil, after a few days' illness, R. Hastie, Esq., late of Calcutta. July 14, at his sister's house, Denmark-hill, M. Holmes, Esq., of Freshwater, Isle of Wight, aged 51. July 14, after a lingering illness, which she bore with exemplary fortitude, Mary, the wife of Mr. W. Dawson, 74, Cannon-street, city. July 14, at his residence, Clapham-rise, A. Dickie, Esq., aged 80. July 9, at Brighton, Mrs. Mary Guy, of Loampit-dale, Lewisham, Kent. July 13, in Sussex-place, at the residence of her son-in-law, Captain E. C. Fletcher, the Right Hon. Lady Teignmouth, relict of the late Lord Teignmouth. July 13, in Harley-street, aged 15, the Hon. Lionel Sydney Smythe, second son of Viscount Strangford. July 11, at Ham-house, Lady Laura Tollemache, only surviving daughter of the Countess of Dysart and the late J. Mannors, Esq. June 25, at Leamington, Amelia, daughter of Sir C. E. Carrington, of Chalfont St. Giles, Bucks, aged 15. June 28, in Melcombe-place, Dorset-square, Charlotte, relict of W. Weston, Esq., late of Leamington Priore, Warwickshire. June 25, at his residence, Lodge-park, county of Kilkenney, P. A. Warren, Esq., aged 28.— June 29, Mr. W. H. Angell, younger son of Mr. W. S. Angell, of Cornhill, aged 32. June 29, at West-square, Lambeth, Mrs. Toppin, aged 70. February 12, at Bangalore, T. Keighley, Esq., of Madras. June 23, Mary, the beloved wife of W. Leadham, Esq., of Kennington-common, aged 64. July 16, at the Moat House, Stockwell, after a long illness, Ross Mary, second daughter of the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor, aged 24.

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TO

THE COURT MAGAZINE, MONTHLY CRITIC, LADY'S MAGAZINE, AND MUSEUM.

UNITED SERIES, VOLUME III., 1839.

Improved Series, Enlarged, Volume XIV., 1839.

DIRECTIONS TO THE BINDER.

The Binder will be careful to observe strictly the following directions.—

The Volume commences with the Emblematical Title-page in the present Magazine for July 1.

The position of each Portrait, as well as of the Fashions is mentioned hereafter, in the following Index.

Tissue paper is to be carefully placed before each Portrait, and between the Plates of Fashions.

At the end of the letterpress of the Magazine, commencing from page and ending at page 639. the Binder will place successively the several (pink) Follets which are now scattered through each month.

Next to the above, the several monthly pages of the contents of the Magazine.

And, at the end, this index.

The Volume is to be as little cut down as possible, and the prints as often as possible re-placed in the book on the sides which are already pierced.

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